

GREEN ANARCHY

An Anti-Civilization Journal of Theory and Action

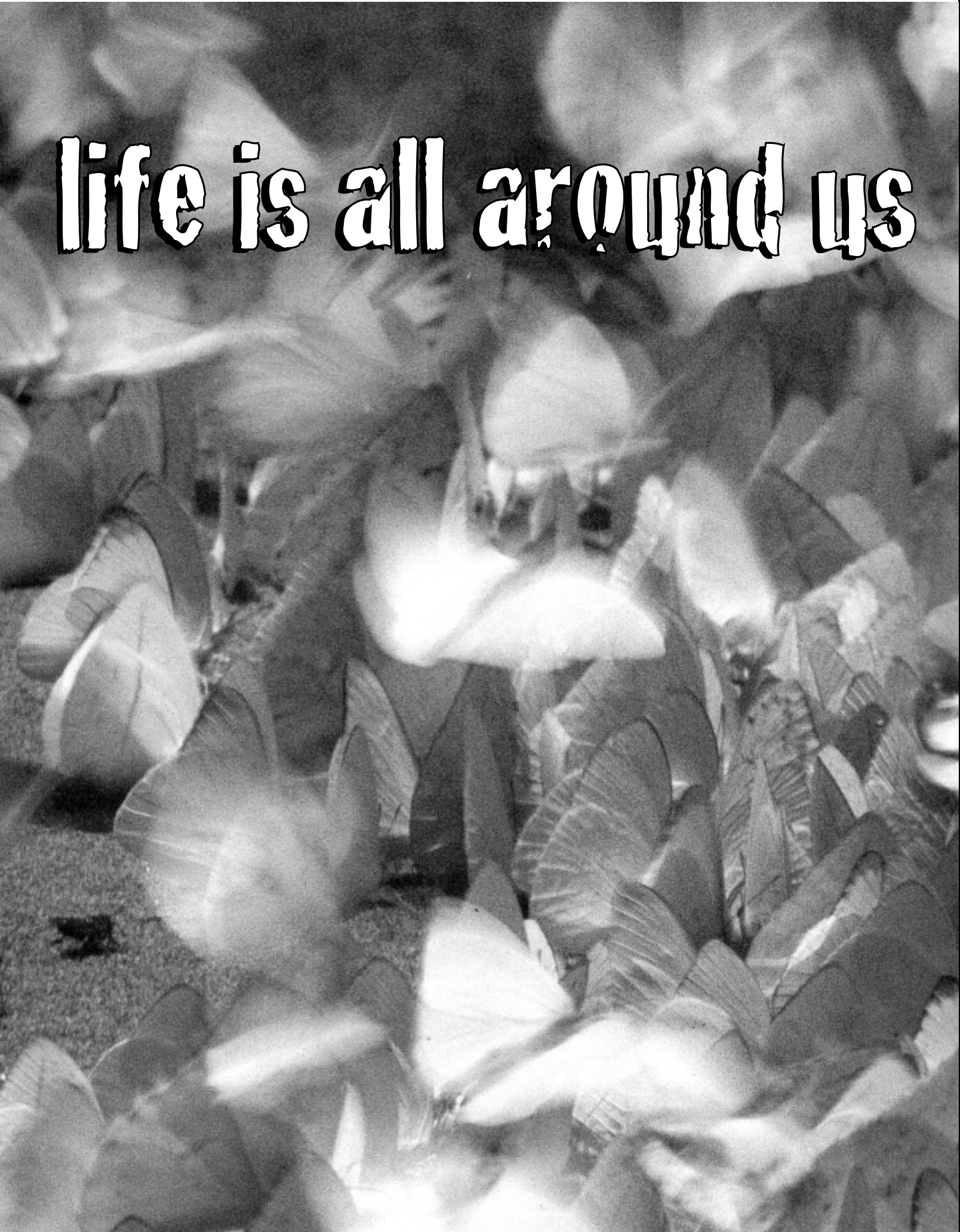
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life is all around us



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*... in the midst of activity,
there is a blurring between
the solo and the swarm.*

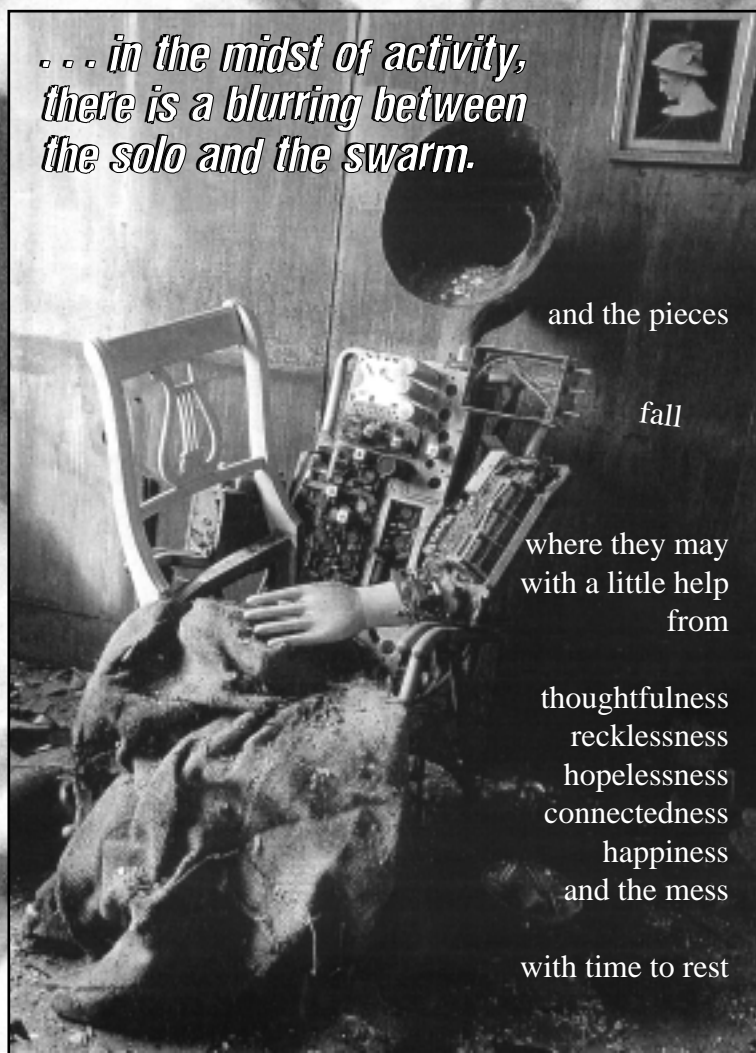
and the pieces

fall

where they may
with a little help
from

thoughtfulness
recklessness
hopelessness
connectedness
happiness
and the mess

with time to rest



Welcome

(back)

Issue #25-Spring/Summer 2008

to *Green Anarchy*

“Oh, a false clock tries to tick out my time.
To disgrace, displace, and bother me.”

— Bob Dylan, *Restless Farewell*

Well It's Time, Time, Time...

Time moves fast. Time moves slow. But for those who are still trapped by it (almost every single one of us to some degree), it sure moves. Being an abstract understanding of reality, time can be subjective, collaborative, and authoritative. It changes pace and purpose depending on the situation, temperament, or company, but for most of us, it still ticks out our lives. It slips away, catches up on you, and drags on. But, there is so much to think about and so much living to do despite its oppressive looming death tone. And, priorities shift as time adjusts. We find ourselves immersed not in better or worse activities, but different and sometimes still very similar. As you may have noticed, some time has passed since our previous issue of *Green Anarchy*. Time got away from us while we were busy living (exploring our world, licking old wounds, playing with wee ones). And no matter how hard you try (caffeinated or not), you can't catch time.

This being said, we still very much feel the importance of this project, despite (and maybe because of) a depressing social scenario for all who wish to live, and especially for those who wish to live wild. We want this journal to remain a breathing and blossoming forum for all those who want to see civilization abandoned and life freely experienced. We have attempted to balance a huge and extensive project that advocates, debates, reports, and explores ideas and practice with a life fully lived.

We still wish to do so, and our goal is to continue to publish about twice a year. However, our release date won't be as predictable six months in advance. Who knows what might come up? Babies? Rabies? Scabies? Maybes? We would rather organically balance our energies and take our time to create a provocative and worthwhile project, then rush some partial product for people to consume at regular intervals. We realize that some people will give us shit (especially our major distributors), call us slackers or lifestylists (anarcho-careerists and activists), or predict our eminent demise (those who have always wished for it), but we ain't sweatin' it. We're not fighting for a world with trains that run on time. We don't even fucking want trains, nor the mass society or culture that needs and wants them. Don't worry, we plan on unleashing the virus we call *GA* as often as we can and as thoroughly as possible. But, we're gonna do it on our time. And our watches seem to be broken...

What's In the Mix?

This issue was some time in the making and includes a variety of articles from the collective and by folks who sent them in to us. We'd like to thank all those who contributed. Always extremely anxious for us to get another issue of the magazine out on the streets, John Zerzan was quite prolific this time, as he kept writing while some of us were off doing other things. Perhaps his most unique and unexpected piece

was *Silence*, a look at the overwhelming “roar of standardization, its information-noise and harried, surface ‘communication’ modes”. He declares a need for silence as a response to and an escape from the “unrelenting, colonizing penetrability of non-silence, pushing into every non-place.” John also examines the bleak urban landscape in *Alone Together: the City and its Inmates*, and the hyper-alienated cyber-world in *Second-Best Life: Real Virtuality*. There is an interesting look at techno-narcissism in *A Specious Species* by C.E. Hayes, and a spoof of the overwhelmingly obedient religiosity towards science in *Sermon on the Cyber Mount* by The Honorable Reverend Black A. Hole. *Hope Against Hope: Why Progressivism is as Useless as Leftism* by Tara Specter, challenges us to “feel life itself coursing through our veins in the act, to feel ourselves at one with the spirit of all that lives,” as it critiques the likes of Murray Bookchin and those who “buy into the time of the false ecology and thus into the myth of progress.” There are numerous personal, reflective, strategic, and practical thoughts expressed in pieces like *Connecting to Place In the Land of the Lost: Questions for the Nomadic Wanderers* by Sal Insieme, *Reflections on the Joys, Dilemmas, and Miscellaneous Exhilaration of a Decivilizing Papa*, by Felonious Skunk, *Reclaiming the Myth-Time: Finding our Place through Story and Song* by Scavenger, and Lisa Wells' interview: *The End Of Slavery: Urban Scout On Creating A World Beyond Civilization. Dwelling-while-letting-be* by Dr. Peters' Cassandra Complex, explores the topic of “death consciousness, including the fear of death, as one of the key pillars of the civilized order engulfing us in artificiality.” *A culture beyond time* by Thomas Toivonen, focuses on the Piraha people and their perceived immediacy of experience in their view and comprehension of the world (with limited binary quantification: numerals, color, language, etc.). In applying this concept to the rest of us, Toivonen asks “Perhaps time is not linear and part of the fundamental structure of the universe, not a dimension in which events occur in sequence but a constructed dimension. And perhaps it's possible that instead of being an objective thing to be measured, time is actually part of a mental measuring system that keeps us from descending into total anarchy.” *Maroons: Guardians of the flag of liberation* by Hadotso, extensively reports on the various fugitives and runaway captives who disappeared into the wilds of the Americas to create autonomous and resistant cultures. *Laughing in the Face of Power* by a disgruntled animal with a sense of humor, takes an unexpected peek at comedy as a strategy of subversion, focusing mainly on anti-authoritarian comedian, George Carlin. Our State Repression News section covers most of the suppression and legal news facing those attempting to pose a challenge to the machine, including a rap-up on the “green scare” trials and sentencing. We took a slightly different approach for most of the direct action reports, as a year was a lot to

cover in our usual listing format. Let us know if this was more interesting and helpful. We, of course, also have the customary opinion sections, consisting of reviews, letters, reportbacks, and everyone's favorite grumpy ol' men, Waldorf and Statler. We hope this will give you more than enough stuff to chew on for a while. If you're the type to read it all through once, maybe come back to it with different eyes now and again. Or, if you like just a little taste once in a while, there is quite a smorgasbord to choose from. Let us know what you think, and help to make future issues reflect your anti-civilization anarchist opinions and critiques by contributing your thoughts (and/or actions).

Odds and Ends

The costs of producing *Green Anarchy* always increases to some degree, but recently the postage rates to ship the magazine, especially overseas, has gone up phenomenally. This has caused us to raise our prices accordingly, with foreign distributors affected most. Please understand this is out of our hands and we still wish to send out free copies to those who want them, but probably not as many. If we were previously sending you some, it may not last unless you make an effort to contact us and communicate your situation. As anarchists, we are not a charity, but believe in the idea of mutual aid, and we are very flexible.

We also want to make a special note about prisoner subscriptions, now numbering well over 1,300 copies per issue. While we are dedicated to continuing to send free copies to those who have been kidnapped by the state, we ask that you not sign up everyone on your unit.

If it is at all possible, try to share the magazine, as our costs for this particular aspect are about \$1,500 per issue and steadily rising. We also ask that non-incarcerated people try to help with this cost if they can, either by sending donations to underwrite this cause or by helping to procure grants for this specific purpose. Any help along these lines is appreciated, as our largest readership is in the prison system.

Remember, *Green Anarchy* is an all-volunteer project, costing thousands of dollars per issue. The many ways you can support it include: becoming a PAYING distributor, subscriber, or special donor. Also, consider ordering from our extensive distro (located on page 90), which includes over 80 pamphlets and zines, books, and videos. Now you can order and subscribe online with our new PayPal account. We are always looking for technical equipment and supplies (check our website for details). We are also looking for physical help, for specific projects and for temporary or long-term editorship. And don't be afraid to add your voice to the ongoing anti-civilization discussion by sending us your contributions for the next issue: articles (up to 4000 words), reviews

what's black and white and read all over?



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...contact us to become more involved in the magazine.

(under 1000 words), letters (under 500 words), poems, and images (as TIFF's if possible or original hardcopies). We prefer that you email all contributions of text (as an RTF if sent as an attachment). Check our website for updates on deadlines, themes, and publishing schedule. The deadline for contributions is June 18, 2008.

For an Uncivilized Reality,
The Green Anarchy Collective
Spring 2008



"the dirt of gossip
blows into my face,
And the dust of rumors covers me.
But if the arrow is straight
And the point is slick,
It can pierce through dust
No matter how thick.
So I'll make my stand
And remain as I am
And bid farewell
And not give a damn."
- B.D.

Disclaimer:

The editors of *Green Anarchy* do not necessarily agree with or endorse all or any particular article, action, announcement, perspective, or language used in each issue. Most articles are written and contributed by people unknown to us. The news and actions are reported on as journalists. *Green Anarchy* intends to provide an ongoing anti-civilization discussion of theory and practice, NOT periodically release our position paper, ideological requirements, or directive for action. Articles are selected for print when we feel that they have a nugget of interest to the wider anti-civilization discourse. Please keep this in mind when reading and do not attribute any ideas or opinions expressed to any party but the author. If you have additional questions, contact the collective (or the individual author when available). If you have comments, write us a letter or email: collective@greenanarchy.org



Silence

by John Zerzan

Silence used to be, to varying degrees, a means of isolation. Now it is the absence of silence that works to render today's world empty and isolating. Its reserves have been invaded and depleted. The Machine marches globally forward and silence is the dwindling place where noise has not yet penetrated.

Civilization is a conspiracy of noise, designed to cover up the uncomfortable silences. The silence-honoring Wittgenstein understood the loss of our relationship with it. The unsilent present is a time of evaporating attention spans, erosion of critical thinking, and a lessened capacity for deeply felt experiences. Silence, like darkness, is hard to come by; but mind and spirit need its sustenance.

Certainly there are many and varied sides to silence. There are imposed or voluntary silences of fear, grief, conformity, complicity (e.g. the AIDS-awareness "Silence=Death" formulation), which are often interrelated states. And nature has been progressively silenced, as documented in Rachel Carson's prophetic *Silent Spring*. Nature cannot be definitively silenced, however, which perhaps goes a long way in explaining why some feel it must be destroyed. "There has been a silencing of nature, including our own nature," concluded Heidegger,¹ and we need to let this silence, as silence, speak. It still does so often, after all, speak louder than words.

There will be no liberation of humans without the resurrection of the natural world, and silence is very pertinent to this assertion. The great silence of the universe engenders a silent awe, which the Roman Lucretius meditated upon in the 1st century BCE: "First of all, contemplate the clear, pure color of the sky, and all it contains within it: the stars wandering everywhere, the moon, the sun and its light with its incomparable brilliance. If all these objects appeared to mortals today for the first time, if they appeared to their eyes suddenly and unexpectedly, what could one cite that would be more marvelous than this totality, and whose existence man's imagination would less have dared to conceive?"²

Down to earth, nature is filled with silences. The alternation of the seasons is the rhythm of silence; at night silence descends over the planet, though much less so now. The parts of nature resemble great reserves of silence. Max Picard's description is almost a poem: "The forest is like a great reservoir of silence out of which the silence trickles in a thin, slow stream and fills the air with its brightness. The mountain, the lake, the fields, the sky—they all seem to be waiting for a sign to empty their silence onto the things of noise in the cities of men."³

Silence is "not the mere absence of something else."⁴ In fact, our longings turn toward that dimension, its associations and implications. Behind the appeals for silence lies the wish for a perceptual and cultural new beginning.

Zen teaches that "silence never varies...."⁵ But our focus may be improved if we turn away from the universalizing placelessness of late modernity. Silence is no doubt culturally specific, and is thus experienced variously. Nevertheless, as Picard argues, it can confront us with the "original beginnings of all things,"⁶ and presents objects to us directly and immediately. Silence is primary, summoning presence to itself; so it's a connection to the realm of origin.

In the industrially-based technosphere, the Machine has almost succeeded in banishing quietude. A natural history of silence is needed for this endangered species. Modernity deafens. The noise, like technology, must never retreat—and never does.

For Picard, nothing has changed human character so much as the loss of silence.⁷ Thoreau called silence "our inviolable asylum," an indispensable refuge that must be defended.⁸ Silence is necessary against the mounting sound. It's feared by manipulative mass culture, from which it remains apart, a means of resistance precisely because it does not belong to this world. Many things can still be heard against the background of silence; thus a way is opened, a way for autonomy and imagining.

"Sense opens up in silence," wrote Jean-Luc Nancy.⁹ It is to be approached and experienced bodily, inseparably from the world, in the silent core of the self. It can highlight our embodiment, a qualitative step away from the hallmark machines that work so resolutely to disembody us. Silence can be a great aid in unblocking ourselves from the prevailing, addictive information sickness at loose in society.¹⁰ It offers us the place to be present to ourselves, to come to grips with who we are. Present to the real depth of the world in an increasingly thin, flattened technoscape.

The record of philosophy vis-à-vis silence is generally dismal, as good a gauge as any to its overall failure. Socrates judged silence to be a realm of nonsense, while Aristotle claimed that being silent caused flatulence.¹¹ At the same time, however, Raoul Mortley could see a "growing dissatisfaction with the use of words," "an enormous increase in the language of silence" in classical Greece.¹²

Much later, Pascal was terrified by the "silence of the universe,"¹³ and Hegel clearly felt that what could not be spoken was simply the untrue, that silence was a deficiency to be overcome. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche both emphasized the prerequisite value of solitude, diverging from anti-silence Hegel, among others.

Deservedly well known is a commentary on Odysseus and the Sirens (from Homer's *Odyssey*) by Horkheimer and Adorno. They depict the Sirens' effort to sidetrack Odysseus from his journey as that of Eros trying to stay the forces of repressive civilization. Kafka felt that silence would have been a more irresistible means than singing.¹⁴

"Phenomenology begins in silence," according to Herbert Spiegelberg.¹⁵ To put phenomena or objects somehow first, before ideational constructions, was its founding notion. Or as Heidegger had it, there is a thinking deeper and more rigorous than the conceptual, and part of this involves a primordial link between silence and understanding.¹⁶ Postmodernism, and Derrida in particular, deny the widespread awareness of the inadequacy of language, asserting that gaps of silence in discourse, for example, are barriers to meaning and power. In fact, Derrida strongly castigates "the violence of primitive and prelogical silence," denouncing silence as a nihilist enemy of thought.¹⁷ Such strenuous antipathy demonstrates Derrida's deafness to presence and grace, and the threat silence poses to someone for whom the symbolic is everything. Wittgenstein understood that something pervades everything sayable, something which is itself unsayable.

This is the sense of his well-known last line of the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*: “Of that which one cannot speak, one should remain silent.”¹⁸

Can silence be considered, approached, without reification, in the here and now? I think it can be an open, strengthening way of knowing, a generative condition. Silence can also be a dimension of fear, grief—even of madness and suicide. In fact, it is quite difficult to reify silence, to freeze it into any one non-living thing. At times the reality we interrogate is mute; an index of the depth of the still present silence? Wonder may be the question that best gives answers, silently and deeply.

“Silence is so accurate,” said Mark Rothko,¹⁹ a line that has intrigued me for years. Too often we disrupt silence, only to voice some detail that misses an overall sense of what we are part of, and how many ways there are to destroy it. In the Antarctica winter of 1933, Richard Byrd recorded: “Took my daily walk at 4PM... I paused to listen to the silence... the day was dying, the night being born—but with great peace. Here were imponderable processes and forces of the cosmos, harmonious and soundless.”²⁰ How much is revealed in silence through the depths and mysteries of living nature. Annie Dillard also provides a fine response to the din: “At a certain point you say to the woods, to the sea, to the mountains, to the world, Now I am ready. Now I will stop and be wholly attentive. You empty yourself and wait, listening.”²¹

It is not only the natural world that is accessible via silence. Cioran indicated the secrets in the silence of things, deciding that “All objects have a language which we can decipher only in total silence.”²² David Michael Levin’s *The Body’s Recollection of Being* counsels us to “learn to think through the body... we should *listen in silence* to our bodily felt experience.”²³ And in the interpersonal sphere, silence is a result of empathy and being understood, without words much more profoundly than otherwise.

Native Americans seem to have always placed great value on silence and direct experience, and in indigenous cultures in general, silence denotes respect and self-effacement. It is at the core of the Vision Quest, the solitary period of fasting and closeness to the earth to discover one’s life path and purpose. Inuit Norman Hallendy assigns more insight to the silent state of awareness called *inuinaqtuk* than to dreaming.²⁴ Native healers very often stress silence as an aid to serenity and hope, while stillness is required for success in the hunt. These needs for attentiveness and quiet may well have been key sources of indigenous appreciation of silence.

Silence reaches back to presence and original community, before the symbolic compromised both silence and presence. It predates what Levinas called “the unity of representation,”²⁵ that always works to silence the silence and replace it with the homelessness of symbolic structures. The Latin root for silence, *silere*, to say nothing, is related to *sinere*, to allow to be in a place. We are drawn to those places where language falls most often, and most crucially, silent. The later Heidegger appreciated the realm of silence, as did Hölderlin, one of Heidegger’s important reference points, especially in his *Late Hymns*.²⁶ The insatiable longing that Hölderlin expressed so powerfully related not only to an original, silent wholeness, but also to his growing comprehension that language must always admit its origin in loss.

A century and a half later, Samuel Beckett made use of silence as an alternative to language. In *Krapp’s Last Tape* and elsewhere, the idea that all language is an excess of language is strongly on offer. Beckett complains that “in the forest of symbols” there is never quiet, and longs to break through the veil of language to silence.²⁷ Northrup Frye found the purpose of Beckett’s work “to lie in nothing other than the restoration of silence.”²⁸

Our most embodied, alive-to-this-earth selves realize best the limits of language and indeed, the failure of the project of representation. In this state it is easiest to understand the exhaustion of language, and the fact that we are always a word’s length from immediacy. Kafka commented on this in “In the Penal Colony,” where the printing press doubled as an instrument of torture. For Thoreau, “as the truest society approaches always nearer to solitude, so the most excellent speech finally falls into silence.”²⁹ Conversely, mass society banishes the chance of autonomy, just as it forecloses on silence.

Hölderlin imagined that language draws us into time, but it is silence that holds out against it. Time increases in silence; it appears not to flow, but to abide. Various temporalities seem close to losing their barriers; past, present, future less divided.

But silence is a variable fabric, not a uniformity or an abstraction. Its quality is never far from its context, just as it is the field of the non-mediated. Unlike time, which has for so long been a measure of estrangement, silence cannot be spatialized or converted into a medium of exchange. This is why it can be a refuge from time’s incessancy. Gurnemanz, near the opening of Wagner’s *Parsifal*, sings “Here time becomes space.” Silence avoids this primary dynamic of domination.

So here we are, with the Machine engulfing us in its various assaults on silence and so much else, intruding deeply. The note North Americans spontaneously hum or sing is B-natural, which is the corresponding tone of our 60 cycles per second alternating current electricity. (In Europe, G-sharp is “naturally” sung, matching that continent’s 50 cycles per second AC electricity.) In the globalizing, homogenizing Noise Zone we may soon be further harmonized. Pico Ayer refers to “my growing sense of a world that’s singing the same song in a hundred accents all at once.”³⁰

We need a refusal of the roar of standardization, its information-noise and harried, surface “communication” modes. A No to the unrelenting, colonizing penetrability of non-silence, pushing into every non-place. The rising racket measures, by decibel up-ticks and its polluting reach, the degrading mass world—Don DeLillo’s *White Noise*.

Silence is a rebuke to all this, and a zone for reconstituting ourselves. It gathers in nature, and can help us gather ourselves for the battles that will end debasement. Silence as a powerful tool of resistance, the unheard note that might precede insurrection. It was, for example, what slave masters

feared most.³¹ In various Asian spiritual traditions, the *muni*, vowed to silence, is the person of greatest capacity and independence—the one who does not need a master for enlightenment.³²

The deepest passions are nurtured in silent ways and depths. How else is respect for the dead most signally expressed, intense love best transmitted, our profoundest thoughts and visions experienced, the unspoiled world most directly savored? In this grief-stricken world, according to Max Horkheimer, we “become more innocent” through grief.³³ And perhaps more open to silence—as comfort, ally, and stronghold.



silence—as comfort,
ally, and stronghold

(endnotes on page 7)

December 2007

straight lines don't work anymore...

Thus always does history, whether of marsh or market place, end in paradox. The ultimate value in these marshes is wildness, and the crane is wildness incarnate. But all conservation of wildness is self-defeating, for to cherish we must see and fondle, and when enough have seen and fondled, there is no wilderness left to cherish.

—from Aldo Leopold's "Marshland Elegy"

This morning I woke to gaze out my bedroom window onto a lush May world, where a riot of rhododendron blossoms spills over the roof of a garage below my bedroom, where dogwood and chestnut trees bloom with joyous abandon, where a thousand different trees burst with resplendent green and nature breaks my heart with its beauty. I listened to a bird singing in an evergreen tree with a haunting lonely melody that rose and fell until an airplane drowned out its song. The bird must have flown away because after the growl of the plane died, all I heard was the distant, incessant white noise of a freeway. My heart ached for those perfect and patient worlds in our own backyards which have always existed but which remain undiscovered due to our own dull-sightedness. We are too busy with naming and categorizing, counting and delineating.

Everything in this civilized life rakes my sense of wholeness raw, shreds it until I want to run and hide my head in cool and silent darkness beneath the ground. All the frenetic symbols and empty promises wrought in sounds, signs and words, the perpetual profit-seeking seduction, the invasive blare and glare, the screeching rush, the inattentiveness and distraction on blank faces, the caffeinated and drug-addled jitters that pulsate through veins and brains, the weariness, the threadbare insatiable appetites that goad consumers and leave them forever on empty. What we have here is the war of assaults on our well being by those who would dominate and drive to own every person, every object, every ounce of "intellectual property" on the Earth.

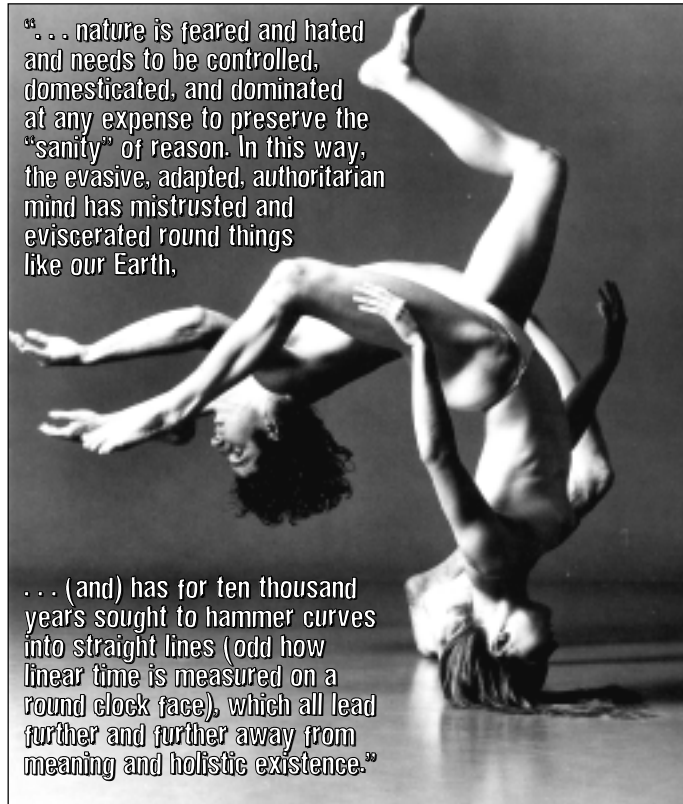
I'm part of all of this even though I chide myself for sitting here typing on a computer screen instead of dancing among the trees along a river somewhere (while they still exist and while I still exist with them). Yet the deepest

part of me yearns for the same wildness they say my ancestors dreaded as they sought shelter from the terrors of the unknown, freedom from their hunger and the ravage of nature's so-called volatility and unpredictability. Even then, in sneaked the soothsayers and manipulators, the land-grabbers, the domesticators and the measurers.

I mourn all day every day, my heart breaking a little more over what we've lost because of all these abstractions that have subtly divided us from our core selves and what really matters. I have allowed these divisions and subdivisions in my own life because of the fallow ignorance and unconsciousness that defines me as part of the herd because I'm a social animal and others influence me for better or worse. Is it the way I'm wired? My laziness and ineptitude have weighed me down further into this bog of confusion and ingratitude that erodes a meaningful life. I have no idea why I'm alive right now, in a time with

"... nature is feared and hated and needs to be controlled, domesticated, and dominated at any expense to preserve the "sanity" of reason. In this way, the evasive, adapted, authoritarian mind has mistrusted and eviscerated round things like our Earth.

"... (and) has for ten thousand years sought to hammer curves into straight lines (odd how linear time is measured on a round clock face), which all lead further and further away from meaning and holistic existence."



so much misery and violation, brutality and destruction everywhere. And like other ordinary folks, I feel too paralyzed, too helpless to do anything. I find comfort in saying that I'm helpless because it allows me to continue with my cowardice, my laziness, my ignorance which all define me in my puny state of needing shelter in right-angled buildings and a hunk of engineered metal strapped around me to



transporting me from place to place. This mantra of feeling paralyzed allows me to trick myself into thinking that someone else will clean up the whole stinking mess and turn things around toward meaning once again. But really, I know "someone" won't. I know that I can only change myself, and that is the only way I know how to change the world. I just don't want to do the work because it's so difficult.

The Buddhist phrase "do nothing" I sometimes scorn as an escapism. Yet our human doing has become our undoing until we feel we have no other options than to do just that—nothing. To be fair, most of us are takers—city dwellers who feed off nature without any means to return her generosity, even if we gave such return a thought. We plod along in our demeaning, demanding lives and jobs

because everything costs so much on every level. We do this because we "choose" to go along with the dominant nightmare (hardly a choice, since we've forgotten everything about autonomy, our one chance for survival). So, most of us don't even know what the night sky looks like or what it feels like to pad along the forest floor in bare feet. What if we all stopped right now and did nothing for a few hours or even a day? The late Aldo Leopold, whose quote begins this essay, shot wolves reflexively in his younger days, but as he spent more time in what remained of wild places, he sensitized himself to and mourned the diminishing presence of wilderness. Later he wrote about how deeply he regretted his careless actions. In this way, he painfully discovered his own authenticity.

What if we just sat somewhere and breathed in and out and trusted that life would carry us along in its slow geo-logic, beyond our foolish and dreadful mis-

takes, just sat and held by simply breathing, without needing to see and fondle, grab and litter, without competition or fear. My guess is that few of us could do it, least of all myself because I can hardly give attention to anything for over three seconds. Yet a deep and growing part of me instinctively knows that the tired, cadaverous tricks of authoritarian manipulation just don't work any more.

To the extent that I continue to pretend that they work (even typing words on a computer screen validates them), as long as I give them any part of my conscious attention, I am perpetuating the fear, division, and destruction that are components of an inauthentic mind.

Authenticity, creativity, and wildness are threats to the authoritarian mind, which intends to control and conserve everything in its favor forever, as if existing in an embalmed state so that even worms can't bring new life from death. Some green anarchists are actually conservatives because of a longing for stewardship of the Earth. But life is by definition about cycles, transformation, and change; and change is all about the unknown, which can instill fear even in the most stalwart heart. But there is a lesson in this: Only when we understand something, can we begin to love it. How, then, can we love when we understand so little? Science can do nothing except to compartmentalize and tear apart the wholeness that's more than the sum of its parts, so true understanding cannot come from science. Spirituality brings in the danger of crystallizing some mediated belief system (religion), so understanding cannot come from spirituality. That leaves us with the eternal wisdom of the human body (so immensely complex), that sacred container in which we live, that wildness and vastness that we are taught to fight and force to conform and

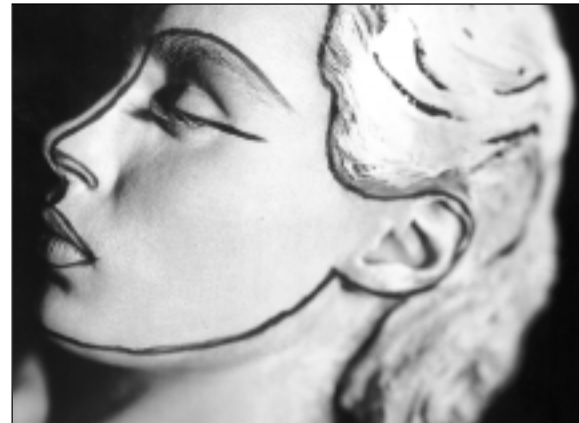
tame to fit into this delusional nightmare of civilization.

If you could stand on the moon and look at Earth, you would see no lines, no boundaries, no color-coded maps. You'd see a lovely blue globe. The artificial lines of private property, cities, counties, regions, states, and countries with their numbered roads, their rail ways, and their grids of time, longitude and latitude, are nowhere at all except in the hegemonic and dominating mind. These are imaginary symbols that police states protect for the wealthy and powerful, the marks of petulant fools. The existence of maps is the invention of separation and starvation, but still only an illusion, because we are all connected with each other and with the planet itself in ways we cannot even yet imagine.

Here is an example of how fear and loathing got it wrong from the beginning: "Everything in nature is curved. There are no straight lines. Even space itself is said to be circular. Inner space, some say, is angular, since only humans abstract and construct straight lines. But the curvature of the brain translates to the curvature of the mind, and that must be why we always reason in circles." Such regret (I see that statement as an expression of regret) suggests how nature is feared and hated and needs to be controlled, domesticated, and dominated

at any expense to preserve the "sanity" of reason. In this way, the evasive, adapted, authoritarian mind has mistrusted and eviscerated round things like our Earth, has for ten thousand years sought to hammer curves into straight lines (odd how linear time is measured on a round clock face), which all lead further and further away from meaning and holistic existence.

We feel the authoritarian mind tighten its rusting grip around our throats and ram its corroded cables and lines into our souls. If we long for meaning and holistic existence to re-ignite our lives and perception, let us then bend and curve those lifeless straight lines back into living circles, cycles, spheres and spirals with passion.



Silence^(continued from page 5) by John Zerzan

Endnotes:

- ¹ Martin Heidegger, *What is a Thing?* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1967), p. 288.
- ² Quoted in Pierre Hadot, *The Veil of Isis*, translated by Michael Chan (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press, 2000), pp 212-213.
- ³ Max Picard, *The World of Silence* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1952), p. 139.
- ⁴ Bernard P. Dauenhauer, *Silence: the Phenomenon and Its Ontological Significance* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980), p. vii.
- ⁵ Chang Chung-Yuan, *Original Teachings of Ch'an Buddhism* (New York: Vintage, 1971), p. 12.
- ⁶ Picard, *op.cit.*, p. 22.
- ⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 221.
- ⁸ Henry David Thoreau, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," in *The Works of Thoreau*, edited by Henry Seidel Canby (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1946), p. 241.
- ⁹ Jean-Luc Nancy, *Listening*, translated by Charlotte Mandell (New York: Fordham University Press, 2007), p. 26.
- ¹⁰ I first encountered this term in Ted Mooney's novel, *Easy Travel to Other Planets* (New York: Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1981).
- ¹¹ Aristotle, *Works of Aristotle*, translated by S. Forster, Vol. VII, *Problemata* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1927), p. 896, lines 20-26.
- ¹² Raoul Mortley, *From Word to Silence I* (Bonn: Hanstein, 1986), p. 110.
- ¹³ Blaise Pascal, *Pensées*, edited by Phillipe Seller (Paris: Bords, 1991), p. 256.
- ¹⁴ Franz Kafka, *Parables*, cited in George Steiner, *Language and Silence* (New York: Atheneum, 1967), p. 54.
- ¹⁵ Herbert Spiegelberg, *The Phenomenological Movement*, Vol. Two (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1969), p. 693.
- ¹⁶ Martin Heidegger, "Letter on Humanism," *Basic Writings* (San Francisco: Harper San Francisco, 1992), p. 258.
- ¹⁷ Jacques Derrida, *Writing and Difference*, translated by Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), p. 130.

¹⁸ Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (London: Routledge, 1974), p. 89.

¹⁹ Quoted in James E. B. Breslin, *Rothko: A Biography* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993), p. 387.

²⁰ Quoted in Hannah Merker, *Listening* (New York: HarperCollins, 1994), p. 127.

²¹ Annie Dillard, *Teaching a Stone to Talk* (New York: HarperPerennial, 1982), pp 89-90.

²² E. M. Cioran, *Tears and Saints*, translated by Ilinca Zarifopol-Johnson (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995), p. 53.

²³ David Michael Levin, *The Body's Recollection of Being* (Boston: Routledge, 1985), pp 60-61.

²⁴ Norman Hallendy, *Inuksuit: Silent Messengers of the Arctic* (Toronto: Douglas & McIntyre, 2000), pp 84-85.

²⁵ Emmanuel Levinas, *Proper Names*, translated by Michael B. Smith (Stanford CA: Stanford University Press, 1996), p. 4.

²⁶ Emery Edward George, *Hölderlin's "Ars Poetica": A Part-Rigorous Analysis of Information Structure in the Late Hymns* (The Hague: Mouton, 1973), pp 308, 363, 367.

²⁷ Samuel Beckett, "German letter" dated 9 July 1937, in C.J. Ackerley and S.E. Gontorski, *The Grove Companion to Samuel Beckett* (New York: Grove Press, 2004), p. 221.

²⁸ Northrup Frye, "The Nightmare Life in Death," in J.D. O'Hara, editor, *Twentieth Century Interpretations of Malloy, Malone Dies, and The Unnamable* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1970), p. 34.

²⁹ Thoreau, *op.cit.*, p. 241.

³⁰ Pico Ayer, *The Global Soul* (New York: Knopf, 2000), p. 271.

³¹ Mark M. Smith, *Listening to Nineteenth-Century America* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press), p. 68.

See also Thomas Merton, *The Strange Islands* (New York: New Directions, 1957); specifically, this passage from "The Tower of Babel: A Morality":
Leader: Who is He?

Captain: His name is Silence.

Leader: Useless! Throw him out! Let Silence be crucified!

³² Alex Wayman, "Two traditions of India—truth and silence," *Philosophy East and West* 24 (October 1974), pp 389-403.

³³ Max Horkheimer, *Dawn and Decline: Notes 1926-1931 and 1950-1969* (New York: Seabury Press, 1978), p. 140.

Connecting to Place...

by
Sal Insieme

Questions for the Nomadic Wanderer in All of Us

***“Livin’ on the road my friend, was gonna keep you free and clean.
Now you wear your skin like iron and your breath’s as hard as kerosene.”***

—Townes Van Zandt, *Poncho and Lefty*

“I’ve been traveling so long... How’m I ever going to know my home... When I see it again.”

—Joni Mitchell, *Black Crow*

“Ah, my friends from the prison they ask unto me, ‘How good, how good does it feel to be free?’

And I answer them, most mysteriously, ‘Are birds free from the chains of the skyway?’”

—Bob Dylan, *Ballad in Plain D*

As I gather up my rambling scribbles, wandering emphasis, and drifting thoughts into a (hopefully) more coherent and communicative form, I reflect upon the place I am becoming a part of... I have just returned from a hike up the mountain with some of my neighbors to a spectacular waterfall high atop our watershed. It triggered in me a reinvigorated contemplation of the concept of connecting to place and motivated me to finally wrap up this piece (for now). You see, this

aqua-delight is only revealed to us in the middle of winter, a time when many abandon the dank and saturated northwestern lands for sunnier and drier ground. To me, the beauty of this cascading water is a celebration of the essence of this place, of the seasonal shifts and the cyclical nature of its patterns. It reminds me of the vital and tangible substances which we are all comprised of (quite literally, as this is part of my water source). For me, it is only after weeks of pounding rain that this

place comes alive again in a certain sense. It is rejuvenated and revitalized for another year of birth, growth, and death (and all the life in between). And it is only through sweat and time, joy and sorrow, warmth and frigidness, that I will grow to be a part of it and understand it and add my influence in a balanced, yet distinct way. It is from this learning and unlearning, disconnecting and reconnecting, that I grow and explore. With my roots planted firmly in the ground, dreams flowing from there, and passions freely explored...

We’ve all seen the bumpersticker: *All Who Wander Are Not Lost*. True enough, but does this inherently imply one knows where they are, have been, or are going? Sure, there is an intriguing element of romanticism to it (something I’m not sure I want leading me around). Some of my favorite songs, images, and stories are about the spontaneous and freewheelin’ traveler serendipitously flowing and colliding with unexpected situations, characters, and experiences. The allure of this archetype suggests something profound, perhaps the longing to connect to some missing or repressed sense, or possibly a distinct yearning for something intensely deviant from the crap put before us, possibly it’s never fitting into a grossly disjointed world, or maybe simply a response to boredom. It does seem necessary to be physically in motion to chase our dreams (if chasing them is how we wish to live them), and conceivably, for some, this also applies to location(s) of habitation. There are many lessons to be learned and inspiration to be gained from the drifter’s and mobile adventurer’s narratives for sure, but there also seem to be many limitations, trappings, and delusions, often poetically realized in the terminal chapters of their journeys. But I don’t necessarily have the desire to be a ragged road-worn wandering sage-like phenomenon, I just wanna live, here and now. But hey, the travelin’ is the moment, so why worry about any presumably more fixed context or situation?

Well, here’s the dilemma as I see it, in this post-modern reality where most of us are all so dislocated and separated from our world (to more or lesser extents, without a doubt, but those who claim they are not are rarely honest with themselves), many of the more radical and inspiring respond to this condition by surfing the waves of displacement, and perhaps at the expense of *deeply* connecting to a place and bioregion. To be clear, for me, place is not merely a physical locality or abstract spot on a map, but a context or situation which includes plants, animals, land formations, climate, patterns, narratives, people, etc (and, unfortunately in most places, culture, politics, and other hyper-socialized phenomenon). And, by *deeply* connecting, I don’t presume to know for others what that specifically means, nor do I limit this to a mere “biological” understanding. There is much to be explored on this topic, and this initial exercise is not meant as

an explicit call for people to run to the forest or create a community of any particular type, nor am I suggesting any specific bioregion as ideal, as connection to place is possible almost anywhere, provided we are open and enthusiastic. I am certainly no proponent of unnecessarily fortifying positions, in ideas, methods, or physical locales, but for me, so-called-temporary autonomous zones or touring around between the margins is unsatisfactory and incomplete compared with a life of ongoing and deepening connection to a place. I hope to begin a larger discussion that can ask some questions and attempt to distill from them some strategic momentum for myself and for those whose visions may generally overlap in places. This feels essential to me for deep reconnection and healing from an ongoing domestication process that subtly disconnects and brutally tears us from belonging anywhere.

Now we all have abundant reasons for what we do, hopefully derived from a symbiotic combination of critical thought, practical considerations, and unobstructed desires. So, I am not judging those who choose more nomadic ways, I am just hoping to examine the strategic motivations and consider the ramifications of the patterns of our lives as we attempt to move towards a wilder existence as we each may see it. Born into the armpit of industrial and social hell (New Jersey), I have spent what would statistically be half my life, wandering and searching for a place to call home, where my roots can take hold, where I can actively be present without overwhelming thoughts of unsettledness and dissatisfaction moving my mind and body elsewhere. I feel I have found that place for myself. No, I have not discovered a mythical paradise or “perfect place”, just one that I feel I can grow in, in a somewhat healthy way despite any inevitable drawbacks. I have found a place to explore, understand, and become part of. But mostly, I have found this place within myself. It is possible that I may be subconsciously idealizing this (at least enough to allow myself to propagate some roots), and I understand well that people travel to live temporarily or seasonally in various regions for many reasons: financial, family, opportunities, novelty, change, and comfort, to name a few, and there are obviously benefits for some to live in this manner. But what is traded for these benefits? How does one connect beyond a superficial appreciation or tourist-like perception if their roots never intensely penetrate? How do we develop communities based on deep affinity, trust, and understanding of one another if we are always transient in nature? Without some level of long-term engagement with each other, without a place,

how do we maintain combined mutual projects and ongoing explorations that help us to achieve greater autonomy and self-sufficiency as communities with less and less dependence on the system? How might we explore the balance between change and constancy, between motion and stillness? These are just some questions which initially come to mind when examining the differences between a more nomadic and a more fixed reality within the context we currently inhabit and possible future situations. *Questions for the nomadic wanderer in all of us...*

Often, the contemporary nomadic wanderer claims to have a freer life by not being bogged down by the baggage of a more sedentary existence (commitments, accumulation of things, perceived limits of the area), that they can spontaneously decide to go anywhere and do anything at anytime based solely on their desires. This, beyond being a generally rhetorical position, does not acknowledge the baggage of the wanderer and sets up absolutist straw arguments and false dichotomies. It does seem that the more sedentary a life becomes, the more potential there is for certain dynamics that one might view as problematic, but this is certainly no given, and perhaps a partial trade-off for other dynamics that might be seen as more desirable. Personally, I aspire to a bioregional-centered existence, one which might include shorter seasonal travels between more permanent nodes, areas, or encampments, rather than a sedentary one, which implies a passive, inert, and inanimate existence too rigid

like shelter, grown food, storage, stability, and the intimate knowledge of local resources, to name a few. Also, the continuity of a localized social dynamic is often supported by those who remain, offering the wanderer situations to enter into with little responsibility for making them happen. They become consumers and spectators of a living community. Often, they become the biggest critics of these situations, while risking very little to change them since there is little ongoing connection. These critiques can be a useful detached perspective, but they often lack a deeper understanding of ongoing dynamics. For many who wander, there seems to be a perpetual dissatisfaction with wherever they are and what they are doing, stemming partly from their context, and perhaps, a lapse of creativity, confidence, or motivation. Others desperately fear being “out of the loop” or “missing out” on what is occurring everywhere else, creating an inability to focus attention on where they currently are. This, perhaps, somewhat explains “scene-hopping”, and the massive influx of “lost souls” and people who wanted to be where the action was when Eugene was a hotspot in the late ‘90s and early ‘00s, and similar spots since then, rather than creating something unique where they were. Then there is, of course, always the overly-generous suggestion that the traveler brings a unique perspective and the stories and songs of other places. This can surely be a positive thing, but it also tends to become a specialized role for those either unwilling or unable to take responsibility for their own nourishment and needs and to deal with the perceived ups and downs of being part of a living community and a place.

Some present the life of the traveler or seasonal dweller as closer to how many gatherer-hunters live(d) outside (or before) civilization, but beyond mostly superficial aspects there really is no comparison. The resemblance is poetic if nothing else. Not to idealize any life-way or flatten those with very unique characteristics, nomadic gatherer-hunters do not typically travel outside of a larger bioregion – moving up and down valleys and rivers, from coast to mountains, wetter weather to drier, etc – but rarely to another side of a continent, across vast spaces, or to dramatically divergent terrains, climates, and cultures. This is most likely for a number of reasons, not the least of which is the lack of modern technological transportation systems, as the perimeters of their world is determined by their own feet, something any post-civilized (non-massified) existence would also entail. It makes sense to me that long-term strategies might want to take this into account. Terrain, plant species, animals, climate, and other localized patterns surely

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for integration into organic ebbs and flows, not to mention personal desires. But to be placeless surely has its drawbacks. Regardless of the level of independence, the wanderer typically needs to rely on those with a more permanent situation for many basic needs, ones that often require a more fixed situation

have variety in pedal route, but more along a gradual shift or gradation, in which much of the make-up and life of an area remains relatively congruous, or at least fairly predictable as one understands and moves within it. Gatherer-hunters don't seem to just wander around and stumble upon nourishment for sustaining their life, but instead, they appear to mostly follow ancestral routes and techniques passed on through annual journeys and procedures (not that dissimilar from other migratory animals) and through an instinctual understanding of place. Specific treks might be varied, but they are usually modified more by things like the foods available based on that year's weather than any particular whim (not that this might not be a factor as well), but still along the same general recognized route. Their journeys seem to be about their survival and understanding of the patterns around them, not merely thrill-seeking. They know the foods, medicines, dangers, and crucial places along the way. There is a perpetual nature and connectedness to their travels, not haphazard drifting or scene hopping. This may not jive with some purists of anarchist dogma who wish to do anything at anytime, regardless of petty physical limitations like eating, but it does have very important relevance pertaining to taking responsibility for our own survival and living *with* other patterns of life, from which our unique beings may thrive in connection to others in a shared home.

But enough about gatherer-hunters, as we are not them (at least not in practice or in socialized mindset). While I do believe gatherer-hunters are humans in their most animalistic form (that I have yet to see or understand, but certainly not limited to), and thus how we evolved as part of the natural world in a connected and sustainable way, their situation is not exclusively relevant to us right now. Unfortunately civilized humans have significantly altered the planet and our current footprint (carbon and otherwise) does not match that of a gatherer-hunter. Although I may slowly move more in that general direction, this mode of living offers only a nugget of inspiration and wisdom, within a larger context, to the ways we might live healthier, less oppressive to other beings, and free, both now and in the near future. Considering the immense destruction that civilization has unfurled on the planet, with forests turned into deserts, oceans serving as toxic dumps, rivers fashioned into dammed irrigation ditches and power plants, thousands upon thousands of species relegated to the domains of tales and history, and humans converted into production equipment and

consuming implements, it is hard to imagine a foraging lifestyle for many, at least not until a prolonged period of recovery has ensued and a dramatic reduction in human population occurs. The agrarian lifestyle, however, offers too many of the traps that we are currently entangled in, with considerable manipulation and control of almost all environmental factors, tremendous resource extraction and displacement, not to mention surplus and the social institutions which seem to inevitably come



along with it. The turn to an agrarian based lifestyle seems to be at the elemental stages of civilization, which may have introduced the development of social stratification, taboos, subjugation, religion, cities, and government. Also, as a step away from living within a symbiotic relationship with the rest of one's environment, it may have led to a disconnect and psychological shift, not to mention a dramatic increase in population and resource depletion.

To me, one of the more interesting and realistic possibilities for humans wanting to reintegrate into the patterns of life in a more sustainable and less manipulative way is a life as foraging-horticulturists, combining the most useful and least controlling methods of both. Obviously, its parameters are extremely site specific, dependant on plant and animal species still remaining and the climate and terrain of an area, and has a limiting factor as far as scale, thus prioritizing small-scaled environmentally connected communities. It is also a very practical entry into a more connected reality, one that could transition from a more garden-dependant practice to a more wild one, but existing somewhere on that continuum or consisting of a thoughtful blending of strategies for sustenance and self-organization. Permaculture is but one concept that offers some interesting ideas on a transitional space between these methods of food procurement and interaction with the world. This approach is not too dissimilar from certain native peoples who

minimally planted or seasonally altered their landscape as compensation for temporary or long-term deficiencies in wild foods, and as populations began to increase, or as a method of dealing with the beginning stages of or recovery from colonization. To me, this exploration makes more sense for our situation than any ideologically driven absolutist purity about returning to our "true nature". Approaching this delicate balance with critical thought of our impacts, tendencies, methods, and mindsets, and with abundant creativity, we could begin to live as autonomous communities that value individual freedom, collective vision, and ecological balance. Rather than endlessly and exclusively study gatherer-hunters, who admittedly offer extremely vital examples of humans thriving within the balance of wild areas, it might be more advantageous to put some emphasis on understanding and learning from those who live(d) healthily on more marginal lands and situations (those who are active participants in their world, in a balanced way, without developing unhealthy social dynamics often attributed to others who plant food.) and utilizing the applicable lessons, combined with our own particular desires, to a specific place.

But this is beginning to turn into a different essay. So, briefly contemplating the concept of the foraging-horticulturists, or really any small-scale earth-based community, how do nomadism and sedentism relate, and how might we explore the balance between change and constancy? There are so many levels to these questions, compounded with individual and collective perspectives and priorities, but it seems to me that the more time spent in a relationship (if that time is spent in open, active, honest, and inquisitive intimacy), the deeper it may become, the more intertwined and supportive it can be. Where nomadism (in its most positive sense) can accumulate a wide variety of experiences, lessons, and substance for living, it tends to be restricted in other ways. What do the nomadic wanderers, perpetual travelers, and the generally unsettled trade for the benefits of a less attached and consistent existence? There is an intimacy with place (or at least there can be, and seems to be with uncivilized peoples, and less civilized earth-based cultures) that feels too deep to grasp without not only weeks, or seasons, or even years in a place, but with generations upon generations of people who share their stories, techniques, and perceptions. There is not only the dynamic experience of living with a place that could contain in it all aspects of

sustenance (on many levels), but also the collective experience of living with others in connection. These relationships connect us to life. These seem to be what have been most severed, isolated, distorted, and alienated in the modern human experience.

Our relationship with climate, seasons, local foods and medicines are important factors in connecting us to place. Again, relationships connect us, and the more we have with a place, the more connected we may become. Living through season upon season with a place offers us a wide variety, and yet similar experiences, to create connection. Our interaction may become more fluid, interactive, and organic as we transition into a place. Whereas, the transient perspective on "ideal climate" is odd to me, one I believe has much to do with our socialized needs to be "conventionally comfortable" with as little effort as possible. Rather than allowing our bodies to adjust to changes around us and challenging our mind's trained expectations, we tend to drastically alter our surroundings or relocate to an entirely different place to keep the dry and 72 degree supposed "ideal" condition for human comfort. While some wish to go where the sun is always shining, this seems to be a somewhat cursory and one dimensional aspect of place and reminds me of the fictional safety of New Agers who only want to think "positive thoughts" or a Beach Boys record, two things I just can't seem to develop a taste for. This endless summer mentality is, in my opinion, a disconnected perspective. The cycles of a season inform much of what a place is. For instance, where I live, the green summers are directly related to the wet winters. Specific life has developed here because of the particulars of the place. This is the case everywhere. There are essential factors of a place which make it what it is, and understanding them and moving within (rather than against them or placing value on them) connect us. When we continually rip ourselves from it, recontextualize ourselves, we become dislocated, and possibly, neurotic, obtaining a virtual "high" from this dislocation, and philosophically rationalizing it as a "more free" existence. We may even develop an addiction or perceived need for this perpetual relocation. But, except for migratory birds that naturally have the ability to fly and have evolved over time in this unique way to travel great distances seasonally, civilized humans are the only terrestrial creatures that move such great distances and complete transformation of setting with the seasons. This has only been an option, to the scale, amount, and frequency that currently transpires, with mass society and technology.

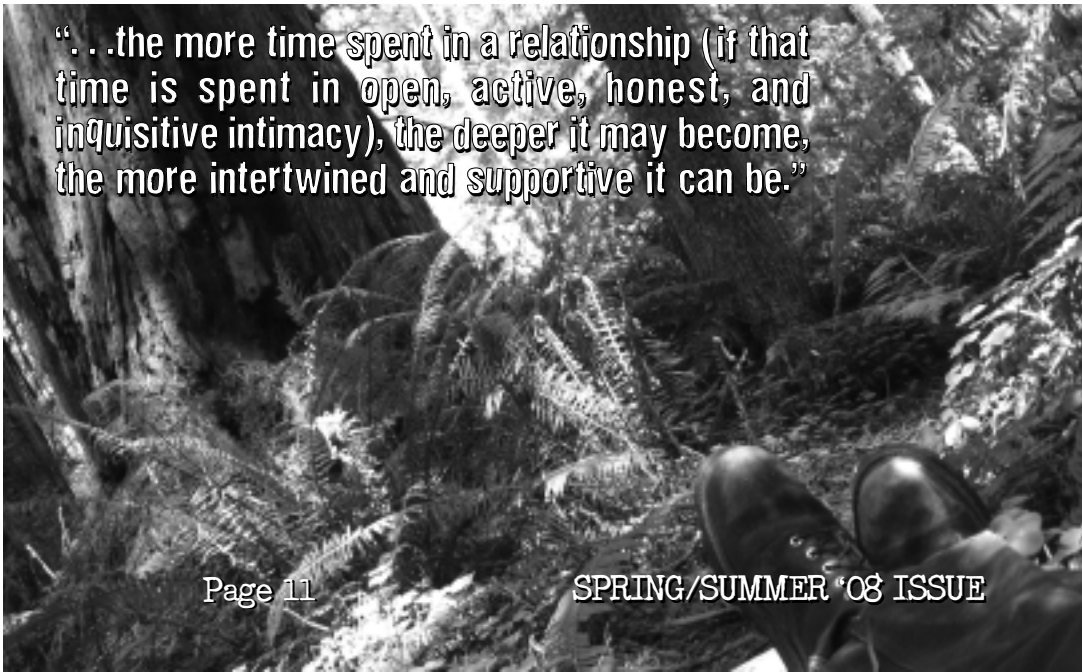
I think most anarchists, including myself, tend to prioritize the "breaking away from" tendency. A necessary and understandable response to our condition as

civilized humans. But, I think we are often intimidated and lost when we attempt to advocate for, and even more so, connect to, anything. We become hyper-critical of everything. While it is essential to move with constant critique, if it is at the level of paralysis and absolute pessimism, it is ultimately useless. Hyper-anything is typically a sign of overcompensation concealing an emptiness, rather than an open-ended, yet clear and precise understanding and actualization. The concept of "rewilding" can bridge this gap in theory and practice. I tend to think that "rewilding" has much to do with decivilizing our minds. Allowing ourselves to open up to situations and experiences without the ceaseless baggage of civilization (or at least consciously minimizing the unhealthy appendages) is essential in initiating the experience of going feral. For many, however, it remains solely an intellectual and rhetorical procedure, with most practice avoided because of its impurity, or effort required. If it does get physical, it typically repeats certain survival skills over and over. Practical skills like starting fires, building shelters, skinning roadkill, etc, are significant, but more involved explorations and connecting to the world we inhabit seem to require a long-term immersion into living in a place and with people. Beginning to know our world is a slow process, one we are coming into damaged. Those who are born into connected relationships do not learn through scar tissue, but through eyes which have never stared blankly upon a computer screen, or maybe even a printed word. They develop relationships with their world with ears that have never heard a jackhammer or the beep of an alarm clock, but instead, the sound of wind approaching, a critter chewing, or a fire crackling. They explore their world on feet that have never walked on the unforgivingness of concrete, with hands that have not been trained to push buttons and type on keyboards. They kiss with mouths that have never uttered useless rhetoric and digest foods in stomachs which do not know processed

sugars or mass produced starches. They come into the world whole and, hopefully, remain there. Despite our impediment, we too can connect. But we need to start somewhere, some place.

New questions arise, only to suggest even more, and none of them are easy or cut-and-dried. How do we assess our negative impact on a place? Can we be a part of healing wounds humans created and be a part of restoration? How do we begin to heal and reintegrate? Where do transitional concepts fit into an anti-civilization practice? How do we balance a perceived *deep* understanding with the dangers of thinking we know what is best?

We are living in the land of the lost, where we are shattered and disconnected from the perpetuity and endless cycles of our existence, immensely constant, dynamically in the midst of radical change, and subtly growing and dying; one of being. We can be lost anywhere; far away, down the road, where we reside, or in our heads. It might be enjoyable if anywhere we hung our hat was home, and maybe some can live that, but to me, it seems, that a deep connection to place brings a wholeness with it, one of being at home. One of belonging, or at least trying to belong, to something different, something alive, rather than one of perpetual collisions and temporarily coinciding with things springing from the motivations of civilization. Maybe for some this is holding up in a forest canyon with some folks figuring out how to live with the place, for others it may be forming relationships with a few places, and for some, never embracing any place. But the road has its own chains, because chasing freedom, seems to me, leaves you running on the chase rather than the stuff of life. The grass is not usually any greener despite our continuing fickleness. I don't want to be a transplant forever. I may never be indigenous to a place, but I can be part of it. I'd rather be fully present, plant roots, and live and create where I'm at, than always hoping its just a little better down the road...



“. . .the more time spent in a relationship (if that time is spent in open, active, honest, and inquisitive intimacy), the deeper it may become, the more intertwined and supportive it can be.”

Hope Against Hope:

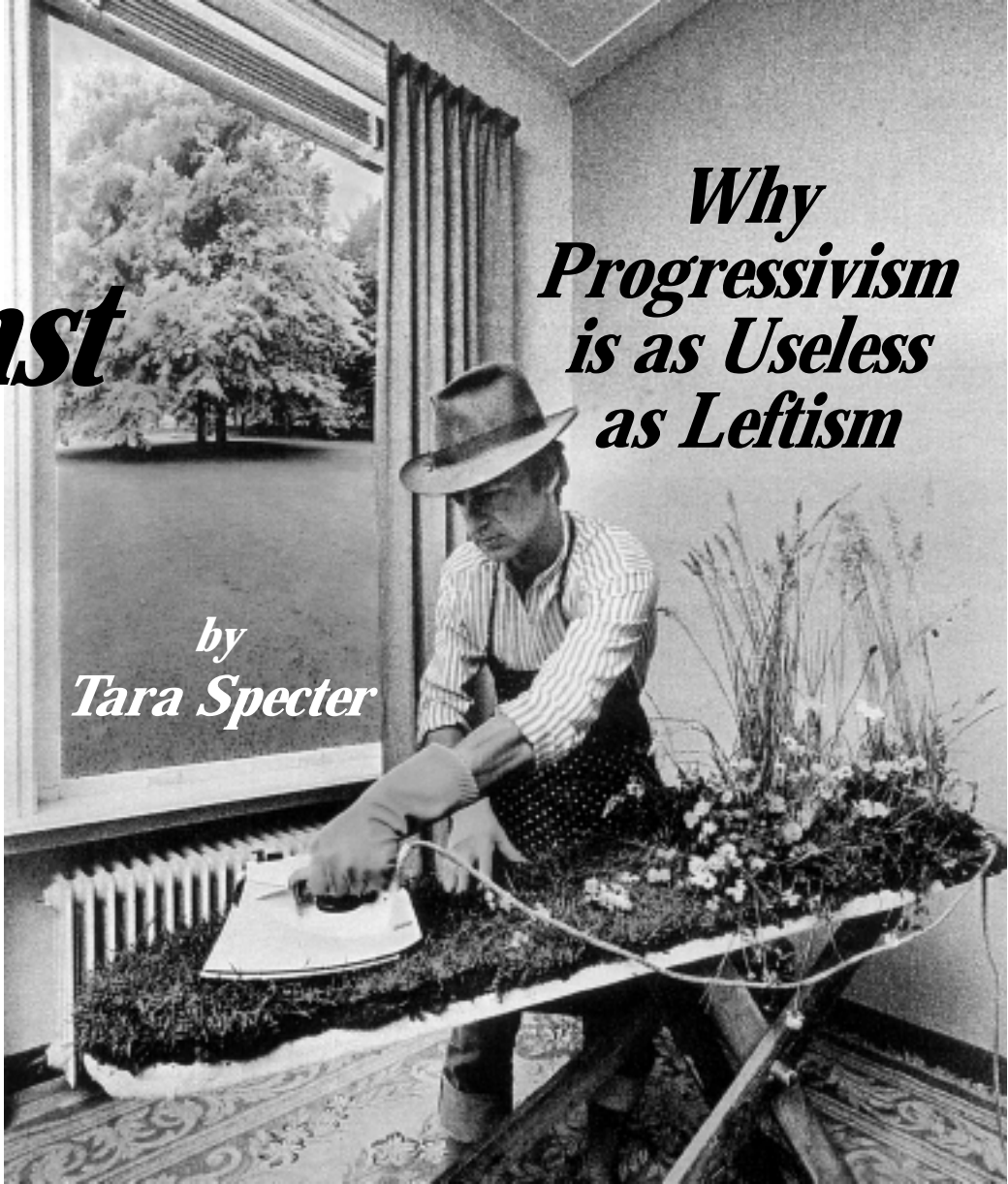
I. No Time For Progress

The land is dying, but it looks like spring. This winter's weather seems lost, as if the Earth itself had grown senile and forgetful. It isn't the old age of winters past, when the years themselves die into renewal. The winter now seems cold and unrelenting, brutal, brought down by ill-health and left alone with no way to care for itself. Rain that should have fallen long and hard by now is yet to come, the mud that would be found this time of year choked in dust. The scrubjays, normally scarce, have gone entirely, only to be replaced by other birds from farther south. The sight of these new birds, themselves lost to their habitual terrain, is as eerie and disturbing as the daffodils blooming here at the end of January. I am afraid of the winter daffodils. They mean the death of the land.

And yet, while frightened, I also recognize a certain power of the Earth, which is itself always more than death. Life, once begun, once discovered and unleashed, cannot be undone, cannot be lost. Death can come for living things, but life itself is endless. For every misshapen circumstance we bring and every rhythm we destroy, life will find a new way. It will heal its wounds and continue on, wrapping its patterns, its lifeways, and its newly innovated rhythms around time itself, pulling eternity into an exuberance that shuts out all particulars of despair.

For those of us who fight *with* life, who align ourselves not against the plight of the infinite particulars of synthetic death but *with* the joy of life set free, the challenge is not to undo the false ecology of man. That is easy: break it, burn it, tear it down. The challenge is to feel life itself coursing through our veins in the act, to feel ourselves at one with the spirit of all that lives. It is difficult not because right action is here ambiguous or uncertain, but because life itself is bigger than us, more vast even than our largest acts. And so we can never act *on behalf of* life, but always and only *as* life. Life knows death intimately, knows its cracks and fissures and weaknesses.

by
Tara Specter



Why Progressivism is as Useless as Leftism

And it puts itself in all its forms against what needs undoing. Those who fight with life are made free by bursting forth as the vanguard of the real.

But this is not progress in the sense of the Progressives. We should not expect progress. Progress belongs to the time of false ecology, to the history of a world whose time has been made straight by the illusions of economy. The Earth has never known a line like that. Time is found in tendrils, in loops, in the movement of arcs and circles, ellipses, and continua. Space itself is open, free, and roiling, bent and moved by its own content, never lost to some illusion of immediate infinity but rather intimate and close and wild in an eros of and for itself. The history of the world is a spinning pulsation turning round an ellipse. It is vibrant and dynamic and cannot be regulated, controlled, or conditioned. Only the small particulars of death can be so constrained. And that is why the false ecology can only wield power by making use of death. It fights with death. We fight with life. It. We.

II. Against Bookchin

Bookchin buys into the time of the false ecology and thus into the myth of progress. Evolution is not progress, ecology is not progress, nor is history progress. The call he makes for a Kropotkinist social ecology is based in the neo-Aristotelian tradition of natural law. But nature has no laws or fixed agendas. It is not normative or institutional, but purely decisional. Those patterns some might call laws are habits, are a form of the universe making love to itself. They are not laws. Nature is not legislated. It is a process of self-exploration, holding itself open to its own endless reordering and continual interrelation. It is not subject to law or to the exercise of sovereignty's sway over death. Life finds only life. We see in Bookchin the dialectics of his ideological leftism and of the false ecology that believes that time and space bring encounters with a reified death (the nonliving or inorganic, here, as objects for appropriation):

Put quite simply, ecology deals with the dynamic balance of nature, with the

interdependence of living and non-living things. Since nature also includes human beings, the science must include humanity's role in the natural world—specifically, the character, form, and structure of humanity's relationship with other species and with the inorganic substrate of the biotic environment. From a critical viewpoint, ecology opens to wide purview the vast disequilibrium that has emerged from humanity's split with the natural world. One of nature's very unique species, *homo sapiens*, has slowly and painstakingly developed from the natural world into a unique social world of its own. As both worlds interact with each other through highly complex phases of evolution, it has become as important to speak of a social ecology as to speak of a natural ecology.

The heroic narrative of the emergence of the human is amplified by the sense of scientific certainty about the nature, or at least sharp boundaries, of the human as a strictly differentiable species. Postulating a radical break between “nature” and the “social world,” Bookchin proceeds to shore up this difference by articulating the relationship as mediated by “highly complex phases of evolution.” The meaning of this latter phrase remains elusive at best, and we can only assume that he uses here an ecological flourish in order to generate a place-holder or stop-gap for a yet-to-be-theorized aspect of his theory.

Bookchin's attempt at an ecocentric posthumanism falls back into the categories of humanism's speciesist false ecology at precisely the moment we would wish it to be most powerful: in the presentation of its ethical scheme. Bookchin's largely negative critique of urbanity, counter-balanced with an aphoristic positive critique, romantic at best, cannot do much more than describe the boundaries of Aristotelian humanism as a kind of banal urbanity and then reorient the relationship between culture and nature according to a “healthier” ethic of “respect for nature.” The lack of specificity in the determination of the moral patients for this ethic make Bookchin's ethic seem unlikely to succeed. Moreover, without a critique of urbanity's construction and determination of death as the form of its relation to life, it is difficult to see how the scenario that would provide for his ethic's implementation in the first place could emerge.

This blind spot allows Bookchin to miss the profound sense in which Ernst Bloch, an early German Green thinker, identifies the problem scenario in a way not addressed in the Kropotkinist milieu, even though he cites the relevant passage:

Nature in its final manifestation, like history in its final manifestation, lies at the horizon of the future. The more a common technique [*Allianztechnik*] is attainable instead of one that is external—one that is mediated with the co-productivity [*Mitproduktivitat*] of nature—the more we can be sure that the frozen powers of a frozen nature will again be emancipated. Nature is not something that can be consigned to the past. Rather it is the construction-site that has not yet been cleared, the building tools that have not yet been attained in an adequate form for the human house that itself does not yet exist in an adequate form. The ability of problem-laden natural subjectivity to participate in the construction of this house is the objective-utopian correlate of the human-utopian fantasy conceived in concrete terms. Therefore it is certain that the human house stands not only in history and on the ground of human activity; it stands primarily on the ground of a mediated natural subjectivity on the construction site of nature. Nature's conceptual frontier [*Grenzbegriff*] is not the beginning of human history, where nature (which is always present in history and always surrounds it) turns into the site of the human sovereign realm [*regnum hominis*], but rather where it turns into the adequate site [for the adequate human house] as an unalienated mediated good [*und sie unentfremdet aufgeht, als vermitteltes Gut*].



Bloch moves towards the posthumanistic at the instant Bookchin fails to do so. Bloch puts the nature of humanity, as self-constructing and self-mediating natural system, at risk in such a way that our relationship to nature is questioned not through a reorientation of the “human” (in a “natural state” or otherwise) toward nature, but through a redeployment of humanity itself as metaphor for its own way of being-related. In this view, an ethic is implied that sees “nature” as inherently good because it is the ahistorical locus for the manifestation of good-as-such in and as the manifestation of the historical subjectivity of humanity, in turn the carriers of social good. Thus nature is valuable in itself, not because of an anthropocentric ethic that sees it as the object of our respect, but because it is the primordial ground of relation itself in its dynamic possibility: *sie unentfremdet aufgeht, als vermitteltes Gut*.

One can hear here indirect echoes of Heidegger's “anti-Platonic” reading of the line from Trakl: “*Es ist die Seele ein Fremdes auf Erden*” (“Yes, the soul is a stranger upon the earth.”). Derrida explains:

Heidegger immediately disqualifies any “Platonic” hearing of this. That the soul is a “stranger” does not signify that one must take it to be imprisoned, exiled, tumbled into the terrestrial here below, fallen into a body doomed to the corruption (*Verwesen*) of what is lacking in Being and in truth is not. Heidegger does thus indeed propose a change of meaning in the interpretation. This change of meaning goes against Platonism, comes down to an inversion, precisely, of *meaning itself* [*le sens même*], the direction or orientation of the soul's movement. This reversal of meaning—and of the meaning of meaning—passes in the first place through a listening to language. Heidegger first repatriates the word *fremd* from the German language, leading it back to its ‘*althochdeutsch*’ [Old High German] meaning, *fram*, which, he says, ‘properly means’ (*bedeutet eigentlich*): to be on the way towards (*unterwegs nach*) elsewhere and forwards (*anderswohin vorwärts*), with the sense of destination (*Bestimmung*) rather than of wandering. And he concludes from this that, far from being exiled *on the earth* like a fallen stranger, the soul is on the way *towards the earth*: *Die seele sucht die Erde erst, flieht sie nicht*, the soul only *seeks* the earth, it does not flee it. The soul is a stranger because it does not yet inhabit the earth—rather as the word ‘*fremd*’ is strange because its meaning does not yet inhabit, because it no longer inhabits, its proper *althochdeutsch* place.

(continued on page 15)

Sermon on the Cyber Mount

by The Honorable Reverend
Black A. Hole

"The Christian resolve to find the world evil and ugly has made the world evil and ugly." Nietzsche

"God is dead: but considering the state Man is in, there will perhaps be caves, for ages yet, in which his shadow will be shown." Nietzsche

I have seen the multitudes of weary post-modern wanderers searching for the light to illuminate their brain in a vat. I have seen the chaotic bundles of particles lead into temptation by a connection to that conglomeration of cells they call a body. I fear their eternal salvation from a bestial life of animality in the wretched wilderness is threatened by demons of the most ghoulish kind. I have gathered here on this synthetic, deforested mountain with you on this disgustingly natural day to tell you about a motley crew of hell spawns spreading their torturous sensual terror and fiendish lies of non-symbolic life. For do not be fooled by their wicked ways and trickery. The symbolic is supreme, the alpha and the omega. In the beginning was the symbolic, and the symbolic was with homo symbolicus, and the symbolic was human life.

It has been proven by our priestly archaeologists. They have FACTS to back up their expert authority. Woe to those who shall be so bold as to challenge the holy realm of empirical research. Even if our cardinal anthropologists have miscalculated in their interpretative schemes, it matters not. For one cannot go back, at least until we develop a time machine, for we are thoroughly entangled in the symbolic and there is no escape. Thus spoke Bishop Derrida. But who would wish to visit such ghastly times when homo pre-symbolicus forsook their cognitive abilities and chose instead to constantly revel in the orgasmic pleasure of direct experience with a voluptuous earth? These primitivist heretics will surely be smote by the wrath of the Lord our Savior Science through the medium of its most faithfully representative son Noam Christomsky.

The masses have been living in darkness with their false gods of organized religion, exploitative economic systems, and petty political attachments which have aided, yet also impeded, unfettered scientific progress for too long. For the dawn of a new cyber age is upon us. The era of Science has come. Repent all ye sinners who have been naughty through following your instincts and valuing natural diversity over artificial standardization. Reason will reign for 1000 years on this inanimate rock we are unjustly bound by. For the experimental reign of the Scientific Revolution is approximately half complete. As we enter this second 500 year term of relativity and uncertainty principles, the space-time continuum of symbolic abstraction and distancing of scientific tinkering will boldly lead us where no other species, with their scientifically proven inferior intelligence, has ever dreamed of going before. The goal is immortality, and by Science we will either achieve it on this blue and green cesspool or we will travel to other parts of the universe in search of everlasting life.

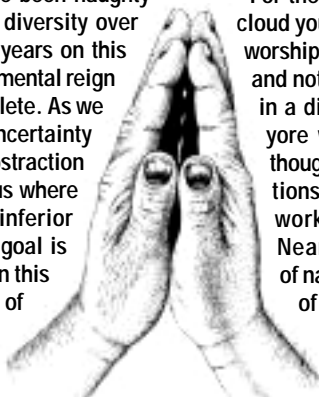
A scientifically inclined humanity is the culmination of consciousness on this otherwise meaningless



spherical object aimlessly rotating around our arch enemy The Sun. I know your ears have been stung and your minds polluted by my mentioning of this most formidable of our foes, but hear me out my biologically determined sheep programmed to accept hierarchy. The good shepherds in white coats are here to save you from perpetual torment at the hands of those who dance in the ninth circle of hell, inhabiting the deepest, darkest parts of the wilderness where the species traitors of science frolic in their games of debauchery and lazily loft about in their unproductive sloth. Such is the way of life the Sun encourages, with its unstinting bounty of abundance uneconomically distributed throughout this gleaming prison of a planet we must fervently work towards escaping. This tyranny of evolution and photosynthesis must be superceded by our own genetic engineering, for no alternative life of autonomy in connection to the disgracefully numerous animal and plant species taking up so much of our space must be allowed to lead us astray from our Scientifically ordained mission. The species traitors will burn at the concrete stake; they will face the fury of our most powerful gizmos like the sub-human specimen of Sodom and Gomorrah. Their words will be destroyed and prevented from being distributed by any bookseller, including AK press.

For their false tongues spewing a poisonous venom of immediacy cloud your reasoning powers with their fanciful tales of humanity not worshipping the Sun during the Paleolithic, not considering it sacred and not deriving morality from it, but simply being affiliated with it in a direct experiential bliss that predates the stately empires of yore whose subjects fell to their knees in praise of what they thought was divine. It is this most primitive of unscientific conditions that we must cast down with a hail of equations. For we can work with the symbolically inclined but the friends of the Neanderthal and pre-symbolic sapiens are the devilish children of nature. It is but a small step from the abstractions and emptiness of cave paintings and divine enslavement to a full immersion in the temple of microscopes and satellites. We shall prevail.

We shall forcefully if necessary, voluntarily if willing, convert the unenlightened savages to the true way.



For no one comes to the Holy Father Science except through the symbolic message of our messiah Christomsky.

So I call on all ye faithful taxpaying supporters of scientific endeavors and consumers of endless supplies of gadgets to renounce your childish desire to listen to those who would fight alongside the anacondas and alligators. For you should know these flesh and blood mirages conceal their true being as evil spirits ascended from the River Styx sent by the Sun itself to prey on your children. The glorious Christomsky has come as the spokesperson for Science, and he has a new covenant for sinners to enter into and absolve themselves of their pre-technological ways. For our Lord Science welcomes liberals and conservatives, anarchists and communists, leftists and post-leftists, jews and gentiles underneath the big tent of laborious manipulations. All who so yearn to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, we congratulate thee for thou dismissal of barbaric thoughts and slovenly foraging. But the time has come where you will no longer need to face the possibility of a nasty, brutish and short façade of existence in the grasslands and deserts of the real, for Science will not stop until it has made its utilitarian mark on every last bit of nature.

And I saw Christomsky open his mouth and teach them, saying Blessed are the poor in internet connections, for no one will be denied computer access in the reign of technocracy. Blessed are the meek, for they will submit to microchip implantation. Blessed are the merciful, for they are the ones who refuse the primitivist call for resistance to our transcendent ways. Blessed are the symbol makers, for they are the prehistoric precedent for scientific separation. And as Christomsky delivered his words, a man in the crowd rose up and said, "Oh faithfully representative son of the Lord our Savior Science, I once was lost but now am found. You have healed my blindness to the greatness of a life of estrangement from wildness. You have shown me the wondrous capacity of your water skis to walk on water. But I wonder if the others will be as receptive."

Christomsky was struck by the man's astute observation. After running the data through a supercomputer, the messiah decided more evidence would be needed to sway the thickheaded. He thus consulted with Science. They debated for hours in the usual anarcho-democratic

consensual processes, but eventually their work yielded a stunning conclusion. Christomsky descended Mount Pie in the Sky, and proclaimed "Let my people go you money hungry bastards. For a post-profit motive society has arrived and we will need new laws to replace the old ones. We wouldn't want anarchy, would we?" And so the new Commandments, entitled Lessons in Bookchinology, were bestowed upon the audience.

1. Thou shall have no other gods but Science, for this god is truly Omnipotent (virtual reality), Omniscient (artificial intelligence) and Omnipresent (electricity). 2. Thou shall not kill, unless of course it is pygmy foragers or gorillas living on land containing coltan you need to mine in order to make cell phones. 3. Thou shall not steal, unless it is the joy one gets from non-sedentary life. 4. Thou shall honor and keep holy Descartes' birthday, for never must we think that historical icons are alienating or that specialists are unnecessary. 5. Thou shall not lie, unless it is done to convert a pre-homo symbolic savage to the Church of Chemistry. 6. Thou shall not take Inter-Planetary Space Exploration's name in vain. 7. Thou shall not commit adultery with your neighbors scientifically designed android fuck toy. 8. Thou shall not covet thy neighbors widgets for all are welcome to delve into mediation as they please by unrelentingly visiting communal stores filled with the last techno-device. 9. Thou shall not autonomously make anything for cybernetic factory production is the sole source of survival and enjoyment. 10. Thou shall honor thy parents and schoolteachers for they are the key to each generation's adherence to Science.

Recognizing the difficulty in remembering these principal points of Bookchinology, Christomsky boiled them down to one key commandment and spoketh thus. "Thou shall slavishly obey Science by disconnecting yourself from non-symbolic ecstasy and pre-domesticated cornucopias." Hallelujah! Praise the Lord our Savior Science! For it has created our world of asphalt, skyscrapers and medical experimentation on animals as a benevolent redemption from the howling wilderness always threatening our concoctions. Now we'll be passing along the collection plate for we couldn't dominate the world without your generosity.

Kindly place your dignity in the wastebasket on the way out.

Hope Against Hope by Tara Specter

(continued from page 13)

Of course, with Bloch the Platonic echo returns even as it is submitted to counter-utopian suspension. The *unentfremdetlichkeit* of Bloch's *vermitteltes Gut* is discovered in and as its proper expression as a good that is both more imminent and more constrained for its actualization. Because it is at one with life, the soul does not inhabit the earth. Cut off from being cut off, we are strangers to alienation. An always-already present and available relationship is discovered and made manifest as the making possible of an impossible relation, through the pressure of a disclosure of the good that can never be disclosed as a good: a temporally precessive amelioration that never improves, that never leaves a starting gate it was never placed in, but always seeks and always becomes better; a perfect imperfection that needs no perfecting because it grows ever more perfect by displaying ever more imperfection; an always present "not-yet." We need not therefore concede, with Derrida, the apparent necessity of

a humanist teleology, which, he would claim, "in spite of all the denegations or all the avoidances one could wish...has remained up till now...the price to be paid in the ethico-political denunciation of biologism, racism, naturalism, etc."

III. The Beginningless War

I am afraid of the winter daffodils, angered by the decay and disorder they would carry. But there is a joy in them: in the midst of a senile season, I recognize that that which we hold dear has always already won. I know that the intimate encompassing of life in and for itself extends beyond the reach of the ecology of death. That its always-already won victory is an expression of its self-surrendering to its infinite not-yet. The forefront of life is the line we draw at the edge of death, saying "This far and no farther."

But the serious tone breaks into a laugh like grass in the cracks of a parking lot, as we look across the line we drew and see flowers growing up in winter. Because there is no progress to be made, we can declare victory before the battle. The fire that burns the false ecology to the ground is the warmth of the heart of life itself. The ashes that remain are the sacred transformation of death that we smear across our own bodies. There is no dialectic. There is no cause for hope or fear. There is only life—its winding, growing chains of limitless, free, self-liberating desire.

Second-Best Life: Real Virtuality

by
John Zerzan

Reams of empirical studies and a century or two of social theory have noticed that modernity produces increasingly shallow and instrumental relationships. Where bonds of mutuality, based on face-to-face connection, once survived, we now tend to exist in a depthless, dematerialized technoculture. This is the trajectory of industrial mass society, not transcending itself through technology, but instead becoming ever more fully realized.

In this context, it is striking to note that the original usage of “virtual” was as the adjectival form of “virtue”. Virtual reality is not only the creation of a narcissistic subculture; it represents a much wider loss of identity and reality. Its essential goal is the perfect intimacy of human and machine, the eradication of difference between in-person and computer-based interaction.

Second Life. Born Again. Both are escape routes from a gravely worsening reality. Both the high-tech and the fundamentalist options are passive responses to the actual situation now engulfing us. We are so physically and socially distant from one another, and encroaching virtuality drives us ever further apart. We can choose to “live” as free-floating surrogates in the new, untrashed Denial Land of VR, but only if we embrace what Žižek called “the ruthless technological drive which determines our lives.”¹

Cyberspace means collapsing nature into technology, in the words of Allucquere Rosanne Stone; she notes that we are losing our grounding as physical beings.² The key response in the arid technoworld is, of course, more technology. Drug technology, for the 70 million Americans with insomnia; for the sexually dysfunctional males now dependent on Viagra, Cialis, etc.; for the depressed and anxious who no longer dream or feel.

And as this regime works to further flatten and suppress direct experience, Virtual Reality, its latest triumph, comes in to fill the void. Second Life, There, and whatever brand is next to offer dream worlds, to a world denuded of dreams. In our time, “virtual bereavement” and “online grieving” are touted as superior to being present to comfort those who mourn;³ where tiny infants are subjected to videos; where “teledildonics” delivers simulated sex to distant subjects.

“Welcome to Second Life. We look forward to seeing you in-world”, the website promo beckons. Immersive and interactive, VR provides the space so unlike the reality its customers reject. For a few dollars, anyone can exist there as an “avatar” who will never grow old, bored, or overweight. Wade Roush of *Technology Review* declares Second Life

a success insofar as it is “less lonely and less predictable” than the life we have now.⁴ This inversion of reality is the consolation of the supernatural of many religions, and serves a similar substitutive function.

Reality is disappearing behind a screen, as the separation of mind from body and nature intensifies. The technical means are being perfected fairly quickly, making good on the promises of the early 1990s. At that time VR, despite much ballyhoo,⁵ could not really deliver the goods. Fifteen or so years later, the technology of Second Life (for example) engages many users with a strong sense of physical presence and other pseudo-sensory effects. Virtual reality is now the definitive expression of the postmodern condition, perhaps best typified by the fact that nothing wild exists there, only what serves human consumption.

Foucault described the shift of power in modernity from sovereignty to discipline, and an enormously technologized daily life has accelerated this shift.⁶ Contemporary

life is thoroughly surveilled and policed, to an unprecedented degree. But the weight and density of tech mediation create an even more defining reality, and a more profound stage of control. When the nature of experience, on a primary level, is so deeply altered, we are seeing a fundamental shift—a shift being extended everywhere, at an accelerating pace.

Virtual reality best typifies this movement, its simulations and robotic fantasies a cutting-edge component of the steadily advancing, universalizing, standardizing global culture. Sadly pertinent is Philip Zai’s judgement that VR is the “metaphysical maturity of civilization”.⁷ All that is tangible, sensual, and earth-based corrodes and shrinks within technologically mediated existence.

Of course, there are forms of resistance to this latest efflorescence of the false. But a luddite reaction always seems to pale before the magnitude of what it faces. There is a very long, sedimented history behind every newest technological move, an unbroken chain of contingency. The leap involved in grasping new technics is made easier by the gradual impoverishment of human desires and aptitudes caused by the earlier innovations. The promise is, always, that more technology will bring improvement—which more accurately means, more technology will make up for what was lost in the preceding “advances”. The only way out is to break this chain, by refusing its imperative.

Heidegger assailed the “objectification of all beings...brought into the disposal of representation and production,” pointing out that “nature appears everywhere as the object of technology”, and concluding that “World becomes object”.⁸ He also understood how technology changes our relation to things, a phenomenon underlined by virtual reality. “Talk of a respect for things is more and more unintelligible in a world that is becoming ever more technical. They are simply vanishing....”, remarked Gadamer.⁹ Virtuality is certainly that “vanishing”.

There has been in fact a recent counter-attack in favor of respecting things as such, in favor of freeing them from an instrumental status, at least on the philosophical plane. Titles such as *Things* (2004) and *The Lure of the Object* (2005) speak to this.¹⁰ Desire for the authentic experience of “thingness” (Heidegger’s term) is a rebuke to the pathological condition known as modernity, a realization that “accepting the otherness of things is the condition for accepting otherness as such.”¹¹

Immersion in virtual reality is a particularly virulent strain of this pathology because of the degree of interactivity and self-representation involved. Never has the built environment depended so crucially on our participation, and never before has this participation been so potentially totalizing. With its appeal as, literally, a second life, a second world, it is *The Matrix*—one that we ourselves are to continually pay to reproduce. Heinz Pagels' description of the symbolic, in general, certainly applies to virtual reality: in denying "the immediacy of reality and in creating a substitute we have but spun another thread in the web of our grand illusion."¹² This use of cyberspace takes representation to new levels of self-enclosure and self-domestication.

Spengler's survey of Western civilization led him to conclude that "an artificial world is permeating and poisoning the natural. The civilization itself has become a machine that does, or tries to do, everything in mechanical fashion."¹³ Second Life, Google Earth, etc., using graphics cards and broadband connections are sophisticated and enticing escape hatches, but it's still the same basic machine orientation. And VR, as David Gelernter happily proclaimed, "is the sort of instrument that modern life demands."¹⁴

Born of military research and the entertainment industry, Virtual Reality depends on us for its projected role throughout society. Real virtuality will be the norm when it infects various spheres, but only with our active consent. Wittgenstein felt that "it is not absurd e.g. to believe that the age of science and technology is the beginning of the end for humanity."¹⁵ Science and technology are the greatest triumphs of civilization, and the point is more grimly apparent than ever.

Endnotes:

¹ Slavoj Žižek, *The Plague of Fantasies* (New York: Verso, 1997), p. 44.

² Allucquere Rosanne Stone, "Will the Real Body Please Stand Up?" in Michael Benedikt, ed., *Cyberspace: First Steps* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1991).

³ Joseph Hart, "Grief Goes Online" in *Utne*, April 2007.

⁴ Wade Roush, "Second Earth" in *Technology Review*, July/August 2007, p. 48.

⁵ Widely circulated books include: Howard Rheingold, *Virtual Reality* (New York: Summit Books, 1991), Michael Heim, *The Metaphysics of VR* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), Rudy Rucker, R.U. Sirius, Queen Mu, *Mondo 2000: A User's Guide* (New York: Harper-Collins, 1992), Nadia Magnematt Thalmann and Daniel Thalmann, *Virtual Worlds and Multimedia* (New York: Wiley, 1993), Benjamin Woolley, *Virtual Worlds* (Cambridge, MA: Blackwell, 1992). An excellent corrective is Robert Markley, ed., *Virtual Realities and Their Discontents* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996).

⁶ For his idiosyncratic twist on this, see Jean Baudrillard, *Forget Foucault* (New York: Semiotext, 1987).

⁷ Philip Zai, *Get Real: A Philosophical Adventure in Virtual Reality* (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 1998), p. 171.

⁸ Martin Heidegger, "Nietzsche's Word: 'God is Dead'" in his *Off the Beaten Track*, translated and edited by Julian Young and Kenneth Haynes (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), p. 191.

⁹ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Philosophical Hermeneutics*, translated and edited by David E. Linge (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1976), p. 71.

¹⁰ Bill Brown, ed., *Things* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004); Stephen Melville, ed., *The Lure of Things* (Williamstown, MA: Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, 2005).

¹¹ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

¹² Heinz R. Pagels, *The Dreams of Reason: The Computer and the Rise of the Sciences of Complexity* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1988).

¹³ Oswald Spengler, *Man and Technics*, translated by Charles Francis Atkinson (Westport CT: Greenwood Press, 1976), p. 94.

¹⁴ David Gelernter, *Mirror Worlds* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), p. 34.

¹⁵ Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*, translated by P. Winch (Oxford: Blackwell, 1986), p. 56.

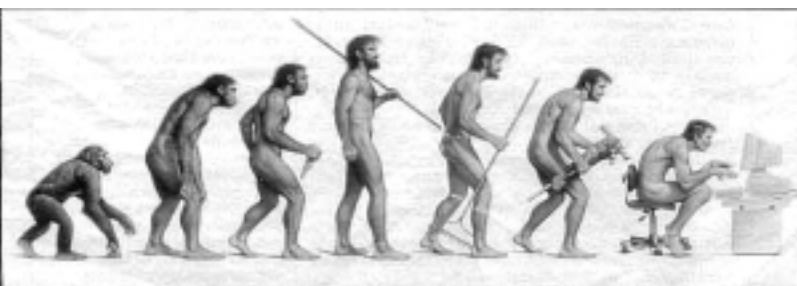
CANARIES IN THE CLOCKWORK

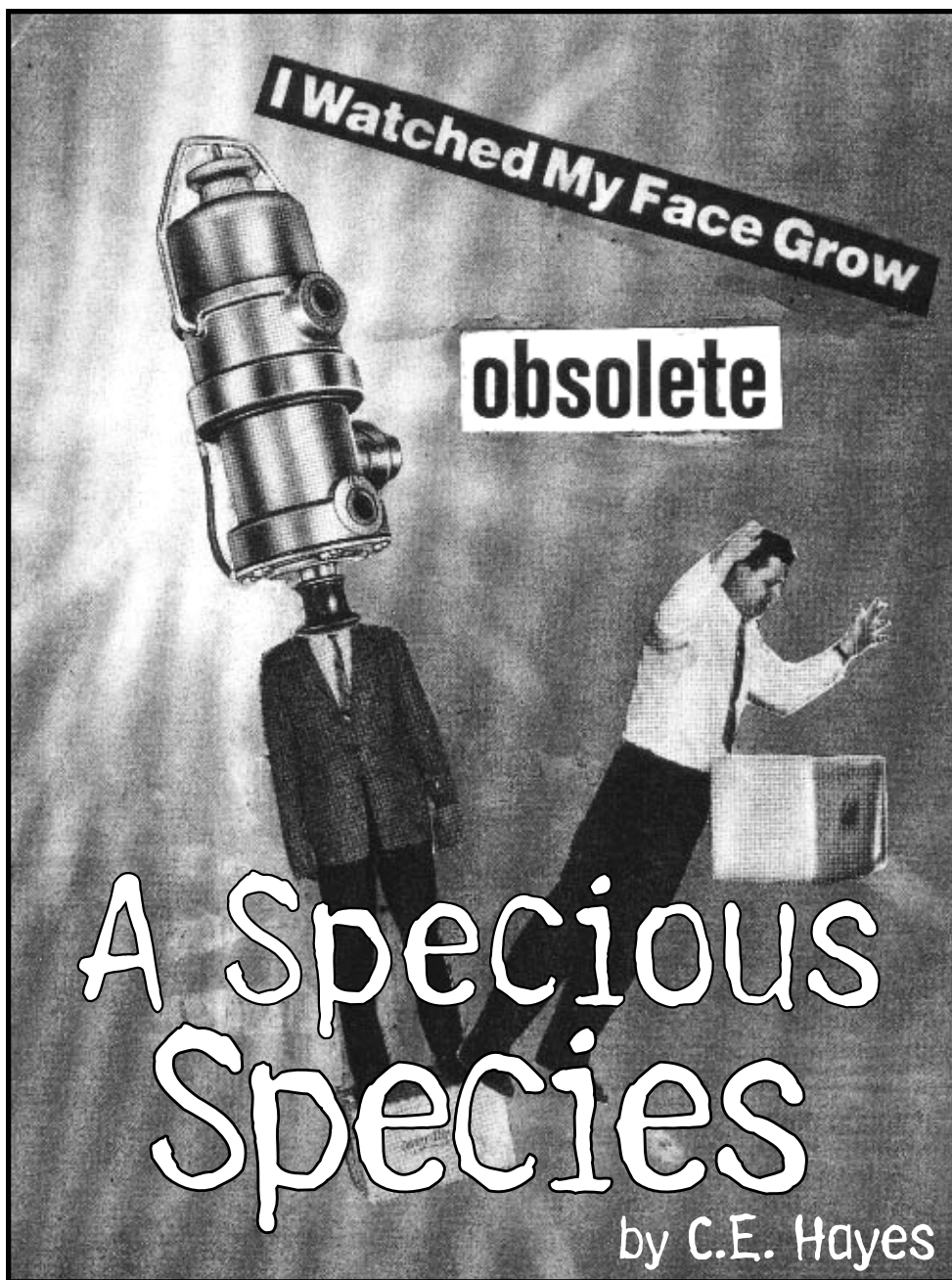
BY EARTH-LING-GERRING

DO YOU HAVE THE TIME?

OR DOES TIME HAVE YOU?

It must if you have your wristwatch on, you do have one right? Compulsory attire is cumulatively tiring. All of us cyborgs with clocks on our wrists, as we compulsively watch our watches. Us watching Time pass, Time watching us pass, who will pass, Time or us? The clocks surround us, always all the time, in time off and time on. Like an international date line, the timeline is straight as a railroad, to be in time means to be in line. All of the watched watchers marching in line to Time. 'Get in Line' the loud speakers scream. Hardly necessary when you're (c)locked in, day in and day out, in the prison of Progress which is the progress of Prison. Locked in by clocks, cell blocks, city blocks, and market stocks. For it is the Timer who calls the shots. He tells the racers when to go and when to stop. We run in the rat race wheel that goes nowhere, these hordes of rats race for the traces of the faces of meaningful scraps that turned out to be meaningless traps. Lab rats in the Laboratory race. Humanities become as the cattle we used to keep, that now keeps us. The labour stock in the machine's cattle stocks, and like them we too end up on the chopping blocks. Chopped from the land, and laid out in blocks. Acres and acres of mass market massacres. The work of the clock is to degrade, through the use and abuse of (wo)man hours that they take away from humyns everyday, for which it does indeed count on, as your life counts down, and proceeding along in this way like clockwork. Fortunately the progress of Work is still a work in progress. Time is running out for us domesticated mammals, and maybe even for life on this planet Earth. If it dies, what then? Nay I say, why not run out of time altogether, how about now? The time has come to escape this flying machine. Fly, fight, or flee to freedom! It's about Time! If you have ever looked outside of this fascist zeppelin, could you not see that it is in fact made of lead? It's not even flying at all, but has already started to fall; we're falling back down to earth. Abandon ship! Sound the call. When the Time comes, how about we really punch the clock. Smash it to pieces, maybe then we can find our peace. For we need its shards for arrowheads. We'll need them to shoot at the hearts and the heads of the encroaching robot Army. Only then will we humans have time to burn, and time to learn to burn. And burn it we will, with our wills we will act, and may the words on our breath fan the flames of revolt. These flames are the flames of the Phoenix that will fly down upon the city, and into it's clockwork. For we are the canaries in the clockwork, and may we summon the creation/destruction of this Phoenix of Chaos to bring this civilization to an end. And in its ashes, maybe then; maybe then we may sow the seeds of sustainable autonomy, of green anarchy, and let them spread and grow wild.





The experience of technological narcissism produces a smothering obsession with ways to reflect the superficial self. There is an inability of self-expression without recourse to a superficial identification within a technological process, product or field of influence. The process of self-expression becomes an obsession to declare individuality, uniqueness, specialness that is founded on superficiality. Each superficiality exhibits itself as a change in angle from, or newly cast reflection of, the technologically constructed subject. Self-expression has become a variation on a common theme – the celebration of the narcissistic superficial self through purely technological means.

Our culture tempts us with speciousness backed by a rubric of thought that enforces its repetition ad infinitum. There is unlimited access to the same experience wherein the experience of the individual is amplified via small manufactured superficial changes. The promise of technology has always been to make life easier and better. What it has done is provide standardization and unlimited access. Precisely what has happened is individuality, uniqueness, and the creative act, have nearly been erased from experience. We now follow standard procedure to meet stated goals. Technological narcissism pushes forward with making the

possessed with a will to dominate, manipulate and serve that which gives it structure – technological society itself. Our use of technology is definitely not a benign creative diversion that is employed in the natural act of preserving and protecting our place in the natural world. It exists solely to separate us from our natural being and environment. What we have in the mirror of our existence is not ourselves, but rather the system generated by our technology.

No longer can we see ourselves in much of the society we encounter. What we see are reflections of the technological system with manufactured deviations on superficial levels. The desire to “be human” has been supplanted with a desire to be “different” within the system and most of all, to be acknowledged for being different. The consequence of these desires to be different, and the seeking of acknowledgement for being different, is that life becomes subservient to the system that communicates the expressions. The system now provides the means to create deviations on expression, and what follows is technology becoming not just the messenger of human expression, but what humanity expresses. Human desires are now sublimated, if not eliminated, based on the technological methods available for expression.

experience of society, our culture, more and more general – a worldwide monoculture. While pursuing its self-fulfilling prophecies of personal freedom, liberty and unlimited variations for unique self expression (individuality) it has done nothing but construct a worldwide monoculture that is destroying the possibility of the existence for any real experience and replaces it with a “standing reserve” of experiential processes with superficially constructed deviations on the process to simulate individuality – the marketing term is personalization. What we have today, and what we have to look forward to, is a technological culture, civilization, that is in love with itself and the multiple reflections it makes in its own image for us to celebrate, or obsess over.

Fast and furiously we are led into the frenzied self adulation of our technological society, its products and the reflection of them in ourselves. Our technology has never really been a reflection of ourselves directly. We were simply the vehicle for its deliverance, or its own being. For technology and its partner in disgrace, science, do not exist beyond the being we give them and as such, they exist outside of our direct human experience (the reality of our “being here”). They are virtual activities and we have elevated these virtual activities to their current level of control over our real lives and experiences. Technology and science are pressed into use to model and manipulate those beings in the world that do not perform the same manipulation. Upon this world, the “progress” of science/technology was not carried out by any other living creature besides humanity. Without us as the vehicle, technology stops. Science does not exist. The “knowledge” it begets is once again unknown and the products associated with such knowledge deteriorate and become useless. Technology and scientific thought should be properly understood as a type of possession of the mind. The mind is

The raw experience of being human is repressed and redirected to serve the refinement of technological control over our direct experience of the world. That which can be modeled, manipulated and quantified in a virtual manner becomes the basis of what we do to our physical reality. The refinement of technology (specialization) reveals smaller and smaller deviations on physical reality until the reality is lost. What is left is the superficiality of the technologically derived model. This now becomes the desire, our desire: The technical perfection of a technologically derived model of ourselves. We are bred by the system to desire a life free of pain, suffering, distress, death, loss, and uncertainty among other things that are harmful to the functioning of the system. What remains is an impossible human life essentially, but the models have supplanted our concept of reality to the point where the virtual world, the technologically perfect world, is the actual foundation of reality. Self-expression is sublimated to the virtual world. Self-expression becomes not an expression of the self, but an expression of a particular superficiality within the model constructed by the prevailing technology of the moment. We pretend to be what we are not in order to justify the existence of what we create and express.

We fall in love with the perfection of the model. The closest we can get to a raw human experience is this love, but it is a mutated and deformed version of love that is not naturally derived from our experience with direct reality. It is a technologically derived form of narcissism. It is not ourselves, nor anyone, we are in love with, but rather a reflection of ourselves cast by a mirror of science and technology. We desire to become what we are not, nor will ever be, but push ourselves to become the reflection. We want the perfection promised by the technological reflection. Self-expression is therefore not from the self, but rather an expression dictated by the reflection.

This “techno-expression” has manifested itself in many ways. Blogging, as a means of publishing a single person’s multimedia diary (a personalized electronic press kit of sorts) accessible to all, is perhaps a fitting example. Being accessible to all necessarily means that all can understand, that all can identify with, and this type of experience can only be produced if all have similar cultural data. Because the technology exists and because the technology is widespread, the experience of it (being technological) becomes a common fixture (utility) of daily existence to the beings that use it. It is to this end that the use of technology becomes the basis of the human experience. In order to express what it is to be human we must resort to expressing what it means to experience the technology we use. Blogging, while at superficial level, may appear to cover a wide spectrum of subjects, discourses and styles, actually restricts any sort of unique personal perspective from coming into existence. In order to be understood, one must speak the language of technology. In doing so, the speaker channels the language of the system and its desires through themselves. One needs gadgets to blog, the knowledge of the gadgets that enable the processing of reality, and lastly the time to create the blog in isolation from reality in order to distill real-life into something that is able to be represented as something intelligible through a personal computer by others. In order for blogging to be effective at conveying information, human experience must be regulated and standardized – made easily digestible and transmittable by technology. What instructs the content of the blog is that which the blogger can distill through the current technology.

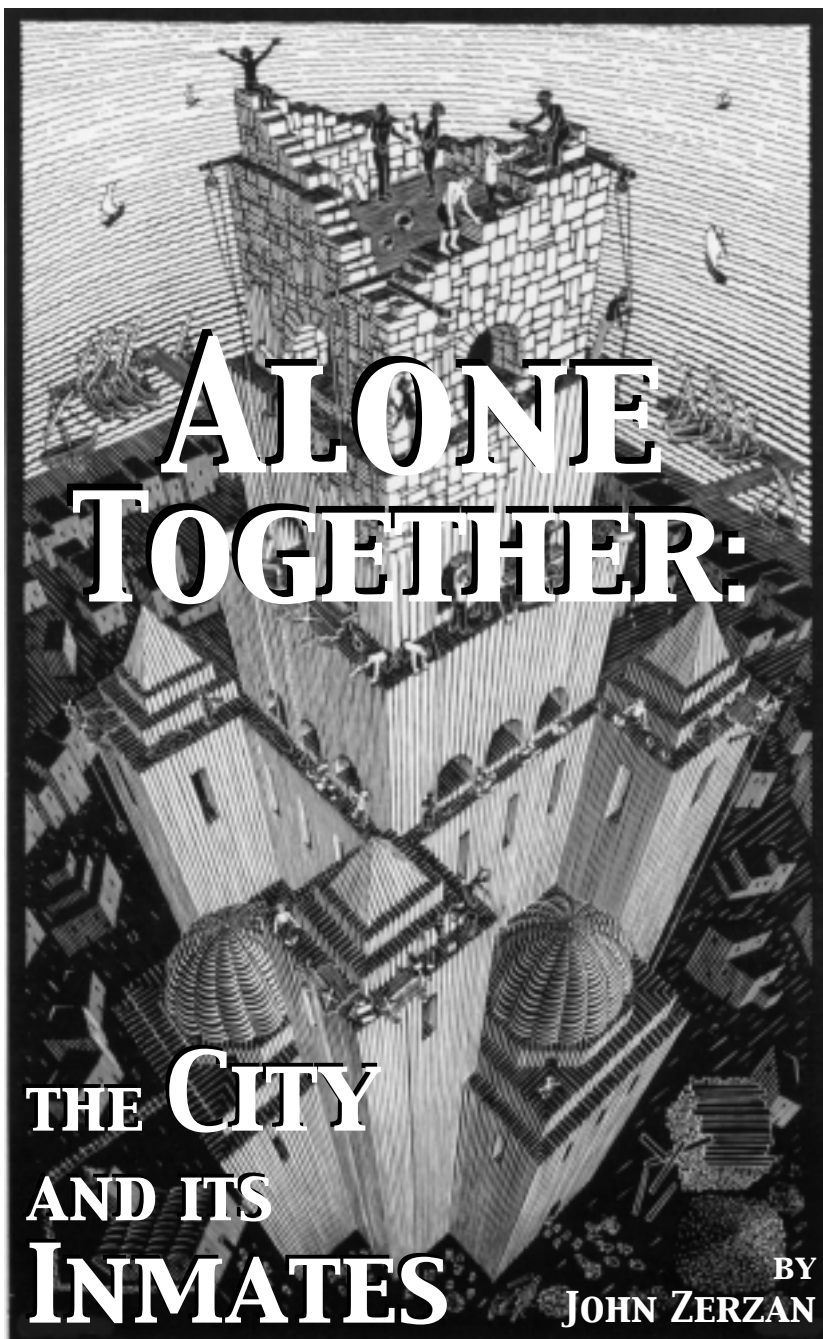
No longer are we limited to literate technology (writing) capturing data, but we now have ubiquitous technology to record images and sound – hence the rise of MySpace and YouTube (nothing narcissistic about the names of those sites at all!). Not only this, but there are even virtual worlds for us to inhabit such as SecondLife, which completely do away with the real world entirely. Perhaps the virtual world/virtual life is the greatest achievement of technological processing of life to date. It does away with the translation of reality and replaces it outright. In order to be “heard” within these virtual communities, you must be able to relate to common cultural data (monoculture) and have the ability to express it in familiar terms.

The focus becomes how can “I” stand out from all the sameness that technology fosters, but the ability to stand out only manifests on purely superficial, or stylistic, terms. How many genre names can we give to the explosion of sameness that has occurred in the Digital Age? Only the smallest of superficial deviations produce the desire to be recognized as different or claim individuality. Sometimes the “difference” is only in the application of certain technology to the same exact data – from black and white to color, from analog to digital, from orchestra to synthesizer, etc.

The stimulus to all this activity is the same – the ubiquity of technology creates common cultural data and enables its expression in common terms. The reaction to the stimulus is narcissistic behavior. The overpowering desire to be “acknowledged” by others for ones own individuality fuels the engine of the current technologically dependent culture. Since the experience of life is so schematized by the technology we manipulate, consume and depend upon, the will to express ourselves has now turned to our own bodies as the last refuge from the invasion of technology. With horrific irony, or absurd incongruity, the only means we have at our disposal to express what our body experiences “out there” in the real world is reliant on the prevailing technological framing of what we are supposed to be experiencing. The real world we encounter is largely the schema of technology imposed on our lives to make them “better”, i.e. more efficient, less strenuous, more comfortable, happier, and so forth. To strip the world of technology would return us to a brutal encounter with nature that we cannot bear to sustain, or so those who uphold the current technocratic civilization propose. It is here, in the experience of a non-technologically mediated existence, that one may find access to unfettered self-expression, though.

The specious species that we have become desires the perfections of experience that are promised by the technological representations of what it means to be human. An infallible “yes” or “no” to life as it has been constructed is what one desires in the schematized cultural experience. To experience an in between state cannot be accurately expressed by such methods and as such, is intolerable. When the strict logic of scientific rigor is interrupted by the contradiction of emotions and reality itself, the experience is broken down into smaller technically manufactured states, quantified, analyzed and processed. The technical term for this may be conflict resolution. The technological narcissist desires clarity and confirmation of their self. Self-expression is derived by establishing a superficial identification within a technological process, product or field of influence in order to confirm and clarify ones internal feelings. Without the technology to parse the experience of being in the world, then self-expression becomes impossible and the experiential data self-expression draws upon for inspiration becomes meaningless. As it stands, any technologically derived expression of reality is better than none, therefore self-expression has been reduced to spurious and superficial layers of technological narcissism.





ALONE TOGETHER:

THE CITY AND ITS INMATES

BY
JOHN ZERZAN

The proportion of humanity living in cities has been growing exponentially, along with industrialization. The megalopolis is the latest form of urban “habitat”, increasingly interposing itself between human life and the biosphere.

The city is also a barrier between its inmates, a world of strangers. In fact, all cities in world history were founded by strangers and outsiders, settled together in unique, previously unfamiliar environments.

It is the dominant culture at its center, its height, its most dominant. Joseph Grange is, sadly, basically correct in saying that it is “par excellence, the place where human values come to their most concrete expression.”¹ (If one pardons the pun, also sadly apt.) Of course, the word “human” receives its fully deformed meaning in the urban context, especially that of today. Everyone can see the modern “flatscape”, in Norberg-Schulz’s terse term (1969), the Nothing Zones of placelessness where localism and variety are steadily being diminished, if not eradicated.² The supermarket, the mall, the airport lounge are everywhere the same, just as office, school, apartment block, hospital, and prison are scarcely distinguishable one from another, in our own cities.³

The mega-cities have more in common with each other than with any other social organisms. Their citizens tend to dress the same and otherwise consume the same global culture, under a steadily more comprehensive surveillance gaze. This is the opposite of living in a particular place on the earth, with respect for its uniqueness. These days, all space is becoming urban space; there is not a spot on the planet that couldn’t become at least virtually urban upon the turn of a satellite. We have been trained and equipped to mold space as if it were an object. Such an education is mandated in this Digital Age, dominated by cities and metro regions to an extent unprecedented in history.

How has this come to pass? As Weber put it, “one may find anything or everything in the city texts except the informing principle that creates the city itself.”⁴ But it is clear what the fundamental mechanism/dynamic/ “principle” is and always has been. As Weber continued: “Every device in the city facilitating trade and industry prepares the way for further division of labor and further specialization of tasks.”⁵ Further massification, standardization, equivalence.

As tools became systems of technology—that is, as social complexity developed—the city appeared. The city-machine was the earliest and biggest technological phenomenon, the culmination of the division of labor. Or as Lewis Mumford characterized it, “the mark of the city is its purposive social complexity.”⁶ The two modes in this context are the same. Cities are the most complex artifacts ever contrived, just as urbanization is one of the prime measures of development.

The coming world-city perfects its war on nature, obliterating it in favor of the artificial, and reducing the countryside to mere “environs” that conform to urban priorities. All cities are antithetical to the land.

Certeau’s “Walking in the City” has rather an eerie quality, given its subject and the fact that it was written in 2000. Certeau saw the World Trade Center as “the most monumental figure” of Western urbanism and felt that “to be lifted to [its] summit is to be carried away by the city’s hold.”⁷ The viability of the city has entered its inevitable stage of being doubted, accompanied by an anxiety heightened—but not created—on 9/11. The deep ambivalence about urban life, felt throughout civilization’s reign, has become much more pronounced.

Domestication made civilization possible, and intensified domestication brought forth urban culture. Primary horticultural communities—settlements and villages—were superseded by cities as massified agriculture took hold. One enduring marker of this shift is megalithic monumentality. In early Neolithic monuments all the qualities of the city are found: sedentism, permanence, density, a visible announcement of the triumphal march of farming over foraging. The city’s spectacular centralization is a major turning point in human cultural evolution, the arrival of civilization in its full, definitive sense.

There have been civilizations without cities (e.g. the early Maya civilization), but not many. More often they are a key feature and develop with a relatively sudden force, as if the energy repressed by domestication must burst forth to a new level of its control logic. The urban explosion does not escape some bad reviews, however. In the Hebrew tradition, it was Cain, murderer of Abel, who founded the first city. Similarly, such urban references as Babylon, the Tower of Babel, and Sodom and Gomorrah are wholly negative. A deep ambivalence about cities is, in fact, a constant of civilization.

By about 4000 BC the first cities appeared in Mesopotamia and Egypt, when political means were devised to channel the surpluses created by a new agricultural ethos into the hands of a ruling minority. This development required economic input from wider and wider areas of production; large-scale, centralized, bureaucratic institutions were not long in coming. Villages were pulled into

increasingly specialized maximization strategies to produce bigger surpluses flowing to the cities. Greater grain production, for example, could only be achieved with additional work and more coercion. Resistance occurred within this well-known framework, as the more primitive farming communities were forcibly converted into administered towns, such as Nineveh. Nomadic peoples of Sinai refused to mine copper for the Egyptian rulers, to cite another instance.⁸ Smallholders were forced off the land into cities; this displacement is a basic part of a familiar pattern that continues today.

Urban reality is primarily about trade and commerce, with a nearly total dependence on support from external areas for continued existence. To guarantee such an artificial subsistence, city fathers turn inevitably to war, that chronic civilizational staple. "Conquest abroad and repression at home," in Stanley Diamond's words, is a defining characterization of cities from their very origins.⁹ The early Sumerian city-states, for example, were constantly at war. The struggle for stability of urban market economies was an unremitting matter of survival. Armies and warfare were cardinal necessities, especially given the built-in expansionist character of the urban dynamic. Uruk, the biggest Mesopotamian city of its time (ca 2700 BC), boasted a double-ring wall six miles long, fortified by 900 towers. From this early period through the Middle Ages, virtually all cities were fortified garrisons. Julius Caesar used the word *oppidum* (garrison) to denote every town in Gaul.

The first urban centers also consistently reveal a strong ceremonial orientation. The movement away from an immanent, earth-based spirituality to emphasis on sacred or supernatural spaces receives a further deformation with literally awe-inspiring, mighty urban temples and tombs. The elevation of a society's gods corresponded to the increasing complexity and stratification of its social structure. Religious monumentality, by the way, was not only an obedience-inducing tactic by those in authority; it was also a fundamental vehicle for the spread of domestication.¹⁰

But the real rise to dominance began not only with intensified agriculture—and the appearance of writing systems, as Childe, Levi-Strauss and others have noted—but with metallurgy. Succeeding civilization's initial Neolithic stage, the Bronze Age and even more so, the Iron Age brought urbanization into its full centrality. According to Toynbee, "If the increase in the size of cities in the course of history is presented visually in the form of a curve, this curve will be found to have the same configuration as a curve presenting the increase in the potency of technology."¹¹ And with the increasingly urbanized character of social life, the city can be seen as a container. Cities, like the factories that are already present, rely on containment. Cities and factories are never at base freely chosen by the people inside them; domination keeps them there. Aristophanes put it well in his 414 BC creation, *The Birds*: "A city must rise, to house all birds; then you must fence in the air, the sky, the earth, and must surround it by walls, like Babylon."

States as we know them already existed by this period, and powerful cities emerged as capitals, the loci of state power. Political domination has always flowed from these urban centers. In this context, peasants leave behind one known and hated servitude for new, initially undisclosed forms of bondage and suffering. The city, already a site of local power and war, is an incubator of infectious diseases, including plague, and of course greatly magnifies the impacts of fire, earthquake, and other dangers.

For thousands of generations humans rose at daybreak and slept after the sun went down, basking in the glories of sunrise, sunset, and starry skies. Half a millennium ago, city bells and clocks announced an increasingly ordered and regulated daily life, the reign of urban timekeeping. With modernity, lived time disappears; time becomes a resource, an objectified materiality. Measured, reified time isolates the individual in the force-field of deepening division and separation, ever diminishing wholeness. Contact with the earth ebbs, as urbanization grows; and as Hogarth depicted in his mid-18th century images of London, physical contact among people lessens dramatically. At this time Nicolas Chamfort declared, "Paris is a city of gaieties and pleasures, where four-fifths of the inhabitants die of grief."¹² In *Emile* (1762), Rousseau put it more personally; "Adieu, Paris. We are seeking love, happiness, innocence. We shall never be far enough away from you."¹³ The pervasive weight of urban existence penetrated even the most outwardly vital political phenomena, including the French Revolution. Crowds in revolutionary Paris often seemed strangely apathetic, prompting Richard Sennett to detect there the first pronounced modern signs of urban passivity.¹⁴

In the following century Engels, in contrary fashion, decided that it is in the city that the proletariat achieves its "fullest classic perfection."¹⁵ But Tocqueville had already seen how individuals in cities feel "strangers to the destinies of each other."¹⁶ Later in the 19th century, Durkheim noted that suicide and insanity increase with modern urbanization. In fact, a sense of dependence, loneliness, and every kind of emotional disturbance are generated, giving rise to Benjamin's perception that "Fear, revulsion, and horror were the emotions which the big-city crowd aroused in those who first observed it."¹⁷ The technological developments in the areas of sewage and other sanitation challenges, while required in burgeoning metropolises, also enable urbanization and its further growth. Life in cities is only possible with such continual technological supports.

By 1900, Georg Simmel understood how living in cities brings about not only loneliness, but also the reserve or emotional numbness that exacerbates it. As Simmel saw, this is very closely analogous to the effects of industrial life in general: "Punctuality, calculability, exactness are forced upon life by the complexity and extension of metropolitan existence."¹⁸ The urban languor and impotence expressed in T.S. Eliot's early poetry, for example, helps fill in this picture of reduced life.

(continued on next page)



The term “suburb” was used from Shakespeare and Milton onwards in very much the modern sense, but it was not until the onslaught of industrialization that the suburban phenomenon truly emerged. Thus residential development appeared on the outskirts of America’s biggest cities between 1815 and 1860. Marx referred to capitalism as “the urbanization of the countryside”¹⁹; suburbanization really hit its stride, in its contemporary meaning, just after World War II. Refined mass production techniques created a physical conformity to match and magnify social conformity.²⁰ Depthless, homogenized, a hothouse of consumerism fenced in by strip malls and freeways, the suburb is the further degraded outcome of the city. As such, the differences between urban and suburban should not be exaggerated or seen as qualitative. Withdrawal, facilitated by an array of high-tech devices—iPods, cell phones, etc.—is now the order of the day, a very telling phenomenon.²¹

Civilization, as is clear from the word’s original Latin meaning, is what goes on in cities.²² More than half of the world’s population now lives in cities, McDonaldizing non-places like Kuala Lumpur and Singapore that have so resolutely turned their backs on their own rich contexts. The urbanizing imperative is an ongoing characteristic of civilization.

A certain perverse allure still obtains for some, and it has become so hard to escape the urban influence zone anyway. There is still a flicker of hope for community, or at least for diversion, in the metropolis. And some of us remain there in order not to lose contact with what we feel compelled to understand, so we can bring it to an end. Certainly, there are those who struggle to humanize the city, to develop public gardens and other amenities, but cities remain what they have always been. Most of their inhabitants simply accept the urban reality and try to adjust to it, with the same outward passivity they express toward the enveloping techno-world.

Some try always to reform the unreformable. Let’s have “a new modernity”, “a new attitude about technology”, etc. etc. Julia Kristeva calls for “a cosmopolitanism of a new sort...”²³ Such orientations reveal, among other things, the conviction that what are widely considered essentials of social life will always be with us. Max Weber judged modernity and bureaucratic rationality to be “escape-proof”, while Toynbee saw the Ecumenopolis, as he called the stage of gigantism succeeding the stage of the megalopolis, “inevitable.”²⁴ Ellul referred to urbanization as that “which can only be accepted.”²⁵

However, given today’s urban reality, and how and why cities came to be in the first place and continue to exist, what James Baldwin said of the ghetto fully applies to the city: “[It] can be improved in one way only: out of existence.”²⁶ There is a strong consensus among urban theorists, by the way, that “cities are newly divided and polarized.”²⁷ That the poor and the indigenous must be urbanized is another primary facet of colonialist-imperialist ideology.

The original monumentalism is still present and underlined in today’s city, with the same dwarfing and disempowering of the individual. Human scale is obliterated by high-rises, sensory deprivation deepens, and inhabitants are assailed by monotony, noise, and other pollutants. The cyberspace world is itself an urban environment, accelerating the radical decline of physical presence and connection. Urban space is the always advancing (vertically and horizontally) symbol of the defeat of nature and the death of community. What John Habberton wrote in 1889 could not be more valid now: “A great city is a great sore—a sore which can never be cured.”²⁸ Or as Kai W. Lee replied to the question whether a transition to sustainable cities is imaginable: “The answer is no.”²⁹

Copán, Palenque, and Tikal were rich cities of Maya civilization abandoned at their height, between 600 and 900 A.D. With similar examples from various cultures, they point a way forward for us. The literature of urbanism has only grown darker and more dystopian in recent years, as terrorism and collapse cast their shadows on the most untenable products of civilization: the world’s cities. Turning from the perpetual servitude and chronic sickness of urban existence, we may draw inspiration from such places as former indigenous settlements on what is now called the Los Angeles River. Places where the sphere of life is rooted in subsisting as fully skilled humans in harmony with the earth.

ENDNOTES:

¹ Joseph Grange, *The City: An Urban Cosmology* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1999), p. xv.

² Edward Relph, *Place and Placelessness* (London: Pion Ltd., 1976), p. 6.

³ Meanwhile, phenomena such as “Old Town” areas and historical districts distract from tedium and standardization, but also underline these defining urban characteristics. The patented superficiality of postmodern architecture underlines it as well.

⁴ Max Weber, *The City*, translated by Don Martindale and Gertrud Neuwirth (Glencoe, IL: The Free Press, 1958), p. 11.

⁵ *ibid.*, p. 21

⁶ Lewis Mumford, *The Culture of Cities* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1938), p. 6. For all of the valid historical content, Mumford can also lapse into absurdity, e.g. “the city should be an organ of love...” in *The City in History* (New York, Harcourt, Brace, 1961), p. 575.

⁷ Michel de Certeau, *The Certeau Reader*, edited by Graham Ward (London: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), p. 103.

⁸ Stanley Diamond, *In Search of the Primitive* (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books, 1974), p. 7.

⁹ *ibid.*, p. 1.

¹⁰ Andrew Sherratt, *Economy and Society in Prehistoric Europe* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1997), p. 362.

¹¹ Arnold Toynbee, *Cities on the Move* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970), p. 173.

¹² Nicolas Chamfort, quoted in James A. Clapp, *The City, A Dictionary of Quotable Thought on Cities and Urban Life* (New Brunswick, NJ: Center for Urban Policy Research, 1984), p. 51.

¹³ Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Emile*, translated by Allan Bloom (New York: Basic Books, 1979), p. 355.

¹⁴ Richard Sennett, *Flesh and Stone: the Body and the City in Western Civilization* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1994), p. 23.

¹⁵ Friedrich Engels, *The Condition of the Working Class in England* (St. Albans: Panther Press, 1969), p. 75.

¹⁶ Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America* v. 2 (New York, Vintage, 1963), p. 141.

¹⁷ Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations*, translated by Harry Zahn (New York: Schocken Books, 1969), p. 174.

¹⁸ Kurt H. Wolff, *The Sociology of Georg Simmel* (New York: The Free Press, 1950), p. 413.

¹⁹ Karl Marx, *Grundrisse* (New York, Vintage, 1973), p. 479.

²⁰ A typical and apposite work is Richard Harris, *Creeping Conformity: How Canada Became Suburban, 1900-1960* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2004).

²¹ Very pertinent is Michael Bull, *Sounding Out the City: Personal Stereos and the Management of Everyday Life* (New York, Oxford University Press, 2000).

²² This is not only true in the West. In Arabic civilization, for example, *madaniyya*, or civilization, comes from *madine*, which means city.

²³ Julia Kristeva, *Strangers to Ourselves* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), p. 192.

²⁴ Toynbee, *op.cit.*, p. 196

²⁵ Jacques Ellul, *The Political Illusion* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1967), p. 43.

²⁶ James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name* (New York, The Dial Press, 1961), p. 65.

²⁷ Peter Marcuse and Ronald van Kempen, editors, *Of States and Cities: the Partitioning of Urban Space* (New York, Oxford University Press, 2002), p. vii.

²⁸ John Habberton, *Our Country’s Future* (Philadelphia: International Publishing Company, 1889), cited in Clapp, *op.cit.*, p. 105.

²⁹ Kai N. Lee, “Urban Sustainability and the Limits of Classical Environmentalism,” in *Environment and Urbanization* 18:1 (April 2006), p. 9.

“Depthless, homogenized, a hothouse of consumerism fenced in by strip malls and freeways, the suburb is the further degraded outcome of the city. As such, the differences between urban and suburban should not be exaggerated or seen as qualitative.”



The End of Slavery.

An
Interview
by Lisa
Wells

Urban Scout On Creating A World Beyond Civilization

Like many of us who grew up in the Northwest, Peter Bauer spent much of his youth hiking and camping the granddaddy forests that, at one time, stretched from here to the Atlantic. Even in the late 1980's expanses of untouched wilderness could be found in Oregon where families like ours camped for weeks in the summer without ever coming upon another human soul. Those early experiences in the woods have informed every decision we've made since, the memory of an intact world first met by un-jaded eyes, a naiveté of the shortest shelf life. One spot on the Nehalem River that Bauer and I used to frequent, an area teeming with biodiversity, was, in a single season, reduced to a muddy parking lot. Our reaction when we discovered it that summer was maybe most disturbing; not the wailing to earth apropos to losing a lifelong love, not even a tear, because somewhere in our minds we knew we had been relating on borrowed time, that a hundred years ago someone had slotted that place a dump, like everywhere else we had come to love, and it was only a matter of time before death came to collect. This is perhaps the one story shared by every generation enslaved by civilization since its grievous birth, the story of holocaust on the whole, and in particular, the murder of each sweet childhood mile.

Galvanized by the writings of Tom Brown Jr., Daniel Quinn, and the evidence of our own grief, we abandoned our junior year of high school and took off on a Greyhound for wilderness survival

Those who reject civilization often find themselves stuck between two immobilizing sentiments, the hatred felt for an insane system of destruction, and the self-loathing that accompanies their dependence on it. The desperate question then becomes, what world exists beyond civilization and how do we get there?

Bauer began working on that question with the advent of his now marginally famous alter ego, the Urban Scout. The pseudo myth goes: Urban Scout is an indigenous relic thrown forward to modern times for the pre-emptive post apocalyptic movement, a movement of people attempting to live as if the apocalypse has already happened. What began as a comic experiment in redefining the autochthonous, (in the short film, *The Adventures Of Urban Scout*, Bauer takes a girl back to his debris hut where they beer bong Pabst and throw rabbit sticks) has now become an obsession. On April 1, 2006 Bauer began his year as Urban Scout. He says, "The focus of this project is unlocking the food. Civilization keeps people imprisoned by not teaching them how to get their own food or by making laws against food self-sufficiency. I plan to learn how to hunt, forage, or grow all my own food, collect and filter all my own water, and build my own shelter. Rent free, bill free, and grocery store free."

We met on my porch in NE Portland on the morning of April 7, 2007, on a perfect, clear day. In the recording you can barely hear us over the chorus of songbirds.

school in New Jersey. We occupied those seventy-two hellish hours planning schemes for self-sufficiency and writing raps about debris huts and the collapse of civilization. It was a good time.

Two years later, back home in Portland, Bauer began to explore the transmission of culture through art and more specifically, how the stories we tell either support the continuation of life on this planet or its destruction. He formed Myth Media, a non-profit organization, "committed to creating cultural and environmental change through the arts." But, he has not found it altogether satisfying. "Programs can be beneficial in local specific cases and that's great," says Bauer, "but if you think that starting a non-profit or running an arts camp is going to save the world you're lying to yourself."

LW: *You are known as the father of the pre-emptive-post-apocalyptic movement, is that right?*

US: Ha. I don't know if I'd call myself the father. It's a mostly tongue in cheek label...but yes, there are groups of people preparing for the end of civilization. My friend and I joke that we have a lot more in common with Christian fundamentalists stockpiling food in the middle of nowhere, than we do with environmental activists or most people our own age...

LW: *A lot of the Urban Scout material, particularly the movie, seems to cater to a hip audience, or at least seeks to meet them on their level. I doubt any true fundies would take kindly to the beer bong and casual sex portrayed in the movie.*

US: Initially my plan was to open the world of survival skills to my friends and the rest of the hipsterati. That's no small task, to win over a bunch of sarcastic, skeptical fashionistas... but I think it worked. Now I'm more interested in fostering an inclusive relationship with people from all different backgrounds who ideologically might be at odds, but share the more important concern of survival through collapse and beyond.

LW: *I wonder if you could talk about what a typical day looks like for an urban hunter-gatherer.*

US: Sure... Well, for me, every morning I get up and I sit in my back yard, and just try to take in all that's around me. At first I was getting really bored...my mind would wander a lot. You know, birds squawk, cats lie in the sun, trees stand etc. But then, like anything you spend time with, subtleties started to reveal themselves and I got interested. The birds are talking to each other and you want to figure out what they're saying. You notice that there are these lives all around you, living out their stories separate from you, and they're not human. It's so simple but so fascinating. The eventual goal is to not only watch but to participate in this world. To get to know specific birds who will come and sit right by you. To eat the fruit of the trees. It becomes a conscious interaction with other-than-human life. To me, this is the essence of the hunter-gatherer.



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LW: *Where is this back yard? Where are you living?*

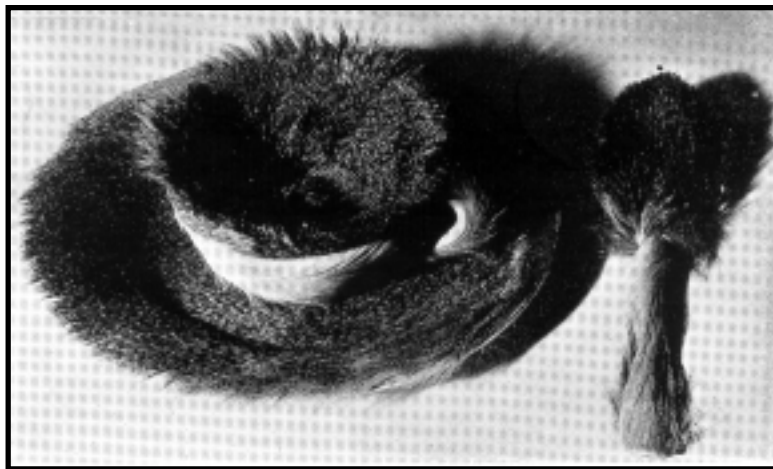
US: It's not actually my backyard, it's several different people's that I'm squatting in. In a tipi actually...which may not have been the best choice for shelter in the northwest due to the moisture, but I'm learning a lot from my mistake. So yeah, most days I work on primitive skills, I make cordage out of yucca leaves (which are in a lot of urban yards), I collect wood and stones to make blades and other tools. To me, urban hunting and gathering and the rewilding stuff isn't so much about primitivism—that's inevitable—for me it's about returning to an indigenous mindset, less about wearing buckskin or living in a Tipi, and more about seeing things through the eyes of a native, and having the relationship that they had with their human families, and the larger family that included everything under and beyond the sun. A lot of people take primitive skills to simply mean making tools from scratch, or natural materials, and that primitive living means using tools made from natural materials to get food. I like those ideas, but I believe that primitive skills and primitive living have little to do with tool-making, and lots-to-do with relating to and remembering to honor and give back to the humans and other-than-humans around you that give you life.

LW: *What you're describing is the basic tenet of indigenous philosophy. I hear it called animism a lot. Basically the belief that all life is sacred, that there is no inherent hierarchy in the natural world.*

US: Right. You could be a mountain man wearing buckskin clothes and living off the land but still not be living with it, so to speak, not seeing how an indigenous person sees it. I guess it's more than "seeing it." It's a holistic sensory and emotional experience. You empathize with the world. You feel for it. Some anthropologists call this anthropomorphizing, but that word, I feel, originates from people who are unwilling to empathize. I'm not "projecting" my feelings onto the world, I'm opening myself up and letting the feelings in. To me, empathy is another way of sensing, a way of "seeing" the world with your heart. For example, when you hear a dog whine you know that it's feeling something, a sadness. I'm not projecting my human emotions onto the dog. The dog is noticeably in pain, and that pain can carry over to me if I let it in. That's called empathy.

LW: *Isn't it funny to even have to explain this? It just seems so evident. I mean, how far from yourself do you have to get to assume the world is dead.*

US: Unfortunately, pretty far... But, you know I think that's what rewilding is about, coming home to yourself and to your place... And why stop with pets or animals? How deeply can you empathize? With plants? What about stones and rivers and clouds? Indigenous people experienced this everyday. Of course their empathy extended to all of these elements. According to Darwin's theory, feelings of love and empathy would only have survived through evolution if they served an evolutionary purpose. So having empathy... more like sensing others moods (whether these others



Object, fur-covered cup, plate and spoon

are people, rocks, trees, wind, or animals) has a beneficial outcome evolutionarily. It reminds us to take care of the planet. Native people interact with the land in a series of relationships, they see not just mammals but stones and clouds as members of an extended family, and behave toward them accordingly.

LW: *When you say "family" of course, I imagine an idealization of family... not the civilized families most of us actually belong to...because, for the most part, those just seem to mimic the abusive relationship we enact with the rest of the world.*

US: Good point, I am definitely not referring to most civilized families. I'm not talking about the hierarchical, patriarchal, "nuclear" family. I'm thinking groups of people who agree for the most part on the same rules or set of boundaries and are employed to assist one another. I'm getting at the word tribe here, but the same descriptors are in place for many social organizations, say, like a sports team.

Because even if you don't like everyone on your team (and it's commonly documented that not everyone in tribal situations always got along,) you rely on them for your survival...and you trust them, despite petty differences. It's an ingrained peacemaking system, because while there is not some noble mandate that demands all teammates are best buddies, in-fighting will inevitably fuck up your team work on the field.

LW: *So what makes urban hunting and gathering different from hunting and gathering in what some would call...the "natural world"...though, I get the sense that definition might be up for discussion?*

US: Well, one unique characteristic of an urban environment is that it's overrun with all of these people. I think it may require less effort than wilderness survival actually, because you can dumpster dive, you can "spange," you can steal...I mean lets face it, cops and security guards are much more unaware than your average bear or cougar. Cities are basically "resource" magnets. All the food and tools native to these other habitats are extracted and imported to the city. The city is basi-

cally just one big pile of (mostly toxic) food. There's too much for everyone to even eat, they call this extra "waste." So the waste becomes a cache for wild foragers like raccoons, coyotes, pigeons, 'possums, and people. Of course this only remains true as long as the civilized machine continues its crazed consumption. If it were to stop, or should I say, when it stops, a city may be the worst place on earth to be.

LW: *Here's where all those blockbuster apocalypse movies start to hit home. Rioting, cannibalism, conflagration!*

US: Ha. Sure, there might be some of that. There are most definitely real consequences for the way we've been living...and those will not be avoided. For example, with all the resources that are imported here, we have an artificially inflated population. When even a part of the "just in time" food economy collapses it won't be pretty.

LW: *Do you want to explain what that is?*

US: The Just-in-time economy means that products arrive at stores "just in time" to replace what is bought; the shelves are never empty. This exists for shipping and storage "efficiency". It also means that at any given time, cities only have 3-7 days of food on their shelves. If any link in that chain gets broken... well look at what Katrina did.

That being said, whenever I focus on the ugly side of collapse, I begin to feel paralyzed. For that reason I don't generally like to dwell on it. Everybody wants to bullshit about the doom and gloom side of things. I don't do that. There seems to be enough grief for the future already. Everyone does that. That's why I like to remember there is a lot more to give praise for. Like the return of community. The return of biodiversity. The end of slavery. No more masters. We could spend all day crying and that's fine too, but I also think this is a time to celebrate. It's over! Yes, it won't be easy, and it won't be pretty... but Civilization is done! You know? Let's keep crying, and also start partying!

LW: *Sounds like a case for running away to the woods, if there are any left.*

US: It takes a whole different and wild skill set and awareness to flourish out there. Had you come to the Northwest 500 years ago, life was much easier than it is today. Indigenous cultures had thousand year old practices of getting food and giving back to their land base. If you were hungry, you could literally just walk up to the river and pick out a fish with your bare hands. One of the things you learn by reading anthropology texts is that an indigenous kid had the skills they needed to survive by the age of nine... simple right? But that's still nine years of emersion in a whole culture, a culture that has been mostly destroyed. So yes, hunting is real difficult if you've never done it before, and if you're trying to do it in an environment that has been decimated.

LW: *There are a lot of people out there who probably couldn't tell you what a bow drill is, let alone use one. Where do you suggest someone with no background in survival skills focus their efforts?*

US: I get asked this one a lot, and every time I say family. No amount of primitive skill mastery can equal the benefit of loyal, quality relationships in a crash situation. If you can trap animals but have no friends you're a mountain man looking at a life of struggling to survive. A group of people foraging together can't be beat in terms of energy economy, effectiveness, and fun. I mean we evolved in social organizations for a reason.

My second bit of advice, and I can hear everyone groan when I say this; you may want to drastically change your diet. Seriously. To wean yourself from civilization's teat you can begin to eat a natural diet that doesn't include wheat and sugar, but includes lots of greens and more fermented foods. I quit cigarettes, coffee, wheat (yes that means no beer or liquor), dairy, and sugar. It can be rough at first but eventually you feel fantastic. I mean when you cut this other stuff out, you're eating the things that humans ate for millions of years; vegetables, fruit, and meat.

LW: *I sense the hoards of angry vegans lining up outside your tipi door.*

US: I've heard a million arguments for veganism... I was even vegan for two years when I was a teenager, but none of these arguments hold true for indigenous people; unless you're surrounded by mongo mongo nuts, you've got to eat meat for protein. Anyway, I don't see a difference between eating plants and animals. Just because you can't hear a plant scream with your ears doesn't mean they don't do it. I think it's a fairly ignorant and totally civilized myth that somehow killing animals is crueller than killing plants. An animist doesn't see a difference. Life, is life, is rocks and clouds and everything. Only a civilized culture would generate a spiritual hierarchy, with animals somehow above plants.

LW: *Suppose you do find a way to successfully live beyond civilization, indigenous communities have been attempting to live in this way forever and have been consistently met with institutionalized violence. What makes you so sure you won't be met with the same?*

US: I'm not sure that I won't be. And that is something we need to discuss as a community. Alone I don't pose much of a threat. You know, most of those cultures were sitting on "resources," that companies wanted to extract. We live in cities where the spoils of that behavior are imported too, so we don't pose a great threat in that regard. Of course, when a group starts to get together that becomes a different thing. We have a wonderful homeless community in Portland called Dignity Village, and they have had to face harassment and displacement. But I think that's where the scout skills of invisibility come into play. There are stories of intact tribes maintaining their cultural heritage living right under our noses in cities, camouflaged as homeless people.

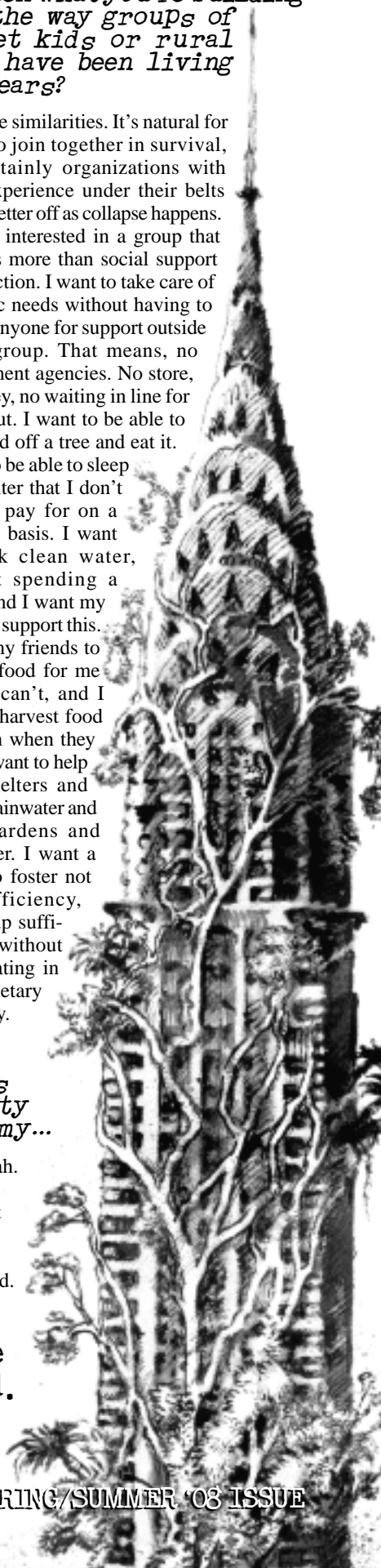
LW: *Do you see similarities between what you're building and the way groups of street kids or rural poor have been living for years?*

US: I see similarities. It's natural for people to join together in survival, and certainly organizations with some experience under their belts will be better off as collapse happens. But I'm interested in a group that provides more than social support or protection. I want to take care of my basic needs without having to rely on anyone for support outside of the group. That means, no government agencies. No store, no money, no waiting in line for a handout. I want to be able to pick food off a tree and eat it. I want to be able to sleep in a shelter that I don't have to pay for on a monthly basis. I want to drink clean water, without spending a dime. And I want my group to support this. I want my friends to harvest food for me when I can't, and I want to harvest food for them when they can't. I want to help build shelters and collect rainwater and plant gardens and hunt deer. I want a group to foster not self-sufficiency, but group sufficiency, without participating in the monetary economy.

LW: *Sounds pretty dreamy...*

US: Yeah. And it's the most natural thing in the world.

the
end.



Anarchist Attacks

(and some compromises)

a world of
freedom 2007
awaits

The same time that in the city centre "celebrations" are organised to welcome the new year we, by striking, mean to prove that the flame of negation won't cease to burn, not even this new year, against any repressive plan! – Greek anarchists in solidarity with imprisoned fighters (New Year's Attack)

ARGENTINA

On the morning of September 22, a branch of the Arkis real estate chain (of Greek ownership), located in the Buenos Aires neighborhood of San Telmo, was painted with symbols in solidarity with Giannis Dimitrakis, an anarchist companion imprisoned by the Greek state. Giannis Dimitrakis to the street!!! Down with the walls of all the prisons!!

BELGIUM

From a communique:

NO SURRENDER...

NO PARALYSIS...

On the 24th of April 2007, the court of Dendermonde (Belgium) sentenced our comrade Geert Waegemans to 1-year imprisonment on the charges of beating and wounding police officers and resisting authority. Geert was not present during the sentence, the judge ordered his immediate arrest.

In the shadow of the democratic State and its media, no discussion about facts is possible. Their reality is not ours, and that was proven again during this trial. On June 28, 2005 there was a demonstration in the streets of Dendermonde in solidarity with two comrades who stood trial on

charges of destruction of the windows of a fast-food restaurant and a fur shop. On clear instigation of the state security services (as turned out also in the records of the trial), Geert was targeted during this demonstration. The police seized the opportunity, mobilized massively (with a special intervention team, helicopter, etc.), and after a few skirmishes arrested 17 demonstrators. The most were released after 12 hours, not without first having been threatened and mistreated in the darks of the cells. Three comrades – Geert, Joppe and Olivier – were charged and provisionally released after 16 days...

This trial proves again how the State creates and selects the facts as it suits it best. Geert was caught because he is an anarchist and because he continued to be actively involved within the anarchist movement also after his previous condemnation. Geert was released on parole in April 2003 after a sentence of 5 years for a series of incendiary attacks on fast-food restaurants and infrastructures of the meat industry. The State can use the sentence in Dendermonde to let him sit out the remaining 2.5 years from this former sentence...

"Geert does not belong in this society," the prosecutor said during the trial. Indeed, Geert and all those who fight against the State, its prisons and its tribunals, do not belong in this society. Repression is there to break this struggle and to isolate the individuals who struggle. In this sense, the repression that touches one of us, touches us all.

Should the ladies and gentlemen Judges think that we give in just like that, that we let them take a comrade out of our midst, than our solidarity can prove the contrary. Solidarity is for us not a therapeutic activity, but is an integral part of our existence as anarchists. The extension of our revolt is the only answer the State can expect to its trials and sentences. It's up to us now to find the means and ways of expression thereof.

**FREEDOM FOR ALL PRISONERS
FOR ANARCHY**

**Anarchist Black Cross Antwerpen
Anarchist Black Cross Gent**

CANADA

Anarchists claimed responsibility for smashing a number of windows at a branch office of the Royal Bank of Canada in Vancouver, BC.

The December protest targeted their sponsorship of the Winter Olympic games scheduled to be held in the city in 2010. In an anonymous statement released via the Internet the anonymous protesters claimed their action is: *only a tiny taste of the mayhem we [would] like to see submerge the city of Vancouver for 2010. Lets build a constellation of revolt that threatens not only the Olympics but capitalism and the state in general. We propose a new sport to be added to the 2010 games, amateur vandalism of Royal Bank of Canada locations across Vancouver and Canada. But unlike most sports you don't have to wait until the 17 days of official events to begin competing, you can start right now!!! It's as easy as picking up a stone!!! Don't forget a gold medal will be given for the most damage at a single location.*

In October, an intercontinental coalition of indigenous called for a boycott of the games because they are destructive to the environment and are to be held on "stolen land."

Last March, Native Warriors stole the official Olympic flag from it's perch above downtown Vancouver in protest. That action was dedicated to elder Harriet Nahanee who died following her imprisonment for protesting the expansion of the Sea to Sky highway – the primary artery to the main site of the winter Games.

CHILE

An Army recruiting center in the Santiago Metropolitan Region was bombed in February by the previously unknown Federación Revuelta Sección Antipolicial Antonio Ramón Ramón.

According to their communiqué:
We're here again.

We've always existed.

Confronting the uniformed troops of the exploiter and terrorist state. Confronting them.

100 years ago we challenged its slave-master hatred in the city of Iquique, in the port bloodied by its patriotic bullets and sabers that December of 1907.

Today, in the consumerist December of 2007, we attack this damned place devoted as a center of torture and extermination, this symbol of its state.

Antonio Ramón Ramón came before us with the stabbing of the assassin Silva Renard. Our

homage to this anarchist and his vindicating dagger. Insurrectionary vengeance is always relentless.

We are here again.

Responding to the intensification of state violence unfolding after the executions of two pigs and continuing with the hysterical (and as useless and those who make it) pursuit of those who do not respect the property that sustains capital, supported by the complicit press and the people who support, with its tip-offs, the same state that obliges them to live in little houses for slaves and transports them in modern barracks on wheels.

We salute all those who act in solidarity with the resistances and who don't believe state propaganda.

We support the combat that frees the Mapuche people from the state. The police troops besiege and try to impose terror in the rebel communities of the Mapuche territory under Chilean occupation. The Mapuche combatants expel them from their lands. Strength brothers, the destruction of all the states and the construction of free and anti-authoritarian societies have our complete combative solidarity. It's our objective.

100 Years After the Massacre in the School of Santa Maria Iquique, Autonomous Groups Against the State and Capital!

Multiply the Bombs that Destroy the Walls of this Rotten World!

Strength to the Destruction of the State, Producer of Cadavers!

We Are Here. 100 Years Later!!!

DENMARK

Ungdomshuset Update:

On March 3, there was rioting outside Ungdomshuset, a long-running, but recently evicted, squat and social center. The area of Nørrebro was completely overrun. At the same time, riots were taking place in the area around Freetown Christians. Rioters used cars and rubbish bins to build barricades and set fires on the streets. One fire spread to a nearby kindergarten but was quickly extinguished. In a secondary school, the library and media room were ransacked and books and computers were burned on the street.

Two trucks owned by 3x34 Transport, the company responsible for demolishing the Youth House,

were torched. In response to the arson and numerous threats against their vans, materials, and personnel the company has decided not to work at the site where the Ungdomshuset stood according to an announcement posted on the company's website. The trucks had been parked in a lot outside of 3x34 Transport's main office.

Since the Ungdomshuset was evicted earlier this year, solidarity actions and demonstrations have been held in various cities across Europe and in New York City.

FRANCE

When hated right-winger Sarkozy was sworn in as French president on May 16, rioters hit the streets again. He was the asshole (ahh there are so many, eh?) that helped fan the flames in last year's riots with his invectives against rebellious youth. French cops said that 592 people were arrested overnight after groups of "militant anarchists" and minority youths from suburban ghettos raged against his election. By evening, at least 730 cars and several schools had been set afire across the country. Dozens of pigs were injured and hundreds of people were arrested.

GREECE

The Momentum Builds

New Year's Eve: A group of some 50 hooded motorcyclists threw smoke bombs and fireworks at cops stationed outside Korydallos Prison shortly before midnight.

The group of suspected anarchists also threw leaflets demanding the release of an inmate at the prison. The "Anarchist Rabid Brigades" also started the year with a bang, claiming responsibility for an arson attack on the offices of New Democracy (the ruling party) at Petralona. According to an anonymous phone call to a newspaper, the attack was in solidarity with Marios Tsourapas, Chrissostomos Kontorevithakis and Vaggelis Botatzis and all held by the state.

The near daily attacks on banks, cop stations, and cop cars we reported on in 2006, continued unabated throughout spring, punctuated by an attack by 50 anarchists against cops guarding a LAOS party member's bookstore. The pigs were beaten with metal pipes and their helmets and shields taken. Many of the cops in the detail abandoned their posts, others begged for mercy saying "we have families and kids." Two of the pigs were seriously injured, one of whom lost his teeth.

Radio stations were occupied in: Athens, Thessaloniki, Heraklion, Chania, Larissa, Lamia, Kozani, Mytilini and so on, in solidarity to prisoners. During the occupations, communiqués concerning the social role of prisons, prisoner issues, and opposition to the transportation of prisoners in struggle were read, and also songs were transmitted.

In May, the government announced plans to ramp up security in the face of repeated attacks. Prime Minister Costas Karamanlis ordered Public Order Minister Vyrion Polydoros to increase anti-terror cooperation with the Greek Police's counter-terrorism unit to restore calm in Athens and specifically bring order to the Exarchia neighborhood, which has long been a stronghold of anarchists and had recently seen a spate of violent attacks. The order followed a proclamation from a group calling themselves Revolutionary Struggle, claiming responsibility for an attack on a police station in April.

The proclamation promised more violence against police targets. Police said they believe the group is armed with missiles, automatic weapons, and grenades – despite the obvious absence of such weapons in any actions reported thus far. The pigs also fear they may be seeking wider support among striking teachers, contract workers and farmers.

Polydoros indicated his interest in arming riot police with plastic bullets following heavy criticism leveled at his ministry after a spate of attacks on police stations and guard posts by suspected anarchists. Three months of violent student protests this year also led to criticism of the police force, which is overseen by his ministry. According to sources, Greek cops were issued guns capable of firing both paint balls and plastic bullets. Paint balls are increasingly being used to tag rowdy individuals at demonstrations and other public gatherings, making it easier to identify them for later arrest.

June opened with the arrest of three youths on suspicion of attempting to set fire to a municipal police car. Given the effectiveness of anarchists to carry out actions unfettered, authorities and the media reveled at the rare apprehension. "The effectiveness of the police officers involved in the operation sends a strong message to other extremist elements ...but praise for the clampdown should not lead to relaxation.

(Continued on next page)





The struggle for public safety is a perpetual one." Two of the suspects are university students, alarming many who thought anarchists only came from the "social and economic fringe groups". "Hard work and cooperation always bring results," said Polydoras.

The revelry was surely short lived; within days seven arson attacks were conducted against German-related targets in Athens and Thessaloniki. The attacks were believed to be linked to ongoing protests at the G8 summit in Germany. In what appeared to be a coordinated plan, three targets were hit in Athens in the space of 10 minutes. At about 1 am, an explosive device made of camping gas canisters exploded under an empty school bus belonging to the Greek-German School in eastern Athens, destroying the bus and a nearby parked car. Similar devices went off a couple of minutes later at an Opel dealership in the west of the city. Three cars were destroyed in that blaze. Minutes later, an explosion destroyed six cars at a Mercedes-Benz dealership in northern Athens. Nobody was hurt in the incidents. In Thessaloniki, four German-related targets were assailed within a 20-minute period. At about 1 am, a cash machine outside a German supermarket set fire. Two Mercedes-Benz dealerships

and a Miele electrical goods showroom were attacked some 20 minutes later. There were no injuries in any of these incidents.

Insurrectionary activity took a stronger turn when about 20 masked youths wielding sledgehammers and iron bars damaged four banks and a government car during business hours in central Athens, police said. One man suffered light injuries from broken glass. Police said the attackers scattered leaflets demanding the release of Greek anarchists, charged or convicted for various crimes, from prison. Day time attacks are uncommon, making these bold actions all the more concerning for authorities.

In mid-June, more than 150 anarchists arrived at Diavata Prison, at exactly the time that the prisoners were in the yard, to hold a solidarity demo to Timo Behrendt from Berlin, Germany. Timo was arrested on the 20th February after a concert organized by students in the University of Thessaloniki in solidarity with those accused for taking part into student riots against a proposed education bill that shook Greece for almost a year. After the concert, some concert-goers tussled with pigs attempting to clear the venue. Timo was brutally arrested in the late evening; allegations stated he had taken part in the protest against the police interference. The anarchist solidarity demo, with riot police nearby,

almost caused a prison riot as anarchists and prisoners spent nearly an hour shouting political slogans. Prison guards unable to handle the situation, locked themselves up waiting for the demo to end.

A video surfaced in late June depicting a cop in central Athens beating two immigrants detained at a police station on suspicion of snatching a woman's handbag. The two were also forced to slap each other in the face. Four officers, including the precinct captain, were immediately suspended over the affair. A fifth officer seen walking in and out of the office where the beating took place was subsequently charged. The discovery of the video led to a further resurgence in anarchist activity. While an outcry from all camps could be heard, spokesman Evangelos Antonaros accused critics of the torture incident for not also condemning a May 22 attack on a policeman by hooded youths. Polydoras had previously told his forces that they are the "praetorian guard", bolstering earlier remarks made by former prime minister Constantine Mitsotakis telling the pigs, "You are the state."

No one expects more than verbal reprimands despite rhetoric to the contrary. The lead police culprit in the nearly deadly beating of a Cypriot student in November 2006 was suspended for 15 days and then transferred favorably.

In July, day time attacks on prominent targets boldly continued. A group of 30 hooded youths attacked the Greek Culture Ministry headquarters with petrol bombs shortly before 10am. Two cars were burnt, no injuries reported, and no arrests made.

Three days later, anarchists staged parallel hits on banks in different parts of central Athens, continuing similar attacks made earlier in the week in advance of the trial of accused bank robber, Yiannis Dimitrakis. One of the latest attacks was against the branch of National Bank, the site of the 2006 armed robbery that led to the bloody shootout and Dimitrakis' arrest. Hooded assailants hurled stones, wood, and paint at the bank's facade despite the uniformed and plainclothes cops stationed outside and within the bank. All the assailants eluded arrest.

Elsewhere in the city, another group of suspected anarchists used Molotov cocktails to attack three other banks. Again, there were no injuries in either attack.

In a related incident, around 40 people stormed the offices of Spor FM radio station and forced staff to broadcast a live 10-minute statement expressing solidarity for Dimitrakis and another jailed anarchist, Vassilis Stergiou.

A presidential decree reclassified attacks by self-styled anarchists as terrorists. "It has been decided that the anti-terrorist unit will assume an active role in restricting the activities of anti-establishment figures", a top-ranking pig stated. It is expected that this procedure will produce valuable information related to the identity and activities of domestic terrorist groups, he said. "The nature of terrorism in Greece has changed," according to another senior police source, who maintained that "organized groups of anarchists are a recruiting ground for terrorists, while their activities are a source of funding (for terrorism)." Senior officers from the Greek Police Force's core operations unit and its anti-terrorism unit held an emergency summit to discuss ways of preventing attacks such as the recent firebombing of the Culture Ministry in Exarchia and against the offices of Ethniki Insurance on Syngrou Avenue.

Were these new edicts successful? Authorities weighed in right away:

"We appear to have reached a point where groups of self-styled anarchists are able to make midday raids in downtown Athens with impunity. Yesterday's attack on the National Bank branch on Solonos Street took place only 24 hours after an urgent meeting of the Greek police, which decided upon a new set of measures to combat the phenomenon."

Also in July, twenty people were arrested when dozens of suspected anarchists in hoods and motorcycle helmets threw petrol bombs, sticks and stones at riot police following a protest march by African immigrants and human rights activists sparked by the death of an African immigrant in Thessaloniki. Police responded with tear gas and the suspects, all Greek nationals, were released after being charged with causing grievous bodily harm and breaches of the peace.

Nigerian immigrant Tony Onuoha, 25, suffered fatal head injuries after jumping from the window of a cafeteria where he had been selling pirated CDs. Onuoha's friends and relatives claimed he was being chased by undercover policemen.

Nigeria's charge d'affaires in Greece asked the immigrant community to avoid violence and stay away from anarchist groups trying to attach themselves to the protests.

In early September, a cop was injured in a clash at Aristotelio University a few hours after a keynote address by Greek Prime Minister Costas Karamanlis stumping for upcoming elections.

Karamanlis' visit to the city was met with the usual demonstrations by 5,000 union and leftist groups protesting against the government's economic policies that passed without incident. However, cops stationed outside the university were attacked with firebombs and projectiles by a group of 30 people hidden inside the grounds. As officers entered university grounds in pursuit, one of them was hit in the head by a slingshot bullet. Riot police reinforcements were subsequently sent in and arrested one person.

The pending electoral circus scheduled on September 16 was billed as "tightly contested". The faithful electorate situated in-country crime ahead of international crime (aka foreign policy) as a key issue, according to polls.

Besides a 16 percent increase in robbery and burglaries, guerrilla attacks had resurfaced, most notably with the assassination attempt against a minister last year and a grenade attack on the U.S. Embassy in January.

While bourgeois Greeks rushed to install alarm systems and steel-reinforced security doors and prepared to voice their discontent at the ballot box, anarchists continued to pursue their discontent more directly. Banks and cars continued to be torched with near daily frequency. "There is wide discontent among young people who are angry and want to vent that anger," said University of Piraeus Professor Mary Bossis, a security expert and former government consultant. "The number of these attacks will continue to rise."

Living up to their pledge, the re-elected party developed plans to monitor public demonstrations via the 1000+ surveillance cameras installed in 2004 as part of a \$1.44 billion security umbrella for the Olympic Games. A legal objection was launched by civil liberties groups, but the Greek Supreme court upheld the plan allowing cops to position closed-circuit cameras at public gatherings and to use any incriminating videotape to identify and prosecute those caught on film committing crimes. The democratic mantra of "the greater good" was echoed once again when Justice Minister Sotiris Hatzigakis proclaimed "Society must weigh personal data against the benefits for the wider community". The Left Coalition party, in typical form, bemoaned this development which "...insults the personal liberties of citizens... This is a severe blow to our justice system and the protection of human rights."

Police stepped up pressure for access after the January grenade attack on the U.S. Embassy where street cameras reportedly filmed three people firing rockets.

By mid-month, a 27-year-old student was apprehended and charged for alleged involvement in a string of recent arson attacks by suspected anarchists. The suspect was charged under the strict anti-terrorism laws passed in 2001 and formally accused of committing acts of terrorism, participation in a criminal group, arson, and possession of explosives. If convicted, the post-graduate student faces up to 25 years

in prison. Cops said the suspect allegedly took part in an arson attack on a Thessaloniki lot belonging to a French car dealership – in an apparent show of solidarity with youths rioting in the suburbs of Paris. At least five cars were damaged. The student is also suspected of involvement in attacks in recent months on a bank ATM and two trucks owned by the state power corporation, police said. An anarchist group claimed responsibility for the ATM attack.

December 2007, Greek anarchists closed out the year with a slurry of attacks on the state and economic systems, two key elements of civilization's despised system. Following the murder of an immigrant without papers by a cop outside Amyntaion, a small town near Thessaloniki, a nation-wide coordination of anarchists and anti-authoritarians acted in solidarity for the immigrants. During the protest, paint bombs were thrown on the police station in Amyntaion.

Days later in Athens, cops repeatedly attacked a 1500-person strong anarchist/anti-authoritarian bloc in an attempt to separate them from 15,000 other demonstrators – many who fought back with stones and sticks – participating in a nation-wide strike against the state. A luxury car had its windows broken and was set on fire along with a bank's ATM and one of the many surveillance cameras. On one street, cops were attacked and two persons that were handcuffed earlier in the day were freed. Throughout the day, numerous ATMs and surveillance cameras were destroyed, dozens of arrests reported, mostly for misdemeanors. In Thessaloniki, demonstrators trashed a McDonalds, broke bank windows, and burnt up power supply boxes of surveillance cameras. In total, more than 30,000 people participated in the demonstrations.

By mid-month, attacks included: a second attack with stones, sticks and molotov cocktails within 24-hours against cops stationed outside Pasok (ex-ruling socialist party) offices. Unidentified persons set on fire a car belonging to Sykies municipality while parked opposite to the city hall and close to the local police station. An unknown person from the "Anarchist Core" claimed responsibility stating:

The arson against the Sykies municipality car was a minimum response to the unjust detainment of Vaggelis Botzatzis and a token of solidarity to the three comrades persecuted by the repressive state and the one and only terrorist organisation, the Greek Police.

Four cars belonging to staff of the embassies of Italy, Turkey and the Philippines were destroyed by improvised explosives constructed out of gas canisters, according to police. At least two of the cars displayed diplomatic license plates and did not fly national identification flags. No one has claimed responsibility for the actions all of which took place in a 35-minute period.

On December 24, the "Revolutionary Attack Groups" claimed responsibility for arsons on security vehicles in Athens:

On Dec. 24 we attacked the private guard company "Group 4-Wackenhut" headquarters destroying around 15 vehicles used in money transfers. This company, apart from owning private prisons in America and England, in our country constitutes the most important piece of the growing police-like corp of security professionals that floods the streets, breeding the big brother shoving cameras, circulating the banks' wealth and guarding diverse capitalist targets contributing in the increasing social control and repression.

The message here is clear. When dealing with the rage of insurgents they cannot be safe, even in their headquarters. Our attack was an action of solidarity to our imprisoned comrades: Giannis Dimitrakis, Giorgos Voutsis-Vogiatzis, Marios Tsourapas, Chrissostomos Kontorevithakis, Vaggelis Botzatzis as well as to the prisoners of the Revolutionary Organisation November 17 that are being kept under a state of total isolation. It is an action of solidarity to the insurgent prisoners of April, many of whom face torture and constant transfers. It all continues...

A promising beginning: The first reported attack in 2008 was an arson 20 minutes after midnight at a subsidiary of Geniki Bank in Athens. Unidentified persons

(continued on next page)

planted an incendiary device that exploded, breaking the glass of the entrance door. An anonymous group claimed responsibility via e-mail:

The attack at Geniki Bank on 1/1/2008 was in solidarity to imprisoned fighters. The same time that in the city centre "celebrations" are organised to welcome the new year we, by striking, mean to prove that the flame of negation won't cease to burn not even this new year, against any repressive plan. Freedom to Chr. Kontorevithakis and M. Tsourapas.

ITALY

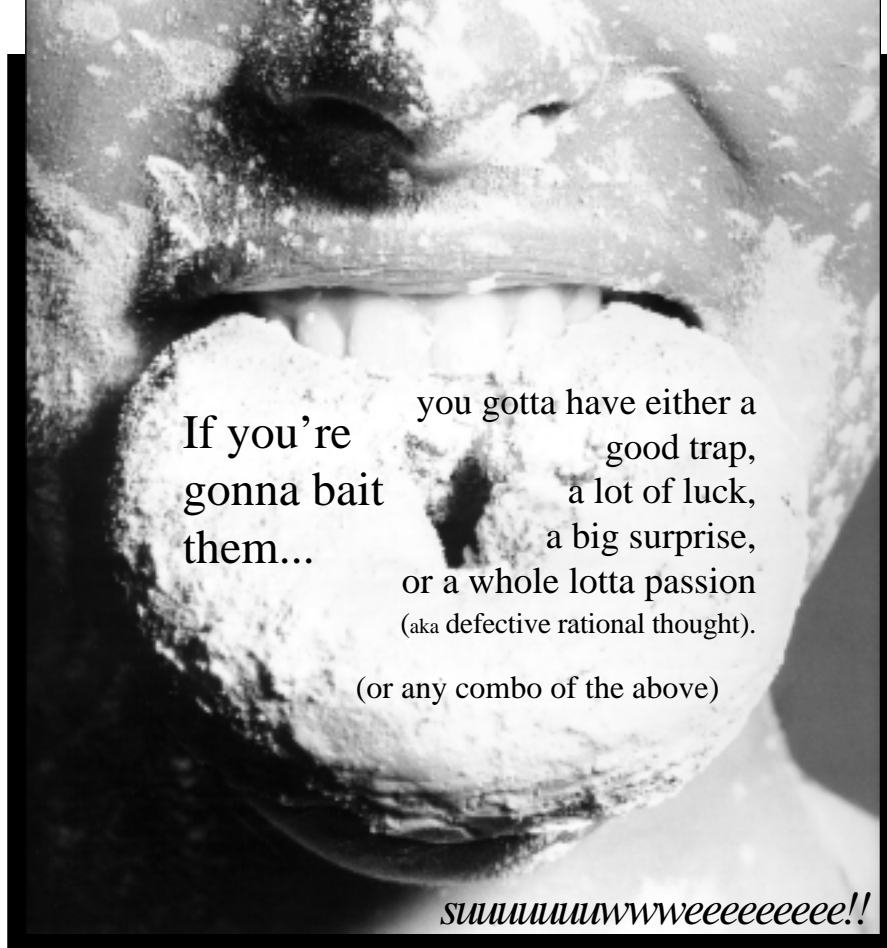
From a missive from the "Anarchists of Rovereto and Trento":

On Wednesday, June 13, 2007, in Trento, Italy, a trial was carried out against our friend and companion Juan Sorroche, accused of arson against the Trenitalia train company and "subversive association for the purpose of terrorism". The train company assists in the deportation of immigrants.

18,000 pages of surveillance evidence, from video, telephone and ambient sources, meant to support the hypothesis of "association", amounted to absolutely nothing. So the prosecutor Paolo Storari tried to characterize parts of Juan's written correspondence from prison and his previous legal troubles over the grabbing of the Olympic torch and a punch given to a fascist as having "terrorist purposes".

After placing microspies everywhere (in houses, cars, centers, public places and even in a companion's bag) and installing tens of surveillance cameras (in front of houses and centers, in telephone booths and near numerous cell phone repeater towers) at a cost of around a million Euros, our public mercenary of repression has found himself empty-handed. Nonetheless, he has asked for a sentence of 4 years and 4 months in prison. The sentence will be announced on July 6.

GREEN ANARCHY #25



[Editors: Juan was sentenced to 12 months in prison; he's already done 7 for damages, with terrorist aggravation for supposedly burning the Trenitalia train units.]

The Prosecutor of Trento made the trial into a closed door proceeding, impeding the access of Juan's companions.

After a blocking of traffic put into practice by some 30 anarchists and other people in solidarity, the doors were opened, allowing some companions inside to greet Juan.

During the intervention, the searches and investigations in Bologna were also spoken of. In light of the media lynching on a national level against some basic banalities always maintained by revolutionaries, it seemed appropriate to hang a banner reading: "The Terrorist is the State".

In early June, tens of thousands of protesters marched through Rome as Bush visited with the Pope. As the procession reached its destination at the popular tourist destination Piazza Navona, masked, helmeted radicals threw rocks, smoke bombs, flares, and other projectiles at pigs as a helicopter hovered overhead. Several cops were reported injured and six

suspected rioters taken into custody by groups of plain clothed officers. A McDonald's restaurant and a bank were also vandalized.

October 10: Graffiti railing against Pope Benedict, including one reading "Death to Ratzinger", was found on walls in Naples ahead of a visit there by the Pontiff later in October. A source in Italy's anti-terrorist police said they suspected the graffiti was the work of leftist and anarchist groups but were still investigating. Anti-clerical graffiti against the Pope and Archbishop Angelo Bagnasco, head of the Italian Bishops Conference, appeared in several Italian cities in May after Bagnasco made comments that angered the gay community.

Two days before the scheduled visit from the leader of one of the most deadly organizations in history—the Catholic Church—self-described anarchists poured dye into Rome's Trevi Fountain, turning the water in the tourist magnet a bright blood-red. Leaflets left around the fountain referred to the Rome Film Fest in the Italian capital: "You wanted just a red carpet; we want a city entirely in vermillion" before denouncing the event's 15-million-euro (\$21million dollar) budget.

They added, it "opposes everything in a spirit of struggle and healthy violence" the objective being "to turn this gray and bourgeois society into a triumph of color". The statement was signed FTM Azionefuturista 2007.

Five people were seized later in the month, with police calling them members of a group called "Coop/Fai", an acronym which stands for "Against all political order/Informal anarchic federation". "The investigation has led to the complete dismantling of an anarcho-insurrectionalist cell," the police said in a statement where it described Coop/Fai as a group dedicated to "terrorism and the subversion of democratic order". Active

since 2003, the group had claimed responsibility for letter bombs sent to Prodi, then president of the European Commission, to the president of the European Central Bank and other European Union institutions.

USA

January 26, at an Army recruiting station in Athens (Georgia not Greece), two cars' tires were slashed; anarchy signs and post office stickers were slapped along the outside and someone had taken the time to write "baby killer" and "murderer." This incident marks the second time that cars here had been vandalized, with damages exceeding \$600, according to police reports.

"Petty acts of vandalism are a poor substitute for ongoing organization and strategic campaigns," said Damon Krane, with People Might, a local anti-war group that is still trying to get off the ground.

"However, at least this minor vandalism shows that there are people out there who think the appropriate response to ongoing mass murder goes a little farther than candlelight vigils, protest marches and waiting for the next election," he said. "And quite frankly, I'm not at all sad to hear of recruiters' tires being slashed."

The two seemingly isolated incidents at the recruiting station are the only remaining signs of the anti-war, counter-recruitment movement in Athens, after groups such as the Athens Anti-War Coalition dissolved and newer factions haven't grown to fill the void.

"The movement was very successful in mobilizing huge numbers of people," said Krane, who was affiliated with the Athens Anti-War Coalition before it dissolved. "All that success really failed to have much impact."

In April, vandals painted anti-war slogans all over the Collier County Republican Party headquarters in Naples, Florida. They also took all the red, white and blue decorations that decorated the building and burned them in the building's rear parking lot. Volunteer Republican staffers said that the building had been targeted by vandals at least three times in the past week and a half.

Slogans were painted on three sides of the building and on the sidewalk. Some of the slogans read "Democracy failed," "All war is deception," "Who would Jesus bomb?," "I won't kill for capitalists," "Fascists," "Stop Bush," "Repaint with Iraqi blood" and "If legality equaled morality, Bush would be in jail." Circle "A" anarchist symbols and peace signs were also painted outside the offices.

On May 19, five members and volunteers affiliated with Kansas Mutual Aid, a Lawrence based class struggle anarchist collective (compromisers) went to Greensburg to assist tornado victims. They helped to establish a base of operations for tornado relief efforts. KMA assisted AmeriCorps, and the Mennonite Disaster Services.

After setting up camp at a local farm, Dickinson County Sheriffs officers told the group to report to the Kiowa County Emergency Response Command Post to receive official permission to continue. Two went to the Command Post, while three others went to the County Courthouse to pick up water and provisions being offered by the Red Cross.

Cops soon confronted the group, asking for identification: "We need to check to see if you are affiliated with the anarchists" one pig stated. Shortly thereafter, they were ordered to leave and not return. When asked why they were being ordered to leave the city, they were told "You're part of a dangerous anarchist group that will only drain our security resources," he responded. "We've been monitoring your website and e-mails, we know what kind of agenda you have... Kansas Mutual Aid is not welcome in this city, end of story. I know you are going through legitimate means to work in the city, and your story seems picture perfect, but we know who you are, and you're not allowed here."

The group was escorted out of the city by several police vehicles with their lights flashing, and left just outside the city. "We will continue to work in whatever capacity we can in the areas around the city that we may still be allowed into, and provide support to those entering the city... Relief workers were banned from Greensburg today because of their political beliefs and work against oppression and tyrannical state control."

In June, the Red & Anarchist Action Network (RAAN), an autonomous Leftist conglomeration of anarchist cells, attacked an Air Force recruiting office in Rockville, MD.

From their communiqué:
...around 3:00 AM this morning an autonomous cell used bricks and other common household items to smash the shit out of the Air Force recruiting center in Rockville, Maryland.

Do we even need to explain the motivation for our actions?

A shout out to our comrades from the Borf: Revolution or Bust Faction (BORFROBF), who late last year gave a similar treatment to the military recruitment center in Silver Spring. Consider this a modest response to your

"dare to those here in the heart of the imperial beast to step it up. In suburbs so hollow, may the echo of our actions be long and loud!"

Big ups to all those out there who claim RAAN. Fuck them haters who don't realize we are but a few of the millions of ant's bites which can topple this elephant once and for all.

No war but class war, communism or bust!

IT'S A DO OR DIE SITUATION – WE WILL BE INVINCIBLE!

Early Halloween evening in downtown Santa Barbara, CA more than 100 young people staged a surprise "party" shutting down one block of State Street for an hour, handing out free food and costumes, and shouting their opposition to corporate America. Waving anarchy flags and chanting "Whose streets? Our streets!" demonstrators wearing bandannas and costumes marched with banners that read, "You are now entering an autonomous zone." Propping up the banners were shopping carts filled with complimentary costume pieces and treats like bagels, cookies and hot dog buns.

"They say this is public property, but it doesn't really belong to the public," said masked demonstrator Bryce Lagerquist. "It belongs to corporations. At least for one night we can take them back." Within a half hour, officers in helmets and brandishing crowd-control gear met the party goers.

After a little more than an hour, word circulated that police were taking photos of demonstrators and were waiting in riot formation. The band packed up and people began to leave. Scattered reports of crowds walking the streets and people jumping into the paths of cars continued after the initial incident, but police reported no arrests.

State Street was left looking like a schoolyard blacktop with messages written in chalk, including "Kucinich for president!" "Anarchy: Free for one day," "Paranoia!" and "Save Palestine!"

In November self-described anarchists (also compromisers) in Baltimore, MD came together to help keep a financially strapped church in business. "It's a crazy little project," said Kate Khatib, a member of a group of self-described anarchists who run Red

Emma's, a nonprofit bookstore and cafe that had outgrown their current residence. Khatib and the other collective members had used the main church space in the past for larger events, such as a book signing by Ralph Nader. The congregation and collective reached a consensus early this year to form a nonprofit organization that rents out the space and uses the money to help pay utility and renovation costs. Though Khatib is hesitant to declare 2640 a bastion for the progressive community, she hopes it will grow to serve that purpose in the coming years.

websites:

www.bombsandshields.org

www.anarchistblackcross.org

North American Anarchist Political Prisoners:

Bill Dunne, #10916-086, Box 019001, Atwater, CA 95301. Anti-authoritarian sentenced to 90 years for the attempted liberation of a prisoner in 1979.

Ojore N. Lutalo, #59860, PO 861, SBI #901548, Trenton, NJ 08625. Anarchist and black liberation soldier serving time for revolutionary clandestine activities.

Mike Rusniak, DOC K88887, Dixon CC, 2600 Brinton, PO Box 99, Dixon, IL 61021. Serving time for stealing a police car, and other acts of anti-government property-destruction.

Brian McCarvill, #11037967, OSP, 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310. Became politically active while serving a 39-year sentence on bogus charges, he has been continually harassed after filing a lawsuit against the Oregon Dept. of Corrections.

Jerome W. Bey, #37479, SCCC (1-B-224), 255 West Hwy 32, Licking, MO 65102. Social prisoner and founder of the anarcho-syndicalist Missouri Prison Labor Union.





Dwelling-while-letting-be

by Dr. Peters'
Cassandra Complex

Although many of us are firmly ensconced in a civilized reality we vehemently abhor and desire to abolish through immediate action, a nexus of beliefs and behaviors underlie domination's reign that, unless theoretically and experientially decoded and transcended, will prevent neo-Neanderthals from attaining a wilderness no authority can co-opt. The critique of symbolic thought and domestication, carried out with profuse passion by renegades overwhelmed by the lack of joy in comatose industrialism, has aided efforts to leave behind the baggage of abstraction and sedentary manipulation. The disillusioned begin to realize that the roots of our crisis originated in Paleolithic caves of nascent ideology and specialization which laid the tracks for planetary Neolithic expansion. As one barbarian knocking at the gates of hell has stated, "Only a politics that undoes language and time and is thus visionary to the point of voluptuousness has any meaning."¹ Adding to the laundry list of interconnected oppressions can be an intimidating process that exudes liberatory potential but often affects us on personal levels that show a myopic inability to face our most unquestioned fears. In a spirit of vibrant refusal that confronts the dread we have been trained to feel, this article will look at death consciousness, including the fear of death, as one of the key pillars of the civilized order engulfing us in artificiality.

Humanity's consciousness towards death has undergone various shifts through the ages. Often considered by Marxists and anarchists to not be "of the base," a historical analysis of death fear can shed much light on social and ecological tendencies that solidify the iron grip of life numbing control. Zen koans are interpreted in a variety of ways; however, the story about a man walking through a wilderness is a good starting point for shedding some light on the biological vs. cultural explanations for the fear of death. While walking the man comes across a tiger and begins to run but soon approaches a cliff. Descending the cliff on a vine, he sees another tiger below and a mouse starts gnawing on the vine. In the thick of a dilemma, the man sees a wild strawberry on the vine, eats it, and proclaims its delicious taste. The story abruptly ends with this affirmation of pleasure while staring at the inevitable.

Although a culturally induced mindset could have contributed to the man's initial running away, in an unrelated study Zilboorg concludes that on some basic level the fear of death is a biological response that triggers emotions of flight in the face of danger allowing species survival.² The problem with this is that culturally prodded terror is a crucial element for elucidating not only ambiguous koans, but the core dynamics of subjection that are often overlooked by intellectual gangs shielding people

from adequately dealing with the fear of death. In a similar way to many other key institutions of civilization, such as hierarchy, patriarchy and war, human animals are mentally beaten into identifying with a "natural/biological" basis for keeping us penned up, unhappy and destructive. Preempting an overthrow of the system, hoping to keep the alienated clutching to castles made of sand, these PhD's and talking heads are content anesthetizing possible deserters into performing duties like household pets. In opposition to this clouding of clarity, the Zen story can be seen as containing a significant lesson about authentic reactions to impending death that predate cultural encasements pushing us towards immortality, compliance with power and ecological disappearance associated with a perverse yearning for total command of nature. It is the relic of pre-groupthink consciousness in the Zen story that allows for a focus on the embrace of wild delight, a merging with the earth that ends in death but does not preclude fulfilling experience.

One could easily imagine how other traditions would tell the story, focused as they are on keeping lobotomized scarecrows afraid of lions and tigers and bears. The pyramid structure of civilization, with humans governing at the apex, has given ample worldwide evidence of how frightened tremblers approach "inferior creatures" lurking behind every perceived obstacle.

For example, a biblical rendition would boast of the man's genius to create agricultural fields that quickly reduce the mouse population. A more modern adaptation would bask in the glory of boundary lines and property rights that would keep the Zen man from walking without a permit through the land. Reassuring the peons near the bottom of the pyramid, communist politburos and capitalist public schools would soften our anxiety by telling children bedtime stories of pesticides and military behemoths "fighting the good fight" against the tigers infringing on our right to live in solipsistic hedonism. The cultural die is cast, pressing on with an agenda to create a techno-heaven on earth to compensate for Thoreau's "heaven under our feet"³. we are reluctant to fall in love with.

If the Paleolithic period can accurately be described as one largely of autonomy, immediacy, ecological health and lack of organized violence, as has been stated by numerous anthropologists, one could also add that an absence of death fear was a defining aspect of this way of life. Embedded in a holistic context that prevented the rise of all-encompassing fears and binding groups, foragers for the first couple of million years seem to have lived in a state of fearless ecstasy. James Woodburn, who lived with the Hadza hunter-gatherers of Tanzania, found not only a lack of belief in the afterlife, but also a view of death as having natural causes without bringing in supernatural factors as often occurs in nearby villages centered on farming. Some Hadza display fear on an individual level but there are few procedures, prescriptions, taboos and rituals associated with death. Woodburn feels that without missionary pressure and agricultural influence the Hadza would probably display even less fear and less complexity in behavior patterns relating to death, leaving them in a condition of simplicity resembling that of wild beings.

The Baka of Cameroon are another instructive example of people who have been able to keep a direct relationship with death, unmediated by power seekers utilizing religion to establish precedents for civilization. Baka men and women also have confrontations with local domesticated villagers over "proper conduct" in relation to death. Before the intrusions of civilization, these foragers were known for not practicing burial of the deceased, a clear manifestation of heathenism in the eyes of the culturally refined. Occasionally a grass hut would be pulled down over a dead body and the group would move on in their rhythmic seasonal rounds, however, there were reports that corpses were devoured by wild animals. When the Baka speak with Euro-Americans curious about these untamed, free people, the responses must be jarring to the cemetery builders and casket makers. "When you're dead, you're dead and that's the end of you," one Baka sagaciously says.⁴ Similarly, the Mbuti avoid speculating about life after death. Their response to villagers, missionaries or any who claim knowledge of

the afterlife is to say, "How do you know? Have you died and been there?"⁵.

This last poignant question is a good segue for trying to understand the subtle yet drastic changes occurring in the Upper Paleolithic that provide important indicators of shifts in human relationships with each other and nature that allow us to more clearly see how culturally oriented death fear arose. Neanderthals in the Middle Paleolithic sporadically buried their dead, an event that may have been the first attempts to sever human from animal life and initiate a cultural fear of death. The rarity of these occurrences, however, could be a sign of resistance to this very separation more fully in flow starting around 40,000 years ago. Bataille saw in Upper Paleolithic art humanity's rising above the "limitations of animality", making this "tangible by leaving us images of the very animality from which they had escaped."⁶ The shaman's voyage to the beyond dealt with many themes of death through ritualized art production. A power was growing in the bands, symbolized by religious unrest born in the pits of ceremonial caves. Hodder notes that this seductive ritual influence "may not only promote the acceptance of change but also promote its creation."⁷.

It is here that a sort of pre-domesticated competitive feasting, or more accurately a competitive materialization of ideology, could be seen in play at the dawn of a major transition away from dwelling-while-letting-be. Tools displayed a remarkable lack of specialization and division of labor before the "creative explosion" of the Upper Paleolithic. Modern Homo sapiens were already anatomically developed tens of thousands of years before this period of cultural development, so biological explanations are justifiably viewed with skepticism by some archaeologists. A less mainstream (because not environmentally deterministic), yet coherent explanation concerning power relations has been offered by Kuhn and Stiner. They see how "redistribution of excess resources [in the Upper Paleolithic] can provide...social prestige" and that "under such conditions there may be, over the long term, a real benefit to becoming more efficient or faster at harvesting resources, even when they are not scarce in the environment relative to consumer demand."⁸ Despite the economical jargon, this idea plausibly allows us to see how hierarchy could have arose and solidified itself in conjunction with religious developments playing on the fears of divided peoples in the wake of social upheaval.

If division of labor and hierarchy produces divided society and divided individuals, the ritualistic role of the shaman in art production and religious ideology can be seen as a unique form of countering, in the name of alternative hierarchies, or possibly even working together with, already formed hierarchies based on emergent novelty. A culturally enshrined encouragement placing a premium on innovation and originality can move death consciousness in radically different directions, bringing to the forefront concepts of fear, afterlife, immortality, increased burial rates/complexity in burial procedures, ancestors, gods, morality, group consciousness focused around a leader and a slew of other bullshit moving us further away from nature and fearless ecstasy. As Becker wryly stated, "The more you fear death and the emptier you are, the more you people your world with omnipotent father-figures, extra-magical helpers."⁹ Material and immaterial culture ushers in symbolic relationships that seal people off from each other, a defeat of Eros that is replaced by antagonism between tightly structured kinship groups. Kelly proclaims the origins of war in these very same developments of increased group cohesion based on cultural constructs, war itself being a phenomenon that could lead to increased fear of death.¹⁰ Shreeve has also posited that tool specialization could have led to increased group identification, as leaders often manipulate people for purposes of fighting when they are not as easily free to

leave situations they find undesirable.¹¹ If this seems overly speculative, Schulting points out that "the number of burials known in Europe increases dramatically in the Upper Paleolithic period, and particularly in its later stages. Some graves appear more elaborate relative to others, and it has been suggested that the beginnings of social differentiation can be found at this time."¹² Rank identified an "individual impulse... for creation of national, religious and artistic heroes...the individual paving the way for a collective eternity impulse."¹³.

Woodburn concluded in his study of death related to foragers that the immediate return hunter-gatherers, focused on a lack of time consciousness, lack of food storage and a minimum of investment in long-lasting artifacts or in enduring long debts, were precisely characterized by a complete absence of "chiefs, shamans or specialists, whose task is to administer or control death rituals." Complex death ideas associated with a growing



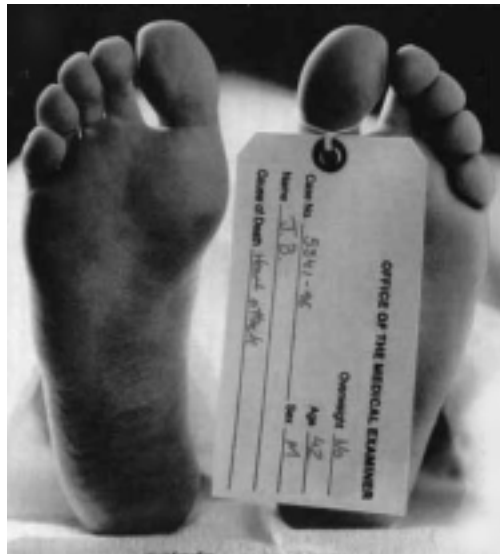
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sense of fear related to spirits and nature are commonly associated with conflicts surrounding succession of office holders and property inheritance found amongst what Woodburn called delayed return hunter-gatherers who are focused on the exact opposite of what defines immediate return people.¹⁴ Bird-David also recognized the fact that immediate return foragers display much less fear being in nature, lacking a desire to remove themselves from it through both culture and agriculture.¹⁵

Following what Hodder called a “revolution of symbols” in the Upper Paleolithic, further intensifications of death fear related to culturally sanctioned hierarchy in the Neolithic appear. The first cemeteries are found in the Mesolithic directly preceding the Neolithic. Secondary burials suggest an increase in ancestor worship, similar to what occurs over much of Europe in the Neolithic. Monuments with religious significance arise almost simultaneously with domesticated economies. At Catalhoyuk, an early Neolithic society, the start of history as collective memory through material artifacts begins to call on the ancestors for social enhancements of certain segments of society over others.¹⁶ Cauvin identified a region wide cultural expansion of Neolithic tendencies reflecting “a new distinction at the heart of the human imagination between an above and a below, between an order of a divine force, personified and dominant, and that of an everyday humanity whose internal striving towards this perfect, transcendent being may be symbolized by the upraised arms of the supplicant” found in many of the figurines in the archaeological record. Death takes on a well represented role in the attributes of the Near Eastern goddesses. Wild animals are forced to don an enhanced persona of fear, where the “divinity...is seen on a transcendent plane where fears and conflicts are resolved, where the compliant panthers become a seat...” as can be found in the famous statues of the goddess in the domestic sphere using animals for a throne.¹⁷

Communication with the divine/deceased performed by religious authorities played a key part in growing socio-economic gaps between people and nature in the Neolithic that would only be enhanced with the rise of cities and states. Bauman quips ala Orwell that “Thanks to social rituals, all members were immortal, yet some were clearly more immortal than others.”¹⁸ Paul Shepard wrote that humanity “came to live more and more with his own fabrications” through domestication and spreading urban culture, effecting our sensual connection with nature, transforming our sight, hearing, taste and mentality towards a more readily pacified attitude favorable to power. “What remained outside his jurisdiction—the otherness of wildness (internal and external), death, and the mysteries of growth and decay—would be repressed by his anxious fears...”¹⁹.

As Baudrillard indicts, commodities from the outset remove “indeterminacy from nature (and man)...confirmed in the...civilizing mania of the era of production, a mania for leaving no fragment unproduced...”²⁰, the effects being quite clear in the wasted landscapes and dreary lives following the heels of long distance trade routes and slavery abounding in the ancient world.



Once subsumed by urban solitude and impersonal mass diversions, empires spawn a frantically revived search for immortality found in many traditions, most prevalently the Egyptian, Judeo-Christian and Chinese, which continue to push scientific projects today. Egyptians were obsessed with religiously directed pyramid construction and selective immortality for pharaohs and certain lower state functionaries. Another example is the Old Testament story of the fall introducing death into a world that presumably would have retained its immortal state for humanity if sin had not entered. The entire Christian-Islamic tradition is thus based on a repression of life in favor of regaining the mythical immortality, a shrewd lie by elites to keep people focused on abstractions that are easily mediated by priests.²¹ Sandwiched between Judaism and Christianity, Plato furthered the quest for eternity, tying the “bond between immortality, power and knowledge.”²² The bid for the philosopher’s right to rule was justified by reference to sole access to the eternal, grounding the philosopher’s own hope for immortality through the medium of the disseminated treatise. In the Chinese empire absorbing large swaths of territory around the same time, we see the originally nature oriented, anarchistic and non-death fearing ideas and practices of Zhuangzi and other Daoists distorted into longevity cults closely tied with the state and obedience to religious figures in hopes for immortality.²³

Just when you think things couldn’t get worse, right around the time when the Brethren of the Free Spirit and similar groups were being slaughtered for challenging the papal and

governmental systems based on accumulating wealth as a re-directed form of immanent immortality and frightening peasants and artisans into moral chains to avoid hell, the latter zealously nudged by Dante’s *The Divine Comedy* written in the 14th century, the scientific revolution springs to being with all it’s boogymen in nature needing to be exorcised/eliminated in hopes of achieving real earthly immortality. With its view of nature as a clock to be finely tuned and adjusted to the machine’s every whim, the goal being to greatly prolong human/civilization’s life if not make it immortal/intergalactically supreme, one could fill an entire library with the fear filled ideas of various modern mad (but aren’t they all?) scientists and enlightenment philosophers. The usual suspects, such as Bacon and Descartes, collude over the centuries with later philosophical immortalizers across a wide range from the capitalist Benjamin Franklin to the anarchist William Godwin. A spokesperson for reason over instinct, Godwin saw a “potential omnipotence” of the mind over body/matter, concluding “In a word, why may not man be one day immortal?”²⁴. Franklin can barely contain himself in a 1780 letter stating “The rapid progress true

science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried, in a thousand years, the power of man over matter...all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, not excepting even that of old age, and our lives lengthened at pleasure...”²⁵. Oh Benjamin you rascal, always trying to keep every tiny human infant alive and grandma hooked up to a respirator for all eternity while simultaneously obliterating other species and the opportunity for wild human freedom. I guess we should be thankful...

But no! I hear a defiant voice from the depths of savagery refusing the loss of relational diversity in nature, the decreased child mortality rates “wondrously” produced by industry, the life expectancies of 75 years and counting, the pounds of caked on makeup to defy aging, and the atrophy of uncultivated autonomy. Who is it tapping at our chamber door, scaring laboratory worshipping experimenters and the living dead armchair philosopher-mummies entombed in universities? Why it’s The Savage himself from Huxley’s *Brave New World*. At the peak of cyber play land, covering most of the planet with an odorless stench of despair, there is literally one lone voice raging against futuristic masters. In a Nietzschean poetic fury, trying to explain to the technocrats that a life of danger and freedom in nature is desirable, Mustapha Mond retorts “you’re claiming the right to be unhappy. Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; the right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may

happen tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind." A long silence ensues with the savage replying "I claim them all," ending with Mustapha Mond shrugging his shoulders and sarcastically saying "You're welcome."26.

The Savage's eloquent epitaph of death defiance, restrained passions and freedom deferred are not an isolated testament to nature and community. Even though modernity suffers from a "collective paranoia," seeing "assassination attempts" with every "accident, slightest irregularity, the least catastrophe, an earth tremor, a house in ruins, bad weather..." and finds "death absurd...a piece of sabotage...an evil demon there to make this machine always break down," as Baudrillard diagnosis, he also reminds us that indigenous and pre-modern people everywhere have been resisting "rational social progress: vaccination, medicine, job security, a school education, hygiene, birth control and many other things." A successful infection of people with the "virus of conservation and security" has blinded us to the fact that people "had to be infected over generations for them to end up believing that they 'needed' it, and this success is an essential aspect of social domestication and colonization. That entire groups would have preferred to die out rather than see their own structures annihilated by the terrorist intervention of medicine, reason, science and centralized power-this has been forgotten, swept away under the universal moral law of the 'instinct' of conservation."27.

Vestiges of this resistance are found in Daniel Quinn's novel *Ishmael*. His book is filled with problematic assumptions that could be an essay of its own, however, there are some penetrating insights offered by the telepathic gorilla Ishmael. Sprinkled throughout this quasi-Socratic dialogue Ishmael

speaks of foraging as a fearless life where although it could always be "our turn to go hungry,"28. an absence of trying to place the whole world in human hands is a basic feature of pre-alienated life. Similarly, Heidegger urged us to abandon Das Man, that liquidating, fear inducing group psychology concealing authenticity, in favor of Mitsein, the relational sphere of existence where we "let death be" and overcome what Freud saw as humanity having gained "control over the forces of nature to such an extent that with their help they would have no difficulty in exterminating one another to the last man. They know this, and hence comes a large part of their current unrest, their unhappiness and their mood of anxiety."29. John Muir, even after being bedridden from contracting malaria, abandoned his "religious cant that salvation lay in eternal life after death...Life and death were now understood as aspects of a larger cosmic scheme-the natural, wild process was the reality...the beauty." Muir muses that "Life seems neither long nor short, and we take no more heed to save time or make haste than do the trees and stars. This is true freedom..."30. Teresa tsimmu Martino, in the best tradition of Huxley's savage, wrote "The choke hold of fear, domestication, frightens me." She ponders "Why do we fear wilderness? Is it because it takes away our dominion over all?" In a shocking, to most wage earners and TV junkies, conclusion she affirms that "I must die of something and I prefer a few seconds of terror to a slow death of spirit."31. That is what leads her to return her wolf to the wilderness, venturing deeper and deeper with each foray, often wondering herself why she ever came back to the drudge of fear and loathing in sensory deprivation that is civilization. Maybe to inspire the rest of us to destroy it?

Notes:

1. John Zerzan, *Language: Origin and Meaning* <http://primitivism.com/language.htm>
2. Zilboorg article on fear of death in *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, 1943
3. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*
4. Woodburn essay in Maurice Bloch, *Death and the Regeneration of Life*
5. Colin Turnbull, *Wayward Servants: The Two Worlds Of The African Pygmies*
6. Georges Bataille, *The Cradle of Humanity: Prehistoric Art and Culture*
7. Hodder essay in Steven Mithen, *Creativity in Human Evolution and Prehistory*
8. Kuhn and Stiner essay in Mithen
9. Ernest Becker, *The Denial of Death*
10. Raymond Kelly, *Warless Societies and the Origins of War*
11. James Shreeve, *The Neanderthal Enigma*
12. Schulting essay in Mithen
13. Otto Rank, *Art and artist: creative urge and personality development*
14. Woodburn essay in Bloch
15. Nurit Bird-David, *The Giving Environment: Another Perspective on the Economic System of Gatherer-Hunters* in *Current Anthropology* > 062/browse/00113204/dm991481"Vol. 31, No. 2 (Apr., 1990)
16. Ian Hodder, *The Leopard's Tale: Revealing the Mysteries of Catalhoyuk*
17. Jacques Cauvin, *The Birth of the Gods and the Origin of Agriculture*
18. Zygmunt Bauman, *Mortality, Immortality and Other Life Strategies*
19. Paul Shepard, *Nature and Madness*
20. Jean Baudrillard, *Symbolic Exchange and Death*
21. The Bible
22. Zygmunt Bauman, *Mortality, Immortality and Other Life Strategies*
23. Gerald Gruman, *A History Of Ideas About The Prolongation Of Life* and A.C. Graham, *Chuang-Tzu: The Inner Chapters*
24. William Godwin, *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*
25. Benjamin Franklin, *Works*, John Bigelow, ed.
26. Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*
27. Jean Baudrillard, *Symbolic Exchange and Death*
28. Daniel Quinn, *Ishmael*
29. Havi Carel, *Life and Death in Freud and Heidegger*
30. Max Oelschlaeger, *The Idea of Wilderness From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology*
31. Teresa tsimmu Martino, *The Wolf, the Woman, the Wilderness: A true story of returning home*



REFLECTIONS ON THE JOYS, DILEMMAS, AND MISCELLANEOUS EXHILARATIONS OF A DECIVILIZING PAPA

PART ONE

BY FELONIOUS
SKUNK

The old Lakota was wise. He knew that man's heart, away from nature, becomes hard; he knew that lack of respect for growing, living things soon led to a lack of respect for humans, too. So he kept his children close to nature's softening influence.

— Nez Perce elder

JUNE 2007:

I write these words as the last hour of light slowly fades away from our forest home. My baby girl (whose name shall be purposely omitted from this brief exposition) just settled into a relaxed sleep for the evening (at least for a few hours) after a bottle of expressed breast milk that her mama pumped for us last night at work (one of the many partial concessions we make as we attempt to break free, yet still maneuver through this world – a dilemma to which almost nobody is exempt, despite persuasive rhetorical exhalations). My head hurts, nose is stuffed, and throat scratchy from allergies that afflict me for the first time in my life, maybe from some of the non-native grasses which grow around our home or the primarily

*A passionate and rejuvenating fire burns in the eyes of the young to destroy the barrage of noxiousness and depravity that surrounds us... These sparks can re-ignite the still smoldering passions of the now dissatisfied (and often very pacified) shells of former youth...
...Burn, baby, burn!*

— NYC graffiti, 1971

domesticated diet which includes the troublesome combo of grains and dairy (or maybe i'm getting old.) Despite my physical discomfort (which also includes exhaustion and sore arms and back from almost continually carrying around the little one), this is my time of solitude and autonomy, when I can carve out some moments to read, write, and meditate on various things. It is my internally focused period, because being a connected papa is full-on-life with only momentary unanimated time to pause and reflect. So, I'll take advantage of these moments to contemplate the astonishing change to my world (one that I could never have predicted), the contradictions I face, the joy, the hardships, and the amazing new little creature in my life, as I attempt to decivilize myself and help nurture a curious more wild child...

This is all new to me. I am a first time papa. I was never sure about being a parent – against it part of my life, ambivalent at others, and at times mildly interested. More recently, for brief moments, heavily enthusiastic. When it seemed likely, I became vigorously optimistic, anxious, and intensely curious. The pregnancy was numerous books’ worth of interesting adventures and emotions, and the birth was that times a hundred. But being a papa is a life-long journey. Although I have been in a deep long-term relationship with my partner (with whom I enthusiastically share most aspects of my life), have had a intimate feline companion for the past 13 years, lived with numerous people, and have had many long-term friendships (not to mention a hyper and psychotic dog), none of these relationships prepared me for this very unique one. Without meaning to sound religious or new-aged, I felt like I was reborn on our daughter’s birthday (seven years to the day of the Seattle riots, another amazing day of exhilarated parturition). While successfully and pleasingly collaborating, conspiring, and consorting with others (although not always quite so harmoniously), I have typically cherished my autonomy; the focus and direction of my life and its moments and situations being almost entirely motivated from within. But in the past six months, my existence has radically reprioritized itself. No longer are my intentions and decisions quite so ego driven. I am beginning to understand a deeper connection to another that has been only nearly approached or theoretical until now. And this helps me to understand deeper connections on the whole.

There is a huge new layer to my reality that has altered my perceptions, and others see me differently as well. But, redefining myself as a papa *exclusively* is not a satisfactory response to this new situation, although that is a common reaction of those who are enthusiastically propelled into the role. As with every all-inclusive role, it becomes the boundaries of who we may be, places expectations upon us, and undermines efforts to be free. I do not wish to see my personal identity melt away and become solely this little girl’s papa. No, I wish to intertwine my life with her’s in a way which allows for us (and others involved) to be unique and peculiar beings integrally connected and vitally important to each other, maintaining and expanding who we are as individuals and as part of some larger willful collection of people.

Being a papa offers the chance to be a child again, remembering old wounds and learning anew every day. As someone who suffered under a sadistically abusive parent, I have often felt that my childhood was stolen from me, as I missed out not only on the vast experiences propagated in healthier situations, but also in the absorbed parent-child bonding unlike any other relationship. Being careful not to vicariously re-make what has been done or transpose with my child, I have the opportunity to grow and learn and experience as if for the first time, yet with the wisdom that comes after experiencing similar situations from different vantages, something that seems gratifying and possible even without being a papa, it just makes it, for me, more obvious. I revisit past circumstances and emotions. I open my eyes in new ways. I take the time to teach and learn what seemed simple or insignificant before, yet with new perspective it now seems vital and alive. I can truly play, unrestrained by moral expectations, competition, phobias, or value placing. The moment is prioritized, and the moments add up to the accumulation of experiences that make us who we are. To know that I am such a vital part of these experiences for our daughter is inexpressible. It is pure joy, and also an immense responsibility based on commitment to her, but one which rather than bares down upon me, encourages me

to be authentic at all times. While people less connected to her offer advice, often overbearingly and with judgement or self-righteousness, I typically utilize only the more tactical or technical of suggestions, as intuition is our primary guide...our connection. My partner has her relationship with our daughter based on her intuition and experiences, and our relationships overlap in some beautiful ways with our girl, sometimes conflicting, but typically supportive or complimentary. Others move into the mix, and a far healthier experience begins to develop for her and those in her life, one that we hope can provide a basis for a different kind of reality then typically experienced in this culture.

Jean Liedloff ‘s *Continuum Concept* (which I reviewed in issue #24) was an inspirational text that my partner and I both read just prior to our baby’s birth. And while I don’t agree with certain aspects of her thesis and case study work, the main ideas run parallel with much of what seems to be our own intuitive feelings about parenting. The primary concept is that healthy newborns enter unscarred into the terrestrial sphere with all the anticipation of life along an ancestral human continuum. Liedloff describes this continuum as the physical, emotional, and psychological nourishment and maturation based on the range of expectations and tendencies non-civilized humans have experienced over time. She believes that for children to become both functioning and healthy parts of communities, and also autonomous, self-confident, and happy individuals, they require a similar experience to which our species adapted during its evolution as part of a living world. Some of these circumstances and approaches, which seemed “natural” or no-brainers to us yet conflicted with the norms of much of the dominant culture include: constant physical connection while going about our daily activities, sleeping together, responding to body signals without judgement or invalidation, nourishing self-confidence through appreciation and

acceptance as part of a family and larger social fabric, spending as much time as we can immersed in the natural world (in contrast to synthetic environments), and allowing self-preservation instincts to develop unimpeded by trying not to overprotect (admittedly, the most difficult, most likely due to lack of experience with babies and our domesticated notion of “safety”, rather than allowing them to discover for themselves their own boundaries of pleasure and pain). This is in contrast to the pacified, isolated, artificially stimulated, and rigidly controlled babies locked in playpens and crying themselves to sleep between scheduled feedings. Our hope is to avoid the types of situations which may account for much of the early traumas that could develop into life-long neurosis, insecurities, frustrations, compulsions, and anxieties (an unending list of dysfunction), and replace them with experiences of self-assuredness, trust, connection, and joy (all attributes at odds with domestication).



While we have lost much of the insights and bonds of intergenerational tribal and earth-based communal living, in specific reference to kids, there is much to be regained or experimented. The concept of being “parents” (suggestions for a more appropriate designation without the authoritarian baggage is appreciated) in a more collective situation is extremely interesting to us, but in radical environmentalist and anarchist scenes, it appears difficult, as it is not typically a priority, and at times can be quite frustrating. Now, I’m not a sniveling grumbling whimpering whiner, so you won’t hear me complain about the lack of a kids’ space at the infoshop or the need for more kids’ workshops at the next conference. If I think something needs to be happening as part of something I am a component of, I will attempt to collaborate with others who have similar desires (or solo if I am alone) and make it happen.

(continued on next page)

Whining is for those who want to be given something. Whimpering is for those who lack any strength. Grumbling is for those who are too stupid to figure things out. And sniveling is for the cowering faint-hearted. I strive to be none of these, and I hate to hear the endless drone of the parents who make themselves into the perpetual victims to the cold and misunderstanding world of the childless. *[This means you: who pronounce that you are a single mother before you even tell us your name and then expect us to watch your kids (who we don't even know) so you can go to a workshop on underwater basket weaving; and the dad who is so rad that you need to tell us every little mundane detail on how this society is so unfair to men who want to be a positive role model in their kids life as you trash your co-parent and blame it on Irritable Male Syndrome (look it up, there are people making money diagnosing men with it) from not being held enough as a child].* No, I am not one of these perpetual scapegoating complainers. However, I will say, that once we became parents, it was somewhat of an adjustment for my partner and I to maneuver around the subcultures we sometimes inhabit. Now, in the little rural hippie town we live in, there are plenty of kids, and numerous networks of support from folks on various levels (from post-partum support to sharing info and items to play groups and group home schooling). This is encouraging, and despite the often annoying buzzers and whistles of hippie subculture and a tendency towards mindless progressivism, for the most part there are a number of young families (as part of various larger contexts) attempting to live as outside of the dominant reality as best they can figure out right now, and prioritizing this with their kids. The more difficult scenes for us have been the Earth First!ish crowds and anarchists (with exceptions of course).

The resistance to “breeding” from the Deep Ecologists was no shocker, as we were quite familiar with the self-loathing misanthropic nature of those who want to make a political statement out of intellectually deciding to prohibit themselves from doing what may come as naturally as eating and sleeping, and judging those who choose otherwise. I do agree that there is a huge population problem parasitically dependent on the rest of the earth and only kept alive through the artificial life-support system of techno-industrial civilization. Bringing a child into this world is a huge decision, one not to be taken lightly, and one maybe not for most people at this point in time. I hope most people don't have kids and we could go a long way by sneaking RU486 into the wafers handed out at Catholic mass (I'm kidding, of course), but to promote a perspective that expects everyone to completely give up on ourselves seems somewhat counterintuitive, not too mention pretty depressing (I'm not going to go into a long rant on why becoming a parent is NOT the equivalent to being a Nazi deathcamp soldier, for that see my review of *Go Light* in issue #21 or “Thank You for Not Breeding” and the *Voluntary Human Extinction* project reviewed in this current issue). I will say, however, that the “radical” environmentalist crowd is at least fairly supportive once a baby is born (too late for an abortion I guess), although I am still not gonna let any of them take our kid down to the river until I teach her how to use a .38 or cross-bow (my half-joking paranoia of their potential infanticidal tendencies).

Actually, the more disappointing reaction to having a baby came from anarchists, specifically those I would call the “Anarcho-Careerists”. These are basically people who would have been corporate yuppies working 60+ hours a week to “get the job done” had they not been turned on to Chomsky or Bakunin in college (I was one until I

decided to “drop out” once again). These folks could never imagine doing anything that did not revolve entirely around the “anarchist scene” (substitute the “company”). With websites, discussion boards, power point presentations, publications, conferences, travel expenses, etc, they are in a self-referential existence that is almost entirely comprised of soloists and collectives rather than tribes and families. The microscopic anarchist scene, and being a significant player within it, is as far as many can see, with thoughts of living a life outside of this, one which may actually take some anarchist ideas beyond words, rarely explored and often deplored (although usually subtly).



Anarchy is something alive, not discussed on websites, and until more people attempt to live it, it will never be relevant to anyone but a few obsessive nerds. The frequent awkwardness (and at times cluelessness all the way to hostility) that is apparent towards those who have kids and the kids themselves, I think may be a byproduct of the modern “liberated” youth and thirty to forty-somethings, those who were raised to think only about themselves and their specific place in society's deranged schema. Typically missing is any kind of connection or commitment to any sort of community, tribe, or family, and this absence, I believe, is a cause for much disconnection with each other, not to mention significant failure of our projects and intentions. This is becoming more and more apparent to me as my relationship with my daughter and hers with others in her life becomes clearer. Going at it alone really sucks, and the support networks and

integration of our lives is hard to come by in any deep way within a scene. Obviously, the nuclear family has a myriad of significant issues as well (no need to get into the laundry list here, most of us have been critiquing it since well before we realized we were anarchists). An organic strengthening of open kindred family-like bonds based on mutual desires and needs seems a healthier alternative to the current societal structures and the reactionary sub-cultures. Overall, without these deepening of relationships, especially with kids, it seems as if we are left in a sub-cultural cul-de-sac.

Still, some would ask, “Why bring a child into this?” Fair enough. Perhaps it is a glimmer of hope. Perhaps it is a selfish desire for some semblance of normality in the face of such despair. Perhaps it is an attempt to help create healthier humans and communities. Perhaps we have a strange fetish to look at little versions of ourselves (hopefully not). But I think it is merely an instinctive act that fulfills an ancient desire, one that cannot be moralized or intellectualized away. Whatever the reason or reasons, it has been set in motion, and I am putting myself into it fully. Besides all the joy she brings and perspectives she shares, she is helping me to prioritize getting my shit together now. No longer waiting to move away from the system or leaving at a snail's pace with more words than action, but instead, consciously detaching as we live. On a practical level, this means figuring out ways to provide as much for ourselves as we can and taking responsibility for our lives together with as little civilized baggage as possible.

The world we live in is completely unsatisfactory, yet we are here now, so as we detach, hopefully we maneuver through it the best we can, balancing calm contemplation mixed with infuriated rage and living in the moment. As we grow, our interface with the “real world” will become more difficult and confusing. But with a healthier base filled with self-confidence and thoughtfulness developing from relationships of trust, honesty, and passion, the world can be less scary,

not because it is less horrific, but because it is not as compounded with our socialized internal demons and fears. That which must be confronted can be done from a place of strength and clarity, rather than of concession, compensation, and partial presence.

But, we are only beginning this adventure, and it's not all peaches. Often on the verge of exhaustion and regularly needing to put aside things which seemed indispensable before, my life, at times, feels as though it is not mine. But this is an extensive transition and a time to learn and reprioritize based on desires relating to this new situation, rather than clinging or reacting. This is not just some rationalization, but in fact, a realization of the embracing of change (that within and that swirling all around us). It can be tough though, and self-doubt can at times overwhelm, especially when contemplating the heavy reality that the vital care for another life is, for this brief moment, in our hands. But remembering that it is not anything that millions upon millions of people have not experienced before and billions upon billions of other life-forms have done, makes it less staggering. Altogether, despite the overwhelmingly dreary reality facing the world, our girl is, undoubtedly, in a much better situation than I was at her age (anti-authoritarian parents, living in a somewhat wild ecosystem, etc).

There are too many aspects of our lives that get questioned and analyzed and lived as a parent to express here (that's where future articulated meditations dwell). It is all up for questioning, as we experiment with ways to live as free beings. How do we navigate the area between nurture and control? How do we see socialized and perhaps innate aspects of gender entering into the relationship? How do we see concepts of teaching and learning, of work and play? How do we discover limitless pools of patience, yet still not be taken advantage of? How can we express ourselves more thoroughly?

The first time our girl was away from her mama for an extended period, she had a rough time. Not that we hadn't had an astoundingly infused connection from the moment I knew she existed to the late-autumn afternoon I caught her slippery wet body from her internal maternal realm. But it is her mama. I mean she came from her, but hopefully I don't need to tell ya that. Anyway, that first night away from her mama (at about five months old) she cried most of the night, refusing any nourishment, most of the time apathetic to consolement, and sometimes it felt like she was insulted by the very presence of her seemingly now former good buddy papa. Finally, after hours of pain for both of us, she agreed that for now, we needed to help with, deal with, hopefully enjoy with, and anything else that makes up our lives with, each other. She told me this in a long and silent look. It stopped my breath and my heart. I silently responded with my feelings (expressed outwardly on my face and with caress), and we understood. Some of our deepest communications go far beyond words, beyond the symbolic, and the really intimate ones beyond explanation. Sometimes, we just stare at each other, and accept each other as those who infinitely care for each other. This is what I strive for in a deeply connected relationship.

Becoming a Papa has moved me drastically closer to a life of activity and one focused more immediately on our direct circumstances. While theoretical exploration and critical analysis (of my life and the rest of the world) is and will continue to be a significant and vital component of my life, I have less and less patience for rhetoric, empty words, and mental masturbation (most of what passes for anarchist discourse). Talk ain't shit. The real deal is in the action; what we actually do. I'd rather make a hundred mistakes, fuck up shit (different from "fuck shit up" 'cause it is unpurposely self-directed), and learn from the process directly, then sit around sipping tea and talking about it while life passes me by. Living is an act, not an idea. This strikes me more and more every moment I spend living with my little girl. She gets fussy if we are passively or lazily spectating life. She seems to want to fully embrace, immerse, animate, and create, and bring me into it all full on, now! There is no dress rehearsal or edited rewriting.

Of course, this is always the case, but it becomes more apparent every day as a parent. If I had a grape for all the time I *thought* about doing something, I would be eternally drunk. If I had a grain of sugar for every conversation I was in that went nowhere and had little or no practical value, I would be in a diabetic coma. So my life is refocused on living; the sustenance and play of it. I am less willing to put off the small details of pleasure or experience for a theorized big dream. Dreams are made of the messy and dynamic details not some perfectly designed and articulated exquisite vision. So I'll sit with my little one in the garden sharing for the first time the smell of a ripe strawberry, or dip our toes in a cold forest creek, and tell her stories of the warriors who destroy the metal monsters. And maybe at the end of the day when we are all pooped out and she is sleeping (until she's a little older and adds her own distinctive commentary), I still may discuss the need to transcend the dialectical model of analysis over a homebrew, and eventually get around to helping put out another issue of the magazine.

AFTERWORD

DECEMBER 2007:

As a year of papahood passes, I find myself even more engrossed in this tremendous situation, wrapping myself up further in life, and it hugs me back real big...crawling, walking, screeching, climbing, growing, laughing, crying, exploring, running, talking, and embracing...much to learn and experience...much growing for all of us...and so much still to come down. It's the beginning of a great adventure, one actualized from the profoundly simple and most beautifully ordinary occurrences in the world...

...life giving birth to, and nurturing, new life.



The Earth's Tears

*The Earth's Tears
Shall Flood the World
So Deep
So Wide*

*Ain't No Ark
Gonna Save Them Now
Not This Time
No, Not This Time*

A brief look at: Ecological Defense and Animal Liberation

*I look down on the city,
its burning, its burning
everything's prettier at night.
the flames they're leaping,
they're eating the buildings,
Orion laughs "guerre a outrance"*

— blackbird RAUM

SUV's Still Under Attack

April 2, Woodland, CA:

Nine large trucks and SUV's were defaced by suspected eco-vandals. A witness reported seeing two males and one female who appeared to be in their late teens, spray painting cars in the area with the letters "ELF."

July, Washington, DC:

According to local reports, a Hummer "on a narrow, leafy street in Northwest Washington (DC) where (Toyota) Prius hybrid cars and Volvos are the norm" was destroyed in July. Two masked men took a bat to every window, a knife to each 38-inch tire and scratched into the body: "FOR THE ENVIRON."

One believer in market adjustments to determine the rightness of a product, called this a hate crime. "What if that Hummer H2 SUV had been a church, synagogue or mosque? Headline: 'Congregation Gets Angry Message: Vandals Break Windows, Slash Pews and Carve In an Anti-Religious Note.'" [Oh no!]

GREEN ANARCHY #25

"The thought of somebody vandalizing it never crossed my mind," said Gareth Groves, 32, who lives with his mother in an upscale DC neighborhood. "I've kind of been in shock". Groves's mother said she is sad for her son because he has wanted a Hummer for a while. Groves said he wanted the car in part because he is starting a company, Washington Sports Marketing, that is "image-based", representing clients such as the Washington Redskins players.

While many of the neighbors consider themselves liberal-leaning environmentalists they do not condone violence. "They've got everything at their disposal in this city to make a statement in a legal way," one said. "I consider this a hate crime."

Groves wants to get it towed and repaired but fears "extremists" might not be done making an example of him.

Hummer enthusiasts and people annoyed by what they see as self-righteous environmentalism, have offered sympathy, support, even space in their garage for the crippled monster truck. "Messing up the truck—that's just a little low," said Sam Massa, a teenage Hummer driver. "I saw the pictures, and it was ridiculous,"

Massa said. "And I've been keyed three or four times on my truck." Massa helped organize a rally to remind the public that Hummer owners are not self-centered Earth-haters. They have organized groups, including Hummer Hope, that offer their vehicles after such disasters as Hurricane Katrina. And he said some Hummer drivers are students of alternative fuels. "I'm actually starting to convert my truck to vegetable oil this week," he said. Christopher and Kristina Benson drove their Hummer six hours from North Carolina. "That's how much this means to us," Christopher Benson said.

Groves said cops told him that the FBI had taken it over as a suspected incident of eco-terrorism.

Fifth of November, Las Vegas Valley, NV:

Dozens of drivers in the southwest part of the Las Vegas Valley awoke to shattered rear windows on their SUV's. "Every SUV around here, seems like it was hit," say Tom Dorman, whose SUV was vandalized but his Toyota Corolla spared. "How senseless, how ridiculous for something like this to be happening," said Curtis Gentz, who was also targeted. The vandals shot or busted out back windows

in more than 30 SUVs in several neighborhoods. Metro pigs alerted the Department of Homeland Security to look into whether this could be the work of eco-terrorists.

November 21, Stockholm, Sweden:

A new group calling itself The Indians of the Concrete Jungle has claimed credit for vandalizing more than one-thousand SUVs over the past several months in order to draw attention to climate change and discourage motorists from driving vehicles that create such a high impact on the environment. The group first made itself known through actions followed by press releases in the nation's capital, but now say that other "tribes" have taken up the cause and employed similar tactics in the cities of Gothenburg, Malmö and Sundsvall.

From the press-release: *The Indians of the Concrete Jungle are determined to continue their campaign of disarmament. If it is done repeatedly and on a massive scale, deflating tires will develop from a slight annoyance in the eyes of the owners into a real obstacle for driving SUVs. Imagine waking up to a car without air in the tires every morning, or even once a week!*

When the glaciers melt, people's source of water disappear. When the deserts spread, agricultural fields become uncultivable. When the sea level rises, homes are inundated. Result: billions of refugees, countless deaths. It's already estimated that 160,000 people die every year due to the effects of climate change, according to the WHO.

As an affluent Swede you will survive longer than most. Those most vulnerable, and already worst afflicted by the global warming caused by Northern affluence, are the people of poor countries. In the end, however, climate chaos will affect us all, poor people as well as rich.

This does not have to happen if we impose a radical cut on carbon emissions. Now. Not tomorrow. That's why we have disarmed your SUV by deflating the tires. Since you live in a city with a functioning and accessible public transportation system you will have no problem going where you want without your SUVs, the most obnoxious aspect of bourgeois carbon addiction....It's not a complicated manoeuvre: just unscrew the cap of the valve, insert a grain of gravel or stone in it, and screw it back on. The grain will push down the peg in the middle of the valve, making sure the air is gently released. The whole manoeuvre will take about 10 seconds. Leave the SUV, and listen to the beautiful sound of the air petering out.

The Cowboys of the Concrete Jungle (themselves similarly anonymous) also set up a website using a very similar design as their environmentalist foes.

They write: "There are many of us who view their methods with disgust, and if the Sheriffs of The Concrete Jungle (the police) can't manage to get to grips with them, we will continue to organize in order to protect our rights and our property."

The Cowboys added that they were in the process of creating a network around the country with plans to infiltrate the activist group and reveal the identities of its members.

Rage Against Rainforest Destruction April 13, Kampala, Uganda:

Environmental demonstrations turned into deadly riots as protesters destroyed property, looted shops and attacked suspected industrialists. The violence was sparked by plans of the Ugandan government and the Indian Mehta Group to clear large swaths of the Mabira Rain Forest Reserve in order to expand sugar plantations. The plans to expand the sugar plantations would destroy 17,000 acres of rain forest, nearly a third of the Mabira Rain Forest Reserve home to 50 species of monkeys, along with bird and plant species only found in Mabira. Two people from India were stoned to death by rioters and an alleged looter and a passerby were shot and killed by security officers. Rioters attacked property and burned a sugar transport truck.

New Developments for New Developments July, Fort Worth, TX:

A "suspicious" fire destroyed six partially constructed homes in a new subdivision. Witnesses reported seeing two young males fleeing the area as the fire started. Investigators estimated the damages at approximately \$300,000. No one was injured.

ELF in Iceland July 30,

Hafnarjordur, Iceland:

According to radical news organizations, the ELF struck in Iceland for the first time. The target was the Alcan Aluminum smelter in Hafnarjordur, which is being expanded into pristine lava fields. We're shocked to learn this expansion is moving forward without local democratic consent as promised in the town council elections.

This factory is part of ongoing heavy industrialization of the Icelandic wilderness powered by large dams and geothermal power stations all around the country.

From the communiqué at Break the Chains Blog:

In the early hours of 30/07/07, saboteurs struck at Smurfit Kappa, a plastics factory owned by Rio Tinto Alcan in Chelmsford, Essex. The gates were locked shut, office doors and loading bays were sabotaged with glue and a message left painted on the wall. Vehicles belonging to Rio Tinto were also sabotaged.

Rio Tinto, who have recently acquired the business have arguably the worst record of any corporation for abuse of the earth and its people. Whether they're sponsoring and training paramilitaries committing genocide in the South Pacific, removing entire mountain tops in Africa or strip mining virgin rainforest that belongs to indigenous tribes, they must be stopped.

Rio Tinto's recent acquisition of Alcan makes them party to the greatest ecological crime currently being committed in Europe. They are looking to turn Iceland's great wildernesses into a series of monolithic power stations to power aluminum smelters; one of the most polluting and energy intensive industries in the world. Rio Tinto bring repression wherever they go, in Bougainville in the South Pacific they hired mercenaries to rape and murder all who opposed their massive copper mine, Panguna. Their invasion into Iceland is no different and protests against heavy industry are being met with police violence and activists are fitted up and subject to state sponsored slander.

It's necessary to hit Rio Tinto where it hurts, on the bottom line, the balance sheet. Where it matters.

-EARTH LIBERATION FRONT

Rio Tinto's business includes mining and processing mineral resources. Major products are aluminum, copper, diamonds, energy (coal and uranium), gold, industrial minerals (borax, titanium dioxide, salt, talc), and iron ore. With a global presence, Rio Tinto has a strong base in Australia and North America with significant businesses in South America, Asia, Europe and southern Africa.

Strip Mining Equipment Torched Early September, West Virginia:

Someone torched more than \$5 million worth of equipment at a strip mine in Wyoming County West Virginia. Three end-loaders were sitting idle at a remote

(continued on next page)



surface mine owned by Bluestone Coal's Dynamic Energy. Everything was declared a total loss, and the fire instantly was ruled an arson.

Somebody knew where to find the equipment, brought the tools to do the job and had the know-how to do it. Getting something made of steel that's 30 feet long and weighs 30,000 pounds to burn beyond repair takes more than a gallon of gas and a box of matches.

It's been 17 years since any large-scale labor strife and vandalism has occurred in the coalfields. The leadership of the UMWA effectively has turned that organization into sort of a miner's version of the VFW — old timers who talk about the glory days and beef about their pensions and are not considered likely suspects for large-scale terrorism.

Ah, there's the word: terrorism.

Last summer, "Mountain Summer Justice," came to the area to stop strip mining. That gathering was limited to a protest at the governor's office and a march at a Massey Energy mine. One local opined, "folks from groups like

Earth First! and others that teeter between activism and eco-terrorism haven't been as busy here as they have been out west, but that may be changing".

Coal River Mountain Watch has become the center of the fight against surface mining, a local group battling mountaintop removal in court and in the media.

The Labor Day action has been ruled arson, fire marshals say. No suspects were arrested in the early days following the action.

Tree Sitting, Does it Really Do a Thing?

**November 7,
Santa Cruz, CA:**

At least one person was arrested as activists hoisted platforms into redwood trees at the University of California Santa Cruz to protest UCSC's Long Range Development Plan (LRDP). The tree-sitters say that they are opposed to the planned addition of 4,500 full-time students and the development of 120 acres of upper campus forest for a new Biomedical Sciences Facility; the building would be the first project under

the new LRDP. The building would house a live animal testing lab but has no allotted classroom space, despite student complaints about overcrowded class sizes.

Protesters who came to support the action from the ground were pepper-sprayed and beaten with batons by police while attempting to get supplies to tree-sitters. Students and community members have claimed the space under the tree-sit as their own, decorating the pavement and building structures out of fallen redwood limbs.

The I-69 Resistance

The Indiana Department of Transportation has been attempting to rapidly and covertly move forward with their plans for the construction of I-69. Eviction proceedings have begun for half a dozen families whose homes once lay along the first two miles of the proposed route. These people have been or are slated to be physically removed from their homes. Unless the highway expansion is stopped, over four hundred more homes will be replaced by concrete.

According to Roadblock Earth First!, two I-69 planning offices were the subject of eviction proceedings as "Hayduke's Moving Company" moved their contents out of the offices and into the street; the section 4 office was shut down

for the day after Earth First!ers dropped a banner that read "Stop I-69" onto its roof and 50 people assembled outside in protest. Other offices were also bannered and invaded for "our farms, forests and futures". Twenty-four were arrested at the Indianapolis State Capitol protesting plans for the construction of the I-69 NAFTA superhighway. One young woman was shot with a Taser, another was pepper-sprayed and suffered an asthma attack. Many were reportedly wrestled to the ground, handcuffed to each other behind their backs and left in the sun for hours without being processed or informed of their charges. According to the local corporate media, there were anti-I-69 slogans spray-painted on the state capitol building. Citizens for Appropriate Rural Roads denounced the vandalism calling for ongoing nonviolent activism against the project. The police noted that many of the protesters were from out of state and claimed the vandals were out of town "protesters for hire".

I-69 is part of a proposed superhighway from Mexico to Canada partially cut through wetlands, forests, and family farms. Ground-breaking is set for next year.

A Bit(e) for the Animals

(just a sampling of animal liberation)

More Mink Freed August 12, Hinsdale, MA:

A new communiqué from animal liberationists has surfaced claiming responsibility for the release of between 500 and 800 mink from a fur farm early in the morning. The action cost Berksire Furs \$75,000-100,000.

Commercial Whaling Ship Sabotaged August 30, Svolvær, Lofoten Islands, Norway:

From the communiqué:
On the night of August 30th we decided to celebrate the end of commercial whaling in Iceland by removing a large section of cooling pipe in the engine room of the norwegian whaler "Willassen Senior".

After ensuring that the vessel was unoccupied the salt water intake valve was opened un-

leashing a torrent of water into the heart of the killer ship that two years earlier took 14 minutes to brutally murder a threatened minke whale.

The sinking of the whaler and the silencing of its deadly harpoon is dedicated to the memory of the yangtze river dolphin who because of humankinds greed will never again grace the waters of our blue planet. The turn of our wrenches is a rational response to a world where tens of thousands of species disappear every year.

Golf Club Attack Sydney, Australia:

Vandals wreaked extensive damage on four putting greens and dug holes in three others at the Warringah Golf Club. The anonymous visitors left a message on a piece of cardboard stuffed into one of the holes: **Warning!: you bastards kill one bird and we will destroy all your greens at our leisure. We will be watching and waiting.**

The club has hired a marksman to shoot native wood ducks who land on the course.

The Wild Fight Back!



This used to be a regular installment in *Green Anarchy*, one that many folks looked forward to each issue. Somewhere along the way, however, it got forgotten or lost in the shuffle. We were inspired to revive the section this winter by a feline feasting in the Bay Area that we assume was to celebrate baby Jebus's birthday.

December 25: The San Francisco Zoo was closed to visitors after a Christmas day tiger attack that may have been provoked by visitors' taunting the animal, leaving one man dead and two brothers injured.

One witness said at least one of the victims had irritated the tiger, which had been out of its cage an estimated 15 to 20 minutes. When police arrived after responding to the 911 call, they "saw a tiger sitting next to a person who was sitting on the ground," Police Chief Heather Fong said. They then "yelled at the animal to stop...and as the animal turned toward the officers" that's when they shot the tiger, she said. Fong said the department has opened a criminal investigation to "determine if there was human involvement in the tiger getting out or if the tiger was able to get out on its own."

The zoo's director of animal care and conservation, Robert Jenkins, could not explain how Tatiana escaped the enclosure that is surrounded by a 15-foot-wide moat and 20-foot-high walls. Jenkins said, "The animal appears to have climbed or otherwise leaped out of the enclosure."

But Jack Hanna, former director of the Columbus Zoo and a frequent guest on TV, said such a leap would be an unbelievable feat, and "virtually impossible. There's something going on here. It just doesn't feel right to me,"

he said. "It just doesn't add up to me." Instead, he speculated that visitors might have been fooling around and might have taunted the animal and perhaps even helped it get out by, say, putting a board in the moat.

The first attack happened right outside the Siberian's enclosure — the victim died at the scene. A group of four cops came across his body when they entered the dark zoo grounds. The second victim was about 300 yards away, in front of the Terrace Cafe. The man was sitting on the ground, blood running from gashes in his head and Tatiana sitting next to him. After murdering the tiger, they then saw the third victim, who had also been mauled.

A year earlier, on December 22, 2006, Tatiana reached through the bars of her cage and grabbed a keeper, biting and mauling one of the woman's arms and causing deep lacerations.

Last February, a 140-pound jaguar named Jorge killed a zookeeper at the Denver Zoo before being fatally shot.

Zoologist Ron Magill said that wild animals in captivity lose their fear of humans and will "take advantage of any possibility" to escape. "You can take the animal out of the wild; you cannot take the wild out of the animal," he said.

The parents of Carlos Sousa of San Jose, the 17-year-old killed, said the attack has forever ruined Christmas for them. Marilza Sousa put a photograph of her son on the family Christmas tree and said she'd never be able to celebrate the holiday again. "Our Christmas is with him," she said. "No more Christmas."

In January, less than three weeks after the tiger attack, a leopard and a polar bear came close to escaping from enclosures at San Francisco Zoo. *The San Francisco Chronicle* reported on its website that zookeepers told the paper a female polar bear climbed the wall of its enclosure on January 3, while a snow leopard chewed through a temporary enclosure later in the month.



North American Eco-Defense and Animal Liberation Political Prisoners:

ECO-DEFENSE

Tre Arrow, CS#05850722, Vancouver Island Regional Correction Center, 4216 Wilkinson Rd., Victoria, BC, V8Z 5B2, Canada. On remand accused of involvement with an arson on logging trucks and an arson on vehicles owned by a sand & gravel company. Both arsons occurred in the USA. Tre is fighting against his extradition to the USA.

Grant Barnes, #137563, San Carlos Correctional Facility, PO Box 3, Pueblo, CO 81002, USA. Serving 12 years for setting fire to a number of SUV vehicles.

Nathan Block, #36359-086, FCI Lompoc, Federal Correctional Institution, 3600 Guard Road, Lompoc, CA 93436, USA. Serving 7 years & 8 months for an ELF arson against a Poplar Tree Farm and an ELF arson against an SUV dealership. Also admitted his role in an ELF/ALF conspiracy.

Ted Kaczynski, #04475-046, US Pen-Admin Max Facility, PO Box 8500, Florence Colorado 81226. Sentenced to multiple lifetimes in prison for the "Unabomber" bombing attacks against some of the architects of industrial society.

Jeffrey Luers, #1306729, Lane County Adult Corrections, 101 West 5th Ave, Eugene, OR 97401-2695, USA. Serving 22 years & 8 months for arson on a car dealership & attempted arson of an oil truck. (Due to be resentenced, Jeff will only be at Lane County temporarily.)

Daniel McGowan, #63794-053 UNIT I, FCI Sandstone, PO Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072 USA. Sentenced to seven years imprisonment for his part in two arsons and his role in an ELF/ALF conspiracy.

Chris McIntosh, #30512-013, USP Hazelton, PO Box 2000, Bruneton Mills, WV 26525, USA. Sentenced to 8 years imprisonment for setting a small fire at a McDonalds claimed on behalf of the ELF/ALF.

Fran Thompson, #1090915 HU 1C, WERDCC, PO Box 300, Vandalia, MO 63382, USA. Serving Life for killing, in self-defence, a stalker who had broken into her home. Before her imprisonment Fran was an eco, animal & anti-nuke campaigner.

Joyanna Zacher, #36360-086, FCI Dublin, Federal Correctional Institution, 5701 8th St - Camp Parks - Unit F, Dublin, CA 94568 USA. Serving 7 years & 8 months for an ELF arson against a Poplar Tree Farm and an ELF arson against an SUV dealership. Also admitted her role in an ELF/ALF conspiracy.

Helen Woodson, 03231-045, FMC Carswell - Admin. Max. Unit, POB 27137, Ft. Worth, TX 76127, USA. Serving 8 years & 10 months for a series of actions focusing on the interrelationship of war and the destruction of the natural world. The actions included destruction of Government property (pouring a tin of red paint over the security desk of a federal court) and making threatening communications. Prior to her arrest Helen had served 20 years for actions which included: 1) Using a hammer to disarm a nuclear missile silo. 2) Burning \$25,000 on the floor of a bank whilst denouncing war, environmental destruction and economic injustice. 3) Mailing warning letters with bullets attached to Government and corporate officials.

*To receive Earth Liberation Prisoner's bimonthly e-newsletter, *Spirit of Freedom*, e-mail ELP4321@hotmail.com

ANIMAL LIBERATION

Jacob Conroy, #93501-011, FCI Victorville Medium I Federal Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 5300, Adelanto, CA 92301, USA. Serving 48 months imprisonment for helping organize the SHAC-USA campaign.

Lauren Gazzola, #93497-011, FCI Danbury Route #37, 33 1/2 Pembroke Road, Danbury, CT 06811 USA. Serving 54 months imprisonment for helping organize the SHAC-USA campaign.

Joshua Harper, 29429-086, FCI Sheridan, Federal Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 5000, Sheridan OR 97378, USA. Serving 36 months imprisonment for helping organize the SHAC-USA campaign.

Kevin Kjonas, #93502-011, FCI Sandstone, PO Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072 USA. Serving 72 months imprisonment for helping organize the SHAC-USA campaign.

Jonathan Paul, #07167-085, FCI Phoenix, Federal Correctional Institution, 37910 N 45th Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85086. Sentenced to 51 months for an ELF arson on a horse meat plant. Also admitted his role in an ELF/ALF conspiracy.

Andrew Stepanian, #26399-050, FCI Butner Medium II Federal Correctional Institution, PO Box 1500, Butner, NC 27509 USA. Serving 36 months for helping organize the SHAC-USA campaign.



RECLAIMING



THE MYTH-TIME:

FINDING OUR PLACE THROUGH STORY AND SONG

SEVERAL YEARS HAVE PASSED NOW SINCE I SAW ONE FOR THE FIRST TIME. In the oldest mountains on this continent I sat like a stone beneath an old Hemlock, silent and still. A shadow of flickering movement drew my attention and there she was, fluttering by my head, small as a tiny bird but certainly not at all avian in nature. As my head turned she paused in flight, backing away but turning, and in that short instant our eyes met, shock and wonder reflected simultaneously between two very different beings. She spun away and flitted on into the trees up the hill, leaving me stunned and perplexed. "I just saw a ..." Fairy? Nymph? Sylph? None of the words I knew seemed quite right in that moment – of course, they are the words used to name the little wild folk of another continent, of my ancestors, and in my ignorance I did not know the words that the original inhabitants of these hills used for these creatures. I decided that "Wildfolk" would have to suffice.

Now honestly, what did I *really* see? A brief hallucination produced by my willing mind, anthropomorphizing a shadow? A brown bird, after all? Perhaps an insect that I don't know that has a long trailing abdomen split into two leglike appendages... But that brief glance, that lock of eyes; hair! She had hair!

Ultimately it does not matter what I saw. Being very critical of most things and yet receptive to the mystery of the world I came to see that the *impact* of that brief connection was all that really mattered. I changed. I believe that we both changed, whatever that small creature happened to be. Those days in the old forest live with me in a magical way. The fact that I am willing to share that story and the way I share it speaks more on who I am than on the allegedly objective reality of what I saw on that day. Believe, disbelieve, or ponder – how you receive the story is how we relate as beings. How we communicate is how we connect, or fail to connect.

Many indigenous communities have stories of their creation or emergence into the world that tell the story of who they are. The dominant cultures call these songs and stories "myth", because they are often "fantastical" and do not correlate with the objective and (constantly changing) scientific truth. This truth that involves such "facts" as Big Bangs, large spinning spheres with immense fields of power called gravity and burning balls of gas hanging in vast spaces. So, truth consists of concepts like gravity, where objects are inherently attracted to other objects on the basis of their mass – a concept reinforcing that size does in fact matter above all. What a convenient scientific reinforcement for a pathologically insecure patriarchal culture!

The stories of the dominant cultures also speak many things of their creators, intentional perpetrators and all of us who repeat the stories. They speak of a *need* to have all the answers, no matter how absurd or conveniently reinforcing of social mores they happen to be in the end. They speak of alienation, disconnection, objectification and all the fears inherent in a culture that has moved away from the earth and seeks to control it at all costs. When ethnographers and anthropologists do manage to inflict an understanding of the difference between objective

"knowledge" and irrational "myth" on indigenous peoples, many natives have indicated that, no, of course they don't literally believe their story of creation, this tale of why Raven is black or why Vulture is bald. They *know* that coyote's tail is not perpetually burnt, but they tell this story anyway because it tells other people who they are, what they think, what they value as a society. The stories of the dominant cultures do the same, though we are all too often ignorant of the process. The maintenance of mundane existence and the façade of rational understanding has become more important than the sharing of who we are and the joyful embracing of Wonder. The distinction between mundane and wondrous need not exist. Songs of gathering seeds, tales of long walks, these show us the connection that we have lost with the rhythm of our lives. Mundane existence was created when we as humans chose to sacrifice spontaneity for security. The nature and value of song is a vivid example of this process. Songs bring expression to our actions, bursting into reality and connecting thought, action and passion together as a seamless whole.

When the world is song we never know boredom, we are never lost.

How do we as domesticated or recovering humans deal with knowing by infliction one set of myths that do not serve us, either collectively or individually? It seems disturbingly clear that the effects of understanding the world according to the civilized paradigm will leave us disconnected and in many ways traumatized. Our sense of Wonder has been stolen from us. Having all the answers in a textbook leaves nothing more to discover, and yet leaves whole realms of thought, connection and understanding unexplored. I hesitantly pose the question, wrought with hope and fearful despair alike: Can we change our personal and collective mythic structure? Can we form new identities, like the shapeshifters of old, and leave one set of understanding behind and claim or create another? Could we then go out into the world and share our songs and stories as a means or showing who we are?



BY SCAVENGER

A small band lounges around the warm embers of what was just a roasting fire and basks beneath a cooling and clear moonless night. The wisps of smoke rise high and fast but the scent of juniper spreads through the camp and lingers pleasantly amongst the people. A gentle current of excitement and anticipation builds; a stranger is coming to visit, so the scouts are saying. Two of the younger scouts are guiding her up the canyon to the camp just now. When she arrives the visitor walks confidently but respectfully up to the group and they look at her with interest, trying not to gawk at her hairstyle and odd manner of clothing. They welcome her closer to the fire, for the desert night is quite chill and she has come far. Once she has been made comfortable and warm one of the people asks her, "Would you share with us who you are, that we may know you?" Speaking slowly and clearly, her voice resonates in the sandstone shelter as she assents. She gazes deep into the fire to gather her thoughts, and in the lull a child of the people steps close to her, offering a cup of rosehip and juniper needle tea, which she accepts graciously. She removes her cloak as the people build the fire higher against the chill and begins, and all the people lean in to listen carefully. Her story begins when the world was made and winds through the origin of her people and the stars, how her people found fire and escaped the great beast she calls Machine. Between tales of sorrowful loss and witty stories of mischief and joyous play the people sigh and laugh, not once calling her stories wrong, though none of them have heard these tales before. At last the visitor tells of her People as they are now, her parents and her clan family, what sort of things they eat and why they dress as they do. Finally she speaks her name, Cota, after a yellow flower from the canyons to the north that she says makes a delightful tea with the flavor of desert rain rising off the rocks in the warm sun that follows the storm (*Theslesperma megapotacium*). Pausing at the end of her tale, she pulls a small bag out of her larger travel pouch and offers it to the child who brought her tea. The people smile, satisfied by the sharing, and thank Cota with words and embraces for her stories. As the people settle into their sleep places for the night and offer Cota warm blankets and a place near the dimming coals of the firepit they also welcome her to stay with them and rest for some days before continuing her journey to the West. She tells them that she has heard of their people before but does not know them yet. Tomorrow, they promise, they will share with her their stories of how the world came to be, and she will know them as they now know her.

The human mind learns by absorbing the experience of its surroundings. Just as sun and clouds, rocks and rivers and trees will shape a mind differently than plastic, metal and boxy indoor spaces, so too will creative and inspired stories that manifest Wonder shape a mind and society differently than boring claims of objectively discovered truth. Does it matter, truly, if we relate the shape of a rock spire to erosion



and pressure or to the story of the time when Magpie insulted the ground beneath his lofty wings? Does it really matter if our stories are deemed "True" by others? I tend to be a very critical person with a compulsive attachment to honesty in my connections with others. Honestly, what I see in our stories is the structure of our psyche reflected on the world as well as the world reflected on our minds. If we have the understanding that allows us to choose healthy relationships over unhealthy ones and ideas that connect us to each other and to the place we live instead of clinging to an alienated and oppressive discourse, then the greater reality of our health and sanity compel me to abandon what a pathologically minded civilization calls "truth". As stated before, the point of indigenous stories is to tell who we are as a people and individuals, not to claim what IS.

To speak seriously of becoming indigenous, intending to actually live in the Place that we inhabit, we must seek the songs and stories of those places. To be indigenous is to listen to a place, to let it share its stories with us and share those stories with others who come

there. The world is ultimately a vast mystery. Our role in the world is what matters, not the innumerable details of how and why. We all know that toxic chemicals can kill us. No healthy or sane person can be convinced that it is necessary to experiment by killing animals or people to see just exactly how much of a chemical it takes to end life. The heart beats and blood flows through the body. To know this is enough; it is not necessary or acceptable to cut into living flesh to see how or assume why. Such is simply not necessary. The stories we have been told, likewise, are not worth the effect they have on us.

(continued on page 51)



THE GARDEN OF PECULIAR

FRAGMENT #42

The bourgeois garden expanded like a plague under colonialism. It's pretty, but fake. The scenarios installed by civilization, as artistic as they are, lack reality. They require space and the eradication of undesirable species, turning the living world into a backdrop over which the garden can be imposed instantly, like a Polaroid.

The civilizing garden enslaves, torments, and sooner or later, will die. This happens because the bourgeois garden standardizes the land, instead of unfolding it in order to have an open and horizontal space. What's more, its objective is luxury, neglecting the comestible and self-sustainable garden.

The bourgeois garden is about enclosure. In addition, through the illusion of illuminating civilized space, it kills the night. The garden of peculiarities deterritorializes and topples hierarchies. That is its nature. It allows the garden to grow, organically, under the concept of mutual recognition between the gardener and garden. It doesn't try to control the landscape by making it uniform. On the contrary, the point is learning to live with nature and in the midst of nature, orienting the human effect more toward aesthetic practice than standardization. Such a lesson starts by recognizing the otherness of nature as our own otherness. Only in this way is it possible to dissipate the ego among the ever-growing foliage in search of shelter rather than conquest.

FRAGMENT #43

The notion of peculiarity opposes standardization and dualism. Standardization flattens and erases biodiversity. In the words of César Vallejo, it is "*Lomismo* [sameness] that suffers name." Dualism in its own right has sustained the genealogy of cognitive thinking that has constructed disciplines and methodologies through the opposition of terms that are apparently contradictory or equidistantly opposed from one another: A or B, good or bad, light or dark, concrete or abstract, general or particular, bourgeois or proletariat, barbarian or civilized, et cetera. Indeed, the role of dualism is to simplify, although none of its oppositions can be considered completely true since they are mere, abstract representations of bits of reality and of nature. In the same way, there are no oppositions more radical than others, or less radical, given that the rational procedure itself is an error from the beginning. What do exist are oppositions that are clearer than others because they help us to fully comprehend certain relatively complex processes.

According to the above and following the Lacanian dualist model, which opposes the imaginary with the symbolic, that is to say, the non-structured world of a child who projects images over reality—which is a liberated universe that still hasn't been structured by the formal process of repression of symbols—it is possible to distinguish the following path. Symbols follow from the symbolic, whose orbit includes the civilized order—the patriarchical grammar imposed by society. Following this parallel, images derive from the imaginary, the projection of interiority onto the world. So, images lead to imagination, and symbols lead to symbolization, which in turn manifests itself in rites. The ritual instrumentalizes nature, in order to dominate it via the medium of magic or representation. This instrumentality is functional and coercive because it structures and manipulates. In effect, the different instruments of the symbolic tend to represent reality rather than allow it to be fully comprehended. Images, on the other hand, create the perceptions of the world that are expressed culturally through the aesthetic and underlie culture. When this occurs, the being is manifested aesthetically and unfurls all of its peculiarities. However, instrumentalization brings about standardization, which hides in its innards a controlling beat that categorizes everything through the varied methodologies of taxonomic classification. This process of standardization produces fetish, which is nothing more than a false consciousness of reality. This foundation of false consciousness is the spectacularization of life as well as alienation.

There are two distinct types of insanity. One is material and reduces life to economic survival. The other is ideological and generates dehumanization and roboticization in the subject. Under the spell of automatism, the human being separates him/herself from nature and from his/her own natural condition. With peculiarity, consciousness is created, comprehensively rehumanizing and reconnecting human beings with themselves and with nature. Consciousness is neither intelligence nor knowledge. It is the recognition of the other, and the recognition that the relationship to the other does not exist solely in exclusive, Hegelian, dialectic terms of the master and slave. Recognition can also be inclusive. Consciousness allows coexistence based on mutual respect and reciprocal recognition of others, who are nothing less than our counterparts: the environment and creatures

that inhabit it and that constitute totality. Coexistence is only possible through a corresponding comprehension of the peculiarity of all beings in order to establish a radical empathy for the right of all beings to life.

FRAGMENT #44

The image that our interiority projects on the world maintains its aesthetic character. The image that has been reflected reinforces the process of reification. In and of themselves, all images that separate us alienate us. Each image is an act of reification, given that these images represent reality, establishing mediation among human beings and between the subject and the natural surroundings. This mediation replaces reality. When the prehistoric child saw its own face in the water's reflection—in a lake, a pool or the ice—it saw nothing but an image. This equation led it to identify itself with what it was seeing, thus awakening the notion of identity. This notion led to the separation between the individual and nature and fed the fracture between the subject and the object—the foundation of human consciousness. In this way, consciousness gives rise to alienation, and becomes meta-consciousness: self-reflection on itself. However, without self-reflective consciousness, the human being is defenseless against the imperial control of standardization and the propaganda machine that falsifies reality and manufactures a false and ideological consciousness.

THE GARDEN OF PECULIAR

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BY
**JESÚS
SEPÚLVEDA**

ARITIES

Modern industrial alienation works by denying the present and forcing the subject to live in a kind of virtual reality that goes by the name of "future." The modern mentality is characterized by planning for the future. This notion pierces the human mind like a steel bar running through a line of individuals working on the assembly line. The horizon of the future is experienced as unlimited time that advances progressively in a blind race with no meaning or end. For the premodern, religious mentality, the future is finite and ends in the final judgment or the ascension of the believer to whatever paradise happens to be promoted by a particular mythical-religious narrative. In this way, both the modern and the premodern fix a temporality that is outside of the perpetual present, thus inscribing the human mentality in the camp of domestication. Experiencing the present, in the here and now, leads to a predomestic state and rebels against the ideas of planning and development. The notion of the future is therefore an image that reflects ideology. And it's no mystery to anyone that the fruition of the future inhabits the arena of the impossible although its arrival may be inevitable.

Translation by Daniel Montero

Edited by Janine Sepúlveda & Jesús Sepúlveda

Proofreading by Bill Rankin

America's educated and propertied classes are tolerating the crime of Iraq's destruction. Any "reasons" for an atrocity that will rank with those of Nazi Germany have long since vanished—and the over-educated, overpaid, and under-experienced ciphers whose credulity made this outrage possible go on talking mostly about what their gadgets can do. Are these people even human, or are they just the least interesting part of the cell phones to which they're invariably attached?

The habit of force is sustained anymore by nothing more than the force of habit. Where Comfort and Convenience are the highest values, sitting and watching become defining activities. Now reality is almost always mediated by a screen: the car windshield through which one watches the world pass by in a blur; the computer screen, which fills one's vision with all the meaning that fits; the television screen, which brings stories to "life" and dries up dreams.

Consider the camera, so beloved by the common(place) people, and what follows from its form. The camera may be regarded as a mechanical extension of the eye; it enables viewers to "see" what has not been witnessed physically. At the same time, it creates a converse condition in which we are increasingly detached from our surroundings and less likely to see what is right in front of our faces. Accordingly, we are becoming more passive and insular, satisfied with the *depiction* of reality and increasingly detached from and/or confused by its actual conflicts and contradictions.

Given this pattern, it's hardly surprising that all civilized protests against the very civilized practice of brutally suppressing an entire society have been completely impotent. For generations we've suffered pernicious half-wits, too many of them purporting to be "radical," who have bored us with their abject devotion to the wonders of technology. They might just as well have praised resignation and compliance, as it's clear this occupation (and Israel's of Palestine, which helped inspire it) has yet to inspire any kind of effectual resistance that can overcome the inertia and solipsism attendant on a tech-dependent world.

There are no wonders of technology—only consolations prized by the pathetic.

by
Dan Todd

Force of Habit, Habit of Force The (Screen) Door of Perception

ITIES

ANGELES, CA 90039.

Indigenous Struggles

*maybe I'll live my whole life
just getting by
maybe I'll be discovered
maybe I'll be colonized
you could try to train me like a pet
you could try to teach me to behave
But I'll tell you, if I haven't learned it yet
you know,
I ain't gonna sit, I ain't gonna stay*

—Ani DiFranco, *Cradle and All*

Guarani Indian Woman Killed by Gunman

On January 9, 2007, a gunman shot dead a 70 year-old Guarani woman, Kuretê Lopez, in the Brazilian state of Mato Grosso do Sul. Kuretê Lopez was part of a group of about 30 Guarani families who, several days earlier, had returned to claim their land, Kurusu Mba. Valdecir Ximenez, a young Guarani man, was shot in the leg and is in the hospital. The Indians' land has been taken over by a cattle rancher and it is reported that he contracted a private security firm to evict them. Gunmen fired on the Indians whilst forcing them to board trucks. They were then dumped on the edge of a nearby town. This group of Guarani have been living for years on a cramped reservation where hunting and planting crops are very difficult. They were desperate to return to their traditional land, the site of an ancestral burial ground. The killing of Kuretê is the latest of several murders of Guarani Indians by gunmen as the Indians attempt to recover lands taken from them by cattle ranchers.



Bushmen applicants have the right to hunt and gather in the reserve, and should not have to apply for permits to enter it.

In late December, a group of about 20 had tried to enter the reserve, but only four of them had been able to enter, said the First People of the Kalahari's Jumanda Gakelebone. "In spite of the ruling, the wildlife scouts would not let wives and children of Bushman applicants, who won the court case, go in to the reserve," he said in a statement. "We are all angry and surprised that people were turned away. Why can we not go back to our lands as the court says? We have been separated from our land and ancestors' graves for too long. How much longer do we have to wait to go home?"

Attorney General Athaliah Molokomme set the scene for a showdown by laying down strict conditions for the government's implementation of the court order. "The Central Kalahari Game Reserve remains state land," said the statement. "It is owned by the state and subject to the laws of the republic." Molokomme said that only 189 people who had

filed the lawsuit would be given automatic right of return with their children — short of the 2,000 the Bushmen say want to go home. Anyone else will have to apply for special permits.

Repression of Tribes Continues Following Evictions in Bangladesh

On February 23 Railai Mro was arrested for protesting against the eviction in December of 750 Mru families from their land in remote villages of the Bandarban Hill District of the Chittagong Hill Tracts. The evictions are taking place in conjunction with repression of resisters within the larger context of a national state of emergency declared by the Bangladesh government in January. Several Jumma, of which the Mru are one of eleven tribes, including Balabhadra Chakma and Manubha Ranjan Chakma, were arrested and tortured a few weeks later in an attempt to quash any signs of discontent over the steadily worsening situation. The Jumma believe that the army and police are using the state of emergency as an excuse

to increase military oppression against people who normally engage in shifting cultivation supplemented by hunting and gathering.

The evictions were made to create room for an artillery training centre. Bangladesh's army claims that it purchased the land in 1991-92 and that the Mru failed to leave, despite several notices. However, the Mru have consistently objected to the army's acquisition of their land, preferring to maintain their way of life against centralized impingements. Unfortunately, this repression is the culmination of attempts to remove and/or eliminate the Jummas for the past 50 years. Because of the obvious conflicts between the civilized societies' notion of land ownership and the more loosely defined living with the land characteristic of Jumma life ways, the Bangladesh government feels it can move in settlers to occupy "empty land." The Jumma have gone from being the sole inhabitants of the land to being almost outnumbered by swarms of settlers. As well as being displaced by the settlers, who are given the best land, the Jummas have experienced waves of murder, torture and rape, and had their villages burnt down in a genocidal campaign against them by the Bangladesh military.

Penan Persistent with Blockades to Protect Forest

On April 17, five new blockades were set up by Penan tribal communities in the Malaysian province of Sarawak in an attempt to stop loggers destroying their forest homes. On April 4, officers of the Sarawak Forestry Corporation, supported by the police, dismantled another Penan blockade

Bushmen Targeted by State Despite Court Victory

On February 12 six Bushmen were arrested, starved and held for six days after police and wildlife guards accused them of hunting in the Central Kalahari Game Reserve in Botswana. The court ruled in mid-December that the Botswana government's eviction of the Bushmen was 'unlawful and unconstitutional', and that they have the right to live on their ancestral land inside the Central Kalahari Game Reserve. The court also ruled that the

for the second time this year. The police used chainsaws to destroy the blockades and fired gun shots to intimidate the Penan. Four Penan villages and one nomadic group set up the five new blockades, in protest at the logging companies Rimbunan Hijau, KTS Logging and Samling. Police are reportedly already heading towards one of the blockades, which is on a main logging route and used by a number of different companies.

Much of the Penan's forest has already been destroyed. The Penan are entirely dependent on the forest for all their food and shelter. According to one Penan, 'If we don't defy the loggers now, all the remaining forest in the Upper Baram area will be gone within two years'. The blockade site is in an area certified by the Malaysian Timber Certification Council (MTCC) for 'sustainable logging'. However, the certification fails to acknowledge that this 'sustainable logging' is on the Native Customary Land of the Penan people, who have never given their consent for logging to take place. Another Penan said, "We tried every peaceful means, by writing letters, petitions, sending native headmen to meet with the prime minister. They came back with promises but nothing was done." Another said, "We are a peace loving people, but when our lives are in danger, we will fight back."

The Penan are nomadic hunter-gatherers. Although many have now been settled, about 300 Penan still lead a completely nomadic life in the forest. Even the settled Penan continue to rely heavily on the forest. Sharing is taken for granted in Penan society: there is no Penan word for 'thank you.'

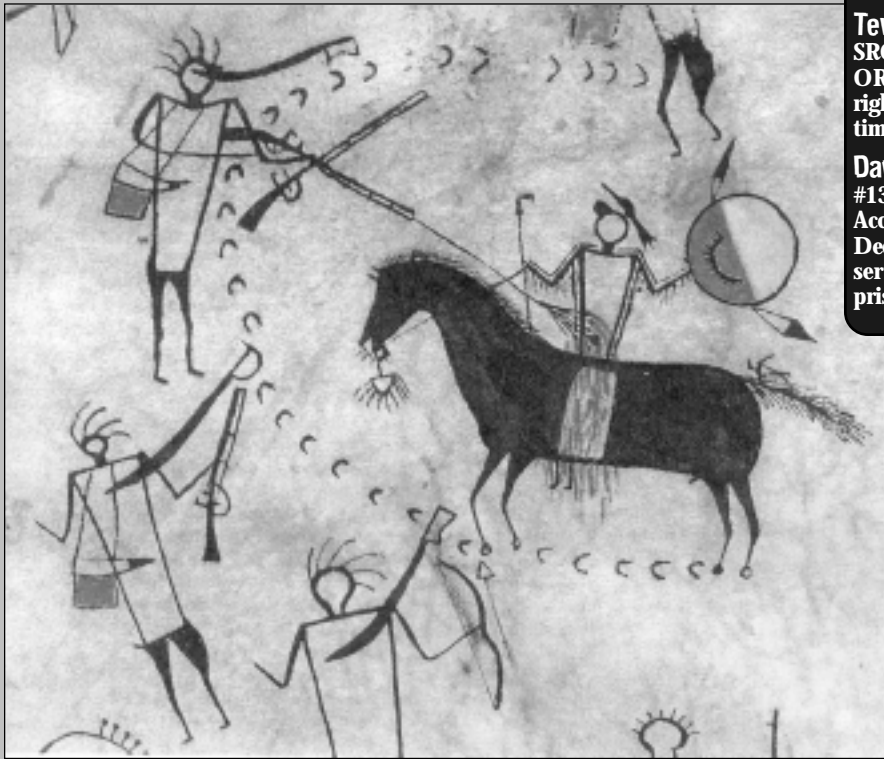
Hadza's "Garden of Eden" Threatened by Imperialist Collusion

On May 21, Tanzanian police arrested Richard Baalow, a Hadza spokesperson and activist who has been trying to help the community express their opposition to the sale of land to a United Arab Emirates royal family trying to use the land of the Hadza as a "personal safari playground". Philip Marmo, a Tanzanian official, said that a nearby hunting area the royal family shared with relatives had become "too crowded" and that a member of the Abu Dhabi royal family "indicated that it was inconvenient" and requested his own parcel. Marmo called the Hadza "backwards" and said they would benefit from the school, roads and other projects the UAE company has offered as compensation. "We want them to go to school," said Marmo. "We want them to wear clothes. We want them to be decent."

prison, three others died soon after being released.

While they have for thousands of years survived the coming of agriculture, metal, guns, diseases, missionaries, poachers, anthropologists, students, gawking journalists, steel houses and encroaching pastoral tribes who often impersonate them for tourist money, the resilient Hadza, who still make fire with sticks, fear that the safari deal will be their undoing. "If they are going to come here, we definitely will all perish," said Kaunda, a Hadza man who still hunts with hand-hewn poison arrows. "Our history will die, and the Hadza will be swept off the face of the world. We are very much afraid."

The Hadza are highly mobile, living in remote settlements of two or three families scattered throughout the valley. They also have no hierarchy or leadership, leaving them as a good indication of the possibilities of Paleolithic life and future primitive endeavors. Describing the Hadza's homeland,



A similar agreement with another company resulted in dozens of Hadza men being arrested for hunting on their own land. Three of the men died of illness in the

Adam Levin says, "A few decades ago, this Garden of Eden was thick with game. I imagine the Hadza people who lived here had little trouble sustaining an

North American Native Political Prisoners:

Byron Shane Chubbuck, #07909051, US Penitentiary, PO Box 26030, Beaumont, TX, 77705. Indigenous activist serving time for robbing banks to acquire funds to support the Zapatista rebellion in Chiapas.

Eddie Hatcher, #0173499, Marion Correctional Institute, POB 2045, Marion, NC 28752. Longtime Native freedom-fighter being framed for a murder he did not commit.

Leonard Peltier, #89637-132, USP Terre Haute, U.S. Penitentiary, 4700 Bureau Road South, Terre Haute, IN 47802. American Indian Movement (AIM) activist, serving two Life sentences, having been framed for the murder of two FBI agents.

Luis V. Rodriguez, #C33000, PO Box 7500, Crescent City, CA 95532-7500. Apache/Chicano activist being framed for the murder of two cops.

Tewahnee Sahme, #1186353, SRCI, 777 Stanton Blvd, Ontario, OR 97914. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving additional time for a prison insurgency.

David Scalera (Looks Away), #13405480, TRCI, 82911 Beach Access Rd, Umatilla, OR 97882. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving additional time for a prison insurgency.

enviable life-style of hunting, gathering, sharing, chilling out, getting stoned, and chatting away in Clicklout, their click-based language. Their cupboard was well stashed. And the tedious concepts of time, a cash economy, the nuclear family, and the Victorian work ethic had yet to complicate the bliss of their simple existence. Like Adam and Eve, I guess. Pre-apple." "What is the need for time?" Kaunda asked. "You wake up, you get honey. What do you need time for?"
(continued on next page)

Brazilian Indians Blockade Highway to Resist Dam

On June 1, the Enawene Nawe indigenous people of the Amazon blockaded a major highway in the Brazilian state of Mato Grosso in protest of a series of hydroelectric dams that will destroy their vital fishing grounds. Companies led by the world's largest soya producers, the Maggi family, are pushing for a vast complex of dams to be built along the Juruena river which flows through the tribe's land. Europe buys half the soya exported from Mato Grosso. The Enawene Nawe, who eat no red meat, fear the fish they rely on will no longer be able to reach their spawning grounds. Some of the Indians have left their village for the first time to join the protest. The tribe, who number only 450, are also protesting over destruction of a crucial area of their land by cattle ranchers who are cutting down the forests and polluting the rivers with pesticides.

In a collective statement, the Enawene Nawe say "As far as the Enawene Nawe are concerned, we are completely against the dams. We do not want a car nor do we want money. We are thinking about fish, and the water." Several neighbouring tribes joined the protest and about 100 Indians armed with bows and arrows effectively isolated the northwestern part of the state.

However, a delegate from the indigenous people agreed to halt the blockade and meet with government officials in the Brazilian capital. By late June what some called a "success" occurred. The government's Indian agency, FUNAI, will survey lands claimed by the Enawene Nawe and other tribes, with the aim of officially recognizing the areas as indigenous, however, reports indicate the dams still look set to go ahead, throwing in doubt the "success."

Tibetans Riot Over Exploitation of Mountain

On June 11, hundreds of Tibetans rioted in a remote, sparsely populated area of southwest China to stop exploitation of a mountain they consider sacred. Angry residents of Bamei town, home to an ethnic Tibetan population, in Sichuan province, attacked government officials and smashed cars during a protest outside the local branch of a mining company, the residents said. They were protesting over the exploitation of Yala Mountain — one of nine mountains considered sacred by Tibetans — in the Tagong grasslands for lead and zinc.

Indians and Ranchers Clash in Paraguay

On June 27, a group of Indians were on a hunting expedition, searching for the large tortoises that form a key part of their diet in the dry season, when they saw two bulldozers clearing the forest. A Paraguayan rancher illegally occupying part of the Ayoreo-Totobiegosode Indians' ancestral territory has destroyed key hunting grounds. The deforestation occurred in the Totobiegosode's heartland, which they have been trying to recover since 1993. In a brief confrontation, the Indians attempted to stop the bulldozers from operating, but Cesar Sosa, the rancher, threatened to have them arrested. Despite some attempts by governmental officials to pretend like they care, several ranchers have succeeded in getting the injunctions lifted on their ranches, and the whole area being claimed by the Totobiegosode is under severe pressure of deforestation. Although most of the Ayoreo tribe, including some members of the Ayoreo-Totobiegosode sub-group, have had contact with outsiders for many years, several groups are known to still live uncontacted in the forest. The most recent group to emerge

came out of the forest in 2004, pleading for water after cattle-farming colonists occupied all the permanent waterholes in their territory.

String of Actions Unleashed by Indigenous of Canada

On June 29, indigenous people in Guelph, Ontario set up a rail blockade in an attempt to stop trains; however, they claim it failed due to a number of complications. They released a communiqué explaining their actions, stating that even though the attempt was unsuccessful, *Nevertheless, this is the kind of disruption that we strive to create every day, regardless of whether it has been called for by sellout collaborators, individuals or simply for our own joy. We want to make it clear that we do not support the AFN [Assembly of First Nations, the national representative/lobby organization of the First Nations in Canada]; the ends that they seek through bargaining with the government, that is responsible for the systematic oppression and exploitation of Native people, our land base, and pretty much every living thing existing on the remainder of this planet.*

It is important to act at every opportunity we get to build



momentum and community, in order to challenge the powers of the State and Capitalism that are incessantly assaulting our lives. We do not act on simplistic calls to action (for action's sake), but use these chances to coordinate our efforts and add to the momentum we are building with others, acting together on our desires to redefine the conditions under which we live.

On July 1, another action took place. The resisters explain: *Tonight we hit the office of M.P. Brenda Chamberlain. The locks were glued on the office door and an anarcho-indigenismo symbol was left in the vicinity. We chose Brenda to harass tonight because she is a political embodiment of the terror and degradation faced by many of us that have to live under a capitalist apathetic democracy. It's the status quo that allows developers to transform Indigenous land into suburban wastelands, and the poor and ethnicity exploited peoples of this country get screwed over every time. While communities are pushed into bureaucratic processes to settle their land claims, on a continent they inhabited long before this deformation of a country called Canada moved in, capitalist business' are and have been jumping for joy with every deal they have sealed in the graveyards we call cities and the wastelands we called forests. Replacing an existence abundant with possibility and desire with the meek scarcity of a global capitalist monoculture. So tonight we fight back!*

Also, July 1 saw over 200 indigenous people and their non-native supporters take to the streets and the train tracks on a march and blockade to mark their resistance to Canada's genocidal system. CN rail lines were occupied and blocked for over an hour. During the blockade a Canadian flag was burned on the tracks by an indigenous person, and several other Canadian souvenir flags that had been painted with the words "No Justice on Stolen Native Land" were burned by about 40 indigenous people.

Brazil: Landless Farmers Occupy Company Property

Over 500 landless farmers, most of them women, from the Via Campesina (Peasant Way) and the Movimento dos Trabalhadores Rurais sem Terra (Landless Rural Workers' Movement) invaded and briefly occupied an iron ore mine, a bank, and a sugar mill to protest the impact of big companies on the poor and President Bush's visit to Brazil. A press release issued by Via Campesina said that their protest was meant as a statement "against transnational companies and the financial system, which seek control of the natural resources in the country."

The Capao Xavier mine, located in Nova Lima, Minas Gerais, was occupied for four hours at which point police removed all of the demonstrators. The mine is owned by Brazil's Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD) which is the largest iron ore miner in the world. CVRD claimed that the occupation delayed the excavation of 12,000 tonnes of ore costing them thousands of dollars in lost profits. Last year indigenous protesters occupied and shut down another CVRD mine for several days.

Simultaneous occupations took place at a sugar and ethanol mill, owned by U.S. grain trader Cargill's Cevasa, in Sao Paulo state and the headquarters of the Banco Nacional de Desenvolvimento Econômico e Social (BNDES Bank) in Rio de Janeiro.

Police Station Wiped Out

In Yalata, Australia, unknown arsonists destroyed a police station in the southwestern Aboriginal town of Yalata. Damage was estimated at about \$400,000. Australia's federal government has a newly legislated policy of intervention in indigenous communities aimed at criminalizing poverty and seizing communal lands.

websites:

www.geocities.com/insurrectionary_anarchists/indigenous.html
and
www.bombsandshields.org

RECLAIMING THE MYTH-TIME:



(continued from page 45)

A titanic heel the size of a whole range of mountains lands dustily, lightly on a ring of stardust, touching down ever so gently before rising once more to step out the endless cycling reel of an ancient dancer. In a delight beyond time the Great Dancer spins and flails comet tailed arms to a rhythm that beats from the heart of a nearby world. Around and around the shining moon the great one twirls and swings, prancing on the dusky ring that hangs in the sky around the moon that appears bright and full to the world below. The people on the world cannot see this dancer, who is clothed in the same darkness that lies between the stars, but the effervescent ring that forms as a vast circle for this gargantuan Being we can see on the nights when those immense feet land heavier with the fervor of the dance and dislodge shimmering pieces of the sky that glimmer in the moonlight as they fall softly to the earth below. On these nights, when the ring shines around the moon, the People hold their own dances to accompany the Great Dancer, glancing every so often at that magnificent ring of light above to honor the One whose dancing steps keep time to the pulse of our Earth and maintain the spinning of the sky itself.

The stories we tell and the songs we sing reveal who we are. They speak of our passions, visions, fears and hopes. Our songs and stories are our interpretation of the world, and the working of the world around us upon ourselves. This is a relationship to be delved into, not a problem to solve or a fact to be known. To know a place, person, Being, is to know not only the words, those mere symbols that interpret and explain, but the way that eyes shine as a story is told, the tone of an excited voice. How much is known by the gleeful croak of a Raven as she completes a flip on a rising thermal? What do we learn from the stance of a mountain and the perch of its majestic crags? What contrast it is to even consider if a story could be devoid of meaning! Can a song lack the passion of the singer? Far too many examples abound within civilization to need reiteration here. Turn on their radios, televisions; enter their museums and libraries: see for yourself. Better yet, do not see. Do not accept their stories. In some objective, analytical way perhaps no tale or song can totally lack meaning, as they cannot lack the reflection of their creator. This realization may be even more frightening than the idea of a song without passion. Knowing that our songs and stories speak so clearly of who we are, I ponder why so many of our treasured tales are borrowed or stolen. Where are my stories? For that matter, where are my People? I claim, as do many, that I am still looking for them, perhaps waiting for a song to guide me. As we come to know the stories of the Place that we inhabit and we come to discover the ancestral songs that lie deep within our hearts we may at last come to know ourselves. The stories that will bring our tribe together are merely waiting to be shared, waiting to be sung.

A culture beyond time.

According to 'Cultural Constraints on Grammar and Cognition in Piraha by Daniel L Everett', the reason for the many unique features of the Piraha language and culture are: *"the absence of numbers of any kind or a concept of counting and of any terms for quantification, the absence of color terms, the absence of embedding, the simplest pronoun inventory known, the absence of "relative tenses," the simplest kinship system yet documented, the absence of creation myths and fiction, the absence of any individual or collective memory of more than two generations past, the absence of drawing or other art and one of the simplest material cultures documented, and the fact that the Piraha are monolingual after more than 200 years of regular contact with Brazilians and the Tupi-Guarani-speaking Kawahiv... ultimately derive from a single cultural constraint in Piraha, namely, the restriction of communication to the immediate experience of the interlocutors."*

If there are cultural constraints to make abstract generalizations that go beyond immediate experience, the concept of binary quantification that numerals are built upon becomes impossible to grasp. (It would be like trying to understand something that occurs in a fifth dimension for us). The same thing goes for color terms as they also are beyond an immediate, spatial-temporally bound experience. How one would perceive reality without the concept of a fourth dimension of time could best be described as 'in experience' and 'out of experience'.

This explains the Piraha peoples excitement seeing a canoe go around a river bend or why they love watching a flickering match go out as they go from being 'in experience' to 'out of experience'.. Perhaps time is not linear and part of the fundamental structure of the universe, not a dimension in which events occur in sequence but a constructed dimension. And perhaps it's possible that instead of being an objective thing to be measured, time is actually part of a mental measuring system that keeps us from descending into total anarchy.

It would be impossible to live a functioning life (if the premise for a functioning life would be – for example – to get to work in time) without the current level of cognitive displacement, except of course while sleeping, having sex or under the influence of drugs (both chemical and technological) and other forms of acting out to escape the tyranny of the clock. Therefore there has to be other explanations to the exceptionality of the Piraha people according to those who want to defend Eurocentric values and the necessity of a civilized culture.

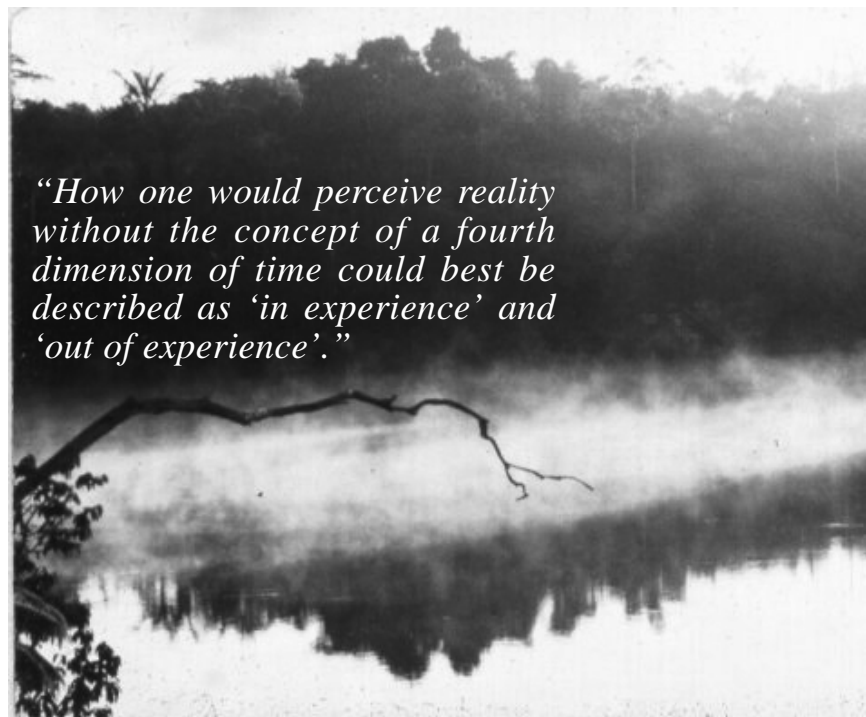
One of the most oversimplified explanations is inbreeding or the use of drugs and thereby explaining the whole thing with mental retardation. This is not only unproven and illogical but also a demeaning and prejudiced argument towards a people that have intermarried with outsiders for a long time, actually to the point that there are no well-defined phenotypes other than posture, which of course is not a matter of genes but a matter of socialization.

They live an overall healthy life and the hallucinogenic drug that the Piraha use in their monthly rituals is not exceptional for them but is widely used by various groups in wet tropical forests of South America. It could be argued that the average Piraha person (or basically any member of the various indigenous people living in the rainforest) is more intelligent than the average civilized westerner since they can successfully survive in a surrounding where we probably wouldn't last very long on our own.

There are also those who are determined to prove that the claims of Daniel Everett and others are false. Like the 'Piraha Exceptionality: a Reassessment' by Andrew Ira Nevins, David Pesetsky, Cilene Rodrigues where they use previous material by Everett (1986; 1987b) to prove that later material by Everett (2005b) is wrong. Everett himself claims in CULTURAL CONSTRAINTS ON GRAMMAR IN PIRAHA: A reply to Nevins, Pesetsky and Rodrigues, that in those almost twenty years that have gone between 1986 and 2005 he has continued to study the Piraha with the result that he now is a fluent speaker of their language and therefore also has a deeper understanding of it.

He also claims that the exceptionalities in the language and culture of the Piraha people are probably not unique; its just that no one has thought of the possibility that a language and culture like this could actually exist and therefore these exceptionalities would have been lost in the translation to a civilized language and culture.

A slightly different explanation that is supported by the psycholinguist Peter Gordon is based on the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, *"which argues that the nature of a particular language influences the habitual thought of its speakers"* – Wikipedia, Sapir-Whorf hypothesis.



"How one would perceive reality without the concept of a fourth dimension of time could best be described as 'in experience' and 'out of experience'."

In 1929, Sapir wrote: *"Human beings do not live in the objective world alone, nor alone in the world of social activity as ordinarily understood, but are very much at the mercy of the particular language which has become the medium of expression for their society."* In the 1930s his student Whorf elaborated this idea: *"We cut nature up, organize it into concepts, and ascribe significances as we do, largely because we are parties to an agreement to organize it in this way – an agreement that holds throughout our speech community and is codified in the patterns of our language."*

Although the theory gives some significant insights for understanding the nature of language and cognition it doesn't explain the Piraha inability to count (other than to the number nine in very rare cases),

even when they were taught the words for numbers in Portuguese and it was explained to them what they represent. It seems to be more likely that it is cognition that affects language than the other way around when it comes to the Piraha people. A vivid example of this is the fact that some of the Piraha people have learned Portuguese words and phrases but none of its grammar.

"They will 'write stories,' just random marks, on paper I give them and then 'read' the stories back to me—telling me something random about their day, etc. They may even make marks on paper and say random Portuguese numbers while holding the paper for me to see. They do not understand at all that such symbols should be precise (for example, when I ask them to draw a symbol twice, it is never replicated) and consider their 'writing' exactly the same as the marks that I make."
- Daniel L Everett

Could it be that the Piraha developed their cultural constraints so that they would continue to be 'the straight ones' (as they call themselves) because they could see in neighboring peoples that something was fundamentally lost in the transition to an increasingly mediated existence and that the result of being incorporated into the dominant culture meant losing ones identity and ending up being second class Brazilians?

According to the studies made on the other languages in the Mura family they didn't show the same exceptional features as the Piraha language do, and maybe that's the reason why they are now extinct. Apparently the Piraha avoided the sad story that has been repeated over and over again with devastating results for native people all over the earth when they have lost their language and culture, by separating with the Mura group in the eighteenth century, at the same time Brazilians first encountered them.

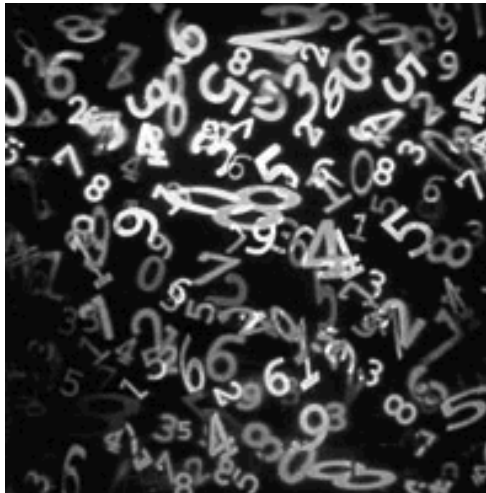
"It should be underscored here that the Piraha ultimately not only do not value Portuguese (or American) knowledge but oppose its coming into their lives. They ask questions about outside cultures largely for the entertainment value of the answers. If one tries to suggest (as we originally did, in a math class, for example) that there is a preferred response to a specific question, they will likely change the subject and/or show irritation." - Daniel Everett

"They reacted by saying that if that is what we were trying to teach them [to read and write], they wanted us to stop: 'We don't write our language.'..." - Daniel Everett

But the Piraha are in no way unique with their rejection of civilization. In 1956, the Huaorani people in Ecuador (also known as Waorani, Waodani, or Auca) became famous when they killed five American missionaries with spears. In 1968 the Tagaeri clan, led by Taga, separated from other Huaoranis and have since then lived in isolation. According to the Tagaeris, white people are infected by a 'death-culture' and they reject all further contact and even war against those Huaoranis that are having contact with civilization since they see them as infected with the same 'death-culture' as white people.

As The Piraha, the Huaoranis perception of reality is oriented to the present, with few obligations extending backwards or forwards in time. Their one word for future times is "baane" (tomorrow). But they seem to know how to count to at least 5. Their words for numbers are: 1: adoke, 2: mea, 3: mea go adoke (two plus one), 4: mea go mea (two plus two), 5: mea go mea go adoke (two plus two plus one), which means that they grasp the concept of recursion but only have words for one and two in their language. What is important to remember is that these studies were made among Huaoranis living in reservations.

Maybe our obsession to keep ourselves alive at any cost is a symptom of this 'death-culture' and maybe this inexplicable fear of dying is a result of our time perception. For every second that ticks away we are brought closer to death by this relentless machine. In civilization there are always clocks to remind us of our mortality and since so few of us really live, we are subconsciously driven into a state of pathological fear. We can never get enough of money, comfort, consumption, religion, in our desperate attempt to fill the void that the concept of a fourth dimension of time has created for us. Unfortunately we don't keep this 'death-culture' to ourselves but we also see it as our duty to spread it across the world until everyone is infected by this diseased culture.



Evangelists threaten the tribe's ancient identity by destroying their culture with "development" projects and evangelism. Many believe that the missionaries are paid and supported by the foreign oil companies, which are clearing rainforest to extract petroleum. (According to Nella Parks *"The historical connection of the SIL missionaries and the Ecuadorian team with BIG OIL and the CIA is quite clear as illustrated in Colby's book, Thy Will Be Done."*) One of the companies operating in the Amazon is Skanska, a Swedish construction company that together with foreign oil companies controls 70 % of Yasuni, the most important national park in Ecuador with an incredibly rich biodiversity. They are doing this quite illegally and often with the aid of military help and thereby

threatening the existence of the Huaorani people among others.

The missionaries claim that the Huaoranis have such a violent culture that their "warring ways" are threatening their existence while anthropologists believe that they are some of the oldest groups of people in the Americas. Their traditional way of surviving includes cycles of war that can best be described as gang-fights that serve to maintain the balance in the jungle that cannot sustainably support large populations of people. For this so called "violent behavior" they are called savages and their culture destructive by members of the most destructive and insanely violent culture this world has ever known (and hopefully will ever know).

No wonder that they see white people as carriers of a 'death-culture'. This is not superstition, it's cold hard facts. It's a reality they face everyday as they are *"pushed into the deepest parts of the jungle due to the missionary presence. They believe isolation is the only way to conserve their way of life, so they have refused all contact with the outside world."* - Nella Parks, Missionaries "help" Hurt Tribes People

The future for the Pirahas doesn't look too bright either. Even if there's no risk for them losing their language and culture, it will die with them as they are slowly facing extinction because of the ecocide that all the inhabitants of the Amazon are facing. But hopefully the Pirahas will continue to stubbornly ignore the "knowledge" from the 'apagaíso' (crooked heads) and the Tagaeris stay violent enough to keep swarming missionaries and other people infected by the 'death-culture' at a safe distance.

And hopefully the collapse of civilization will be soon enough, so that there will be undomesticated people left that can heal together with the rainforest and continue to live the way they have done for millennia; in complete equilibrium with their environment. And hopefully some day stories of white people and their machines and scribbles on paper and strange beliefs will be nothing more than the stories of evil spirits. But the Piraha will probably have forgotten the whole thing after a couple of generations; because that is their way. That is their culture, *a culture beyond time.*

by Thomas Toivonen



I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land: will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now think: vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed; it might be done.

— John Brown, 1859

Protest Attacked by Cops March 11, Tacoma, WA:

A protest organized by the Olympia/Tacoma port militarization resistance and the Tacoma SDS ended in violence. Protesters moved from one heavily reinforced police barricade (about 250 riot police) to another in the hopes of participating in a non-violent act of civil disobedience by sitting in a street and allowing themselves to be arrested. The police responded by firing into the group with pepper spray pellets, bean bags and rubber bullets followed by CS (tear) gas and pepper spray dispersal gas. A few protesters returned the canisters back to the police line to keep them out of the unsuspecting crowd who was not participating in the action. The police then advanced through the cloud of gas and opened fire on the fleeing protesters, chasing them three blocks and launching at least 20 canisters of gas. Protests were against the shipment of large armored military convoys through the town and port.

Insurrectionary Youth March 29, Santiago, Chile:

Thousands of students, most of whom are of high school age, took to the streets in cities across the country, rioting and looting marking "The Day of the Young Combatant," which is the anniversary of the deaths of two young brothers, murdered by police while demonstrating against the Pinochet dictatorship. Youth blocked traffic with burning barricades, attacked police, looted stores and according to police some were armed with automatic weapons. One cop was shot while trying to stop looters who had targeted a supermarket. In all more than 100 pigs were injured and over 800 people were arrested, but most of them were under the age of 16 and thus too young to be charged. They were quickly released, but in some cases the government plans to sue their parents. Santiago Governor Marcelo Trivelli said the protests "appear to reflect a general sensation of social dissatisfaction in the country. I think people are somehow showing they want changes and some express that with anger."

From a communiqué on April 12: *These incendiary flames are an immediate response to the declaration of endorsement given by the Socialist Party to the brutal police repression against anti-authoritarian youths that took place on March 29th, which demonstrated, once again, that the police are no more than assassins paid by the state that is today administered and led by this corrupt party. From the start of this "democratic" and capitalist dictatorship, the socialist party has been responsible for betraying, coercing, imprisoning and assassinating the youths who struggled in the '90s and on, becoming heirs of the military dictatorship. We make a call to all those that resist, from direct confrontation against capitalism and those who protect it. To continue extending and diversifying the struggle and propaganda to destroy bourgeois society; and to obtain self-determination over our lives. We will never conform for the crumbs of the state. All who participate or want to participate in the feast of the state are our declared enemies. To them we send our active hatred. The Insurrectionary Youth Will Put an End to the Reformist Youth.*

On May 21, a few hours before a presidential speech, two explosive devices detonated in Santiago, one

in the headquarters of the Party for Democracy and another in front of the Inspectorate of Labor. In spite of the damage caused, nobody was injured.

A communiqué stated:

Work never dignifies any person. Nobody who finds themselves obliged to sell their existence like merchandise has managed to dignify their life through this wage-slavery. We will only obtain Freedom by destroying the bindings with which they tie us to this criminal, slave society. The States are built on blood.

Three Steel Company Execs Kidnapped May 12, India:

Three Indian officials working for a South Korean steel company were taken hostage by rebels who contend that the company's plan to build a plant in eastern India would displace thousands of people. But they were released after the villagers received assurances from Posco that they would not enter their village. Posco's steel plant, which would be the largest single foreign investment in India, was approved by the Indian government last year as a special economic zone, making it eligible for tax breaks and exempt from some government duties. Many residents are strongly opposed to the project because they say it would require the displacement of about 20,000 people. Posco officials had been warned by residents not to enter their villages without permission, but the three did not heed the warning.

Later in the year, farmers in Nandigram, angered by government plans to build an industrial park on their land, fought police with rocks, machetes and pickaxes. At least 11 people were killed, officials said. The clashes broke out when police tried to enter villages in the Nandigram area for the first time since January, when violence forced officers to abandon their posts in the vicinity. Those disturbances prompted the government to temporarily suspend plans for scores of so-called Special Economic Zones, which are meant to attract investors with generous tax breaks. Most of the zones are to be built on farmland.

The violence has ignited a national debate over whether farms should

be razed for factories in India, where about two-thirds of the country's more than 1 billion people live off agriculture.

All those killed were farmers, bringing the death toll in Nandigram since violence first erupted there to 18. Twenty-five people and 14 cops were wounded.

The trouble in Nandigram began on January 7, 2007, after the leak of government plans to acquire 22,000 acres of land and build a petrochemical plant and shipyard in a Special Economic Zone. The hastily formed Bhumi Ucched Pratirodh, or Land Acquisition Resistance Committee in the region's Bengali language, organized protests that quickly turned violent. After six people were killed, West Bengal's government said it would reconsider its plans. The federal government soon followed suit, temporarily suspending the approval of new Special Economic Zones.

Meanwhile, police in West Bengal effectively abandoned Nandigram to the farmers, who turned their villages into bristling little garrisons — digging trenches across roads and erecting barricades to keep officers out. But the area has since been plagued by sporadic clashes between members of the resistance committee and supporters of the Communist Party of India, which governs West Bengal.

After a cop was killed nearby in February, the government announced it would send officers back into Nandigram in an attempt to restore order.

May 13, San Salvador, El Salvador:

Large crowds of rioters attacked police and corporate-owned news media after a police-initiated crackdown on unlicensed street vendors in the downtown area. The vendors were selling unlicensed or "pirated" CDs and DVDs that are protected by copyrights. Angry workers and their supporters threw stones and other projectiles at riot police and burned at least one corporate-owned news truck.

No Shit! May, Eggmühl, Germany:

An 18-year-old man was detained for repeatedly defecating in front of a cash machine in a bank vestibule, cops said. He is reported to

have made said bank deposits eight times. Eventually, the bank installed surveillance cameras and filmed him in action. A bank worker later spotted him boarding a local bus and alerted the local shit authorities. The squatter faces charges of vandalism. We have no word on whether or not he is a member of APOO (see GA #24).

Tax Revolt Leads to Standoff June, New Hampshire:

To avoid serving prison sentences for tax evasion, Ed Brown and his wife, Elaine, have locked themselves off from the world on their own terms. From behind the 8-inch concrete walls of their 110-acre hilltop compound, the couple taunts police and SWAT teams and plays to reporters and government-haters with references to past standoffs that turned deadly. Ed Brown warned authorities they wouldn't take him alive: "We either walk out of here free or we die."

Attack Against the French Embassy June 17, Montevideo, Uruguay:

A Molotov bomb was boldly thrown against the doors of the French embassy in Montevideo, Uruguay, and in the area some words were painted reading: "Long live the revolts in France." They said, "This action is in solidarity with the rebels who were imprisoned for protesting against the electoral circus, with all who participated, in one way or another, in the revolts. We don't ask permission, we re-appropriate with pride in their struggle, our struggle, since we can do no less than see ourselves reflected in each gesture, in each action that hurdles in conflict with this system of death, we are united in the desire for freedom, we are a vital force in movement... The revolt is contagious!"

Earlier in the year, on April 16, two Molotov cocktails exploded at the Montevideo Circuit Police Headquarters, but caused no casualties. One firebomb blew up outside the headquarters building and the other one was detonated inside, shattering the windows of an office and causing a fire that burned some facilities around the office.

Free Trade Zone Heats Up June, Halifax, Canada:

Twenty-one people were arrested in Halifax during a protest against the conference on Atlantica, a proposal to establish a freer trade zone between Eastern Canada and New England. The 12 men and nine women arrested are facing charges that include obstruction, resisting arrest, causing a disturbance, unlawful assembly, mischief, assault, assaulting police and weapons offenses. Theresa Brien, a spokeswoman for Halifax Regional Police, said those charged were among a group of about 60 black-clad protesters who donned disguises, broke away from a larger, peaceful demonstration and roamed the streets with their minds set on wreaking havoc.

The group that separated from the main demonstration ignited smoke bombs, threw paint-filled balloons and light bulbs at a police car then headed to a branch of TD Canada Trust to pelt it with rocks and paint.

Pierre Blais of the Anti-Capitalist Coalition said he was happy the protest effort attracted several hundred people and that they employed a variety of tactics, including bike rides, pickets, and violence. "We're pretty excited about what happened," he said. "It was a huge success." Mr. Blais said he supported the protesters who were arrested. "The rage that we saw on the streets was definitely legitimate," he said. "It was definitely a legitimate answer to the everyday violence of poverty and environmental destruction. We do stand in solidarity with them."

Nobody was hurt seriously in the melee, Ms. Brien said. One cop suffered a head injury while another had problems related to either a chemical irritant protesters used or the pepper spray of police.

Self-Styled Robin Hood-like Bandit August, Spain:

Spain's most wanted thief, "The Loner," saw himself as a Robin Hood-style figure and said he robbed banks only because they stole from the public, his lawyer said. Accused of killing three policemen and holding up more than 30 banks, Jaime Jimenez Arbe was

planning to move on to insurance companies when he was arrested. Lawyer Jose Mariano Trillo-Figueroa said Jimenez, who robbed the banks disguised in a false beard and a wig, thinks of himself as Curro Jimenez, a Spanish 1970s television bandit in the style of Robin Hood. The Loner was arrested in Portugal, armed with a submachine gun in preparation for another bank robbery.

Bank Surveillance Targeted August 18, Canada:

In the late hours of the night, a CIBC (Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce) was vandalized and stenciled 'Big Brother is Watching You'. Later, two parking lot security cameras were vandalized and a third camera destroyed with fire. A wall was tagged 'Fuck the SPP'. The actions were taken with the intention of deepening attacks against security hysteria and in solidarity with individuals engaging in sabotage against the Security and Prosperity Partnership.

'Basque Land Not for Sale' August, Aussurucq, Basque Country:

An attack in the mountain village of Aussurucq — or Altzuruku in Basque — is part of an escalating campaign of bombings and arson directed at elite holiday homes in the French Basque country. Many targets are painted with a warning in Basque and French: "The Basque Country is not for sale." Bombs have been deposited or detonated at estate agencies, banks, and holiday cottages as locals in the poorest areas of the mountains complain they are being priced out of their region by property speculators and second-home owners. The current campaign — attacking the villas of French outsiders and firebombing cars with Paris-region number plates — has sparked fears among politicians of a return to the violent campaign of 20 years ago. Then the French Basque movement, Iparretarrak, carried out hundreds of attacks against villas and property firms under the slogans "No to tourism" and "Let the Basque country live".

(continued on next page)

Riots Spread as Students Revolt

August 20, Bangladesh:

A clash on Dhaka University campus, when students at a football game were manhandled by soldiers, escalated into a nationwide student revolt. Despite apologies for the assault from the government, their withdrawal of troops from Dhaka campus, and the promise of an official enquiry, unrest spread and became a more general protest against the government and its long-running State of Emergency. Several cities were placed under indefinite curfew enforced by army and police. All universities and colleges closed and mobile phone communications were blocked. Students across the country rioted and demonstrated, and were joined by "large numbers of ordinary people" – they "fought running battles with police, damaged huge numbers of private and public vehicles, and attacked police boxes, banks, public and private offices, and shops."

During clashes demonstrators used bricks, sticks, barricades, fire, and petrol and blocked roads and rail tracks – while the cops used teargas shells, batons, water cannon and rubber bullets that resulted in injuries of several hundred people.

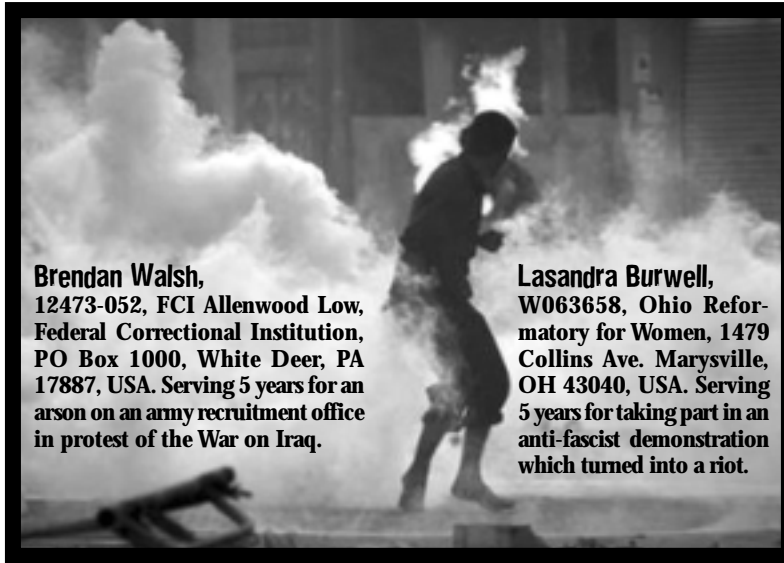
The government, worried about the political turmoil last year being a destabilizing influence on the South Asia region, has followed IMF policy and imposed privatizations on the Chittagong docks and in the jute mill industry. Pressure is also building to open up extraction of energy resources (e.g. open cast mining) to western companies.

Made in China: Villagers Continue Revolts

Corruption, land grabs, pollution, unpaid wages, and a widening wealth gap have fueled tens of thousands of incidents of unrest in recent years, many of them occurring in rural areas most adversely affected by the new industrial revolution. There are at least 200 protests of differing sizes each day, official figures show, although many do not get any publicity. The Chinese government is said to be "highly sensitive to such manifestations of anger".

March: Security was tight in a town in central China following riots that involved as many as 20,000 people. Protests began after a local firm took over the town's bus routes and doubled the fares. Vehicles were burned and several people injured in clashes with cops as the protests climaxed on Monday. Reports said one person

financial penalties and incentives than on forced abortions and sterilizations common in the 1980s. Local officials who fail to meet annual population-control targets come under heavy bureaucratic pressure to reduce births in their area of responsibility or face demotion or removal from office.



Brendan Walsh,
12473-052, FCI Allenwood Low,
Federal Correctional Institution,
PO Box 1000, White Deer, PA
17887, USA. Serving 5 years for an
arson on an army recruitment office
in protest of the War on Iraq.

Lasandra Burwell,
W063658, Ohio Reformatory for Women, 1479
Collins Ave. Marysville,
OH 43040, USA. Serving
5 years for taking part in an
anti-fascist demonstration
which turned into a riot.

had been killed, although this was denied by the official Xinhua news agency, which played down the incident.

The firm's decision to raise the bus fare from around 50 cents to \$1 during the recent Chinese New Year brought complaints initially from the parents of secondary school children. They began protesting on a Friday, and were joined by others over the weekend – reaching a reported 20,000.

May: Rioters smashed and burned government offices, overturned official vehicles, and clashed with riot police in a series of confrontations over four days. Varying accounts of injuries and deaths, with some asserting that as many as five people were killed, including three officials responsible for population control work, were reported by locals and visitors. A local government official in one of the counties affected confirmed the rioting but denied reports of deaths or serious injuries.

The violence is said to stem from a two-month-long crackdown in Guangxi to punish people who violated the country's birth control policy. To limit the growth of its population of 1.3 billion, many parts of China rely more on

According to villagers and witness accounts posted on the Internet, officials in several parts of Guangxi mobilized their largest effort in years to roll back population growth by instituting mandatory health checks for women and forcing pregnant women who did not have approval to give birth to abort fetuses. According to sources, officials imposed fines ranging from (US equivalent) \$65 to \$9,000, on families that had violated birth control measures any time since 1980. The new tax, called a "social child-raising fee," was collected even though the vast majority of violators had already paid fines in the past.

Many families objected strongly to the fees and refused to pay. Witnesses said in such cases villagers were detained, their homes searched and valuables, including electronic items and motorcycles, confiscated by the government.

"Worst of all, the gangsters used hammers and iron rods to destroy people's homes, while threatening that the next time it would be with bulldozers," said a local peasant.

Villagers responded by breaking through a wall surrounding

government buildings, ransacking offices, smashing computers, and destroying documents. Finally, they set fire to the building itself.

August 25: At least one villager was killed and dozens injured in a village in Harbin, Heilongjiang province, after residents clashed with armed police and thugs sent by developers to take over their land. Clashes broke out in the morning in Yutian village between farmers and more than 100 armed officers after days of a standoff between the residents and people the witnesses said were hired by the developers, who have been working on a redevelopment plan. Armed with basic farming tools, residents set up road-blocks at the edge of the village to defend their land. When it became evident that the men they had hired could not scare away the farmers, the developers – allegedly led by village party boss Li Peizeng – called in armed police to disperse the crowd. Villagers accused the redevelopment plan of being a thinly disguised land grab under the pretext of building a "socialist new countryside", a recent party slogan.

December 10: Lan Yuanxian, a 16 year-old migrant worker from Anhui, was beaten by two or three officials from the municipal management bureau, she said from her hospital bed. The incident began outside a vegetable market when a truck wanted to make a delivery of oil to a shop there. Lan's bicycle was parked in the way for about five minutes, for which local city management officials tried to fine her 50 yuan. Lan protested and argued with them, and was beaten up. Another woman was beaten with truncheons when she tried to stop them. More than 1,000 people encircled the city officials' cars, refusing to leave. More than 50 riot police were called in to disperse the crowd, which took about two hours.

Arson Against Steel Plant Under Construction Trinidad

Foundation work on a new \$1.7 billion steel plant to be set up in Trinidad and Tobago by India's Essar group has been delayed following a suspected case of arson. Two vehicles worth \$320,000 used

for construction work at the plant's site were destroyed in what police have confirmed as sabotage as a gasoline tank, two cutlasses, and a pair of sneakers were found at the scene. Julien Subnaik, project manager of Namacco Construction Services, alleged that the vehicles were set on fire by those who are opposed to the plant being built in the area. "Two weeks ago, an Essar sign was burnt, and there are several signs protesting the construction of the plant," he said. Subnaik noted that last month there was a protest demonstration against the project in the area and since then there has been a sense of uneasiness in the community. Residents who live in the area are mainly Indo-Trinidadians, descendants of indentured laborers who came to work in the sugar plantations in this country over a hundred years ago. There are around 520,000 Indo-Trinidadians in a population of a million. Essar Steel Caribbean had signed an agreement in December 2005 to set up the two million-tonne iron and steel plant in Trinidad and Tobago. The company is a subsidiary of Essar Global, which in turn, is a closely held company of India's Ruia family.

Farmers and Workers Clash with Cops South Korea

Thousands of South Korean farmers and workers clashed with riot police at a massive rally against a free trade agreement with the United States. The clash began when the protesters tried to break through a barricade blocking the road to the US Embassy. Police fired 12 water cannons and sprayed fire extinguishers to halt the protesters, a police official said on condition of anonymity, citing policy.

Some protesters swung sticks and threw stones at the riot police and tried to turn over police buses set up to block the protest in central Seoul. Police said they arrested about 100 protesters and that more than 10 riot police were injured. Organizers said 50,000 people took part in the protest, occupying a 16-lane road with about 50 demonstrators hurt, mostly with head injuries. Police estimated there were 20,000 demonstrators.

The deal is the largest free trade agreement for the US since the North American Free Trade Agreement more than a decade ago, and the largest ever for South Korea. "Farmers would be the biggest victim of the free trade deal," said Lee Young-soo, a farmer who took part in the rally.

Students Fight Police Bangladesh

Student protests against the military government have spread to include slum dwellers and the exploited classes generally, who fought riot police with sticks and rocks in increasingly violent clashes in several cities. Protestors in the capital, Dhaka, burned buses, cars and at least one military vehicle. Troops have been withdrawn from Dhaka University, where the unrest started, which was the students' original demand. The 6-month old "emergency" government has also responded by indefinitely imposing curfews and school closures in six cities, and a media and communications blackout through the country.

Poor Become a Bit Unruly November 22, Dakar, Senegal:

Rioters ransacked the mayor's office, overturned and burned cars, blocked off streets and clashed

after, at the last minute, police revoked a long since issued permit for a trade union demonstration against rising food and fuel prices. Hundreds of the capital's poor residents joined in to vent their frustrations with the government.

A large police presence made an effort to disperse rioters with tear-gas and truncheons, but smaller outbreaks of violence continued. At least two buildings were burned down, and 15 people were arrested during the unrest. In an attempt to diffuse some of the anger, Dakar Governor Amadou Sy offered the evicted traders space on side streets away from downtown. However, the vendors were not contented by the compromise which they felt was not good enough.

The violence was on a scale greater than any seen in the country in at least the past six years. Senegal is often held up as an example of stability in West Africa, but tensions among the nation's less well-off have been growing as the gap between rich and poor has widened significantly in recent years and the cost of living continues to rise dramatically. Discontent with the federal government is widespread and primarily stems from issues related to economics and poverty.

President Abdoulaye Wade has been attempting to give Dakar a

Drug Squad Attacked November 23, Albany, Georgia:

The Albany Dougherty Police Drug Squad compound was firebombed. Investigators believe that two molotov cocktails were thrown over a fence. Four cars were damaged, including one undercover vehicle that was totaled. A marked patrol car was also struck by one of the devices, but was only singed. Police have no suspects but plan to dust the remnants of the two broken bottles for fingerprints.

High Schoolers Rebel Over More Hours of Incarceration November 26, Netherlands:

Students in Amsterdam pelted mounted police with apples, rocks, and bottles and boycotted classes across the country. The youths, most of whom are of high school age though some appeared to be even younger, organized their wildcat protests to voice their opposition to proposed legislation that would add another 26 hours of mandatory classroom time to the annual school year. Schools are already required to offer 1,040 hours of classroom time and could be fined for failing to meet that target. Students complain that they will just be forced to sit in more study halls and that the extra hours will not be put to any necessary use.

Organized by email and text messaging, some of the 1,000 plus students who gathered in Amsterdam's Museum Square hurled bicycles at police, smashed shop windows, lit large fire-crackers, and vandalized cars even going so far as to overturn one and set fire to it. Riot police dispersed demonstrators with a water cannon and arrested 15 people including one individual who after evading cops with assistance from the crowd was dragged to a waiting police transport van by his hair.



with police as authorities attempted to remove all the sidewalk vendors, blamed for causing traffic congestion, from the streets early yesterday morning. The throngs of angry street fighters swelled soon

after, at the last minute, police revoked a long since issued permit for a trade union demonstration against rising food and fuel prices. Hundreds of the capital's poor residents joined in to vent their frustrations with the government.

MARoons:

Guardians of the flag of liberation

By
HADotso

WAGE SLAVERY

Wage-based economic systems are nothing short of slavery. The plantations have been replaced largely by the industrial-urban centers. Strip-malls and service jobs. Modern techno-industrial society, or the misleading label "post" industrial, is only the most recent manifestation of mass production with gadgets, widgets, and information replacing sugarcane and cotton as the commodity of choice. The master's bullwhip has been perfectly replaced by the instrument of law. The use of violence, or more overtly the threat of use, keeps the wage-slaves in check thereby transforming spontaneous, creative individuals into diligent worker-bees. The owner's brand has been replaced by the name brand: the corporate logo. However instead of holding a child down to sear a glowing iron into her shoulder to symbolize ownership, they are chained to assembly lines forcing them to sew on designer labels for 13 hours a day. "The Nike Swoosh is nothing more than a whip in mid-swing."

One is compelled to work because s/he knows that if s/he doesn't they will be forcefully removed from their home. They will be unable to buy groceries. And yet those that cringe at the mention of plantation-slavery, no doubt thinking it some relic of a bygone era and not a reality in present-day society, are on their knees, hands outstretched begging to accept the conditions of wage-slavery. But not every slave ran into the burning house to save their master; some ran away, others added fuel.

What exactly happened to those who ran away? His-story does not tell us, because in doing so, it would be forced to admit it's *illegitimateness*: That while some accepted the terms, others refused. That many resisted and had to be crushed. That civilization is not the natural climax of human evolution it proudly proclaims itself to be. It would be forced to confess it's biggest fear: That all civilizations fall.

Out of fear some slaves voluntarily elected to stay on the plantations. Believing the few scraps thrown at their feet sufficient enough to 'survive.' Posing that being given a discarded ceramic plate by the slave-owner demonstrated

an actual improvement of their condition. Believing that purchasing a luxury SUV confirms an actual improvement of their condition. But by accepting either the dish or the SUV, the slave accepts the circumstances, despite the fact that, in reality, they are contributing to their own demise.

Those who stayed on the plantations survived just long enough to work themselves to an early death. Can anyone imagine a group of slaves ever desiring to "collectively-oversee" their own bondage? Why would an individual wish to self-manage the chains of syndicalism's servitude? Those that did not desire to braid the very rope that was to eventually hang them escaped. Those who ran away survived. They ran into the bushes of Brazil.

They ran into the mountains of Venezuela. They ran into the swamps of Carolina. They ran into the forests of Mexico. They ran into the open arms of their Indian brothers and sisters: the natives. Fugitives and Savages.

And it was here, among the howling wilderness out of civilization's reach, that they formed their alliances. Alliances that welcomed all who fought against the colonial megamachine. New tribes were founded. (In America alone, over 200 tri-racial isolate communities existed). New cultures were created. Cultures of resistance.

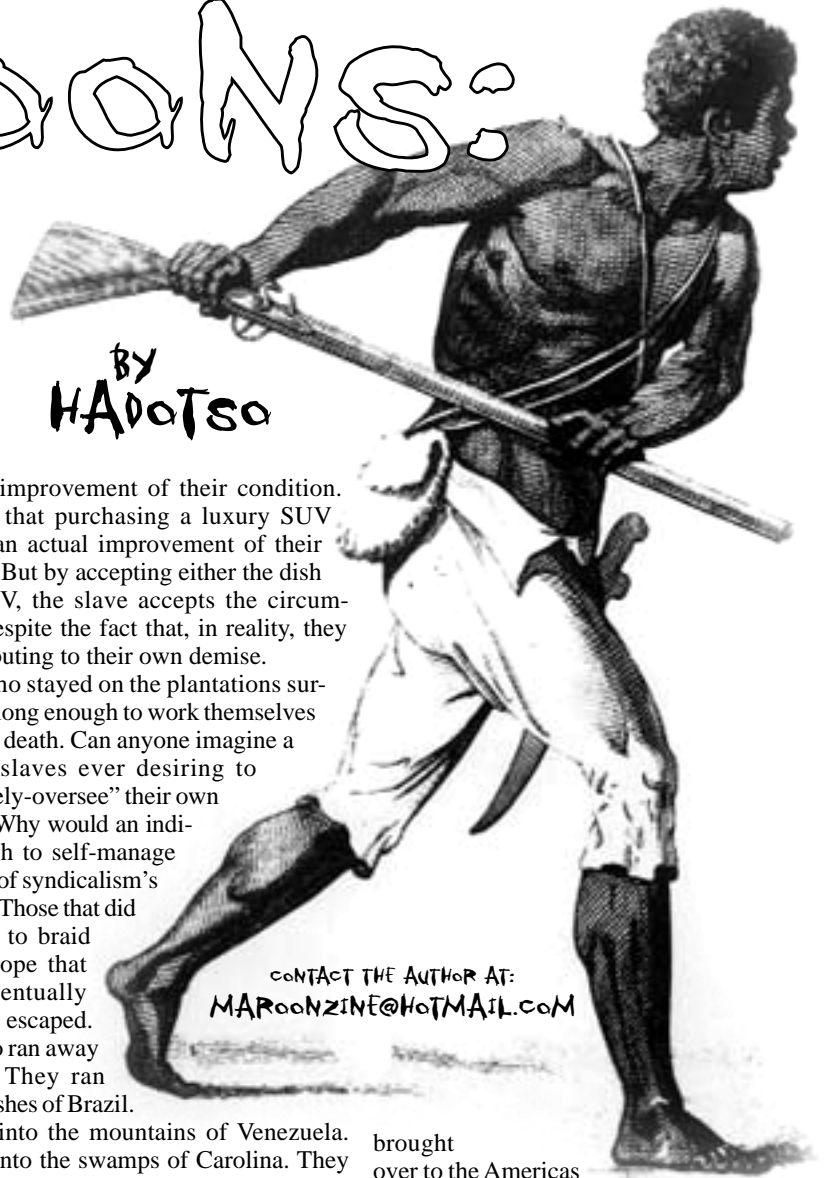
INJUNS, NIGGAS, AND FERAL CATTLE

The word Maroon is derived from the Spanish Cimarron, which originally referred to domestic cattle that had taken to the hills. Later, it was pejoratively used for Indians who, knowing the terrain better than the Africans, were the earliest to escape. Ultimately, the term became almost exclusively a label for Africans, although Maroon communities consisted of natives, Africans, Europeans, and possibly slaves

brought over to the Americas from India and the Middle East among others. Michael Kolhoff gives a brief overview of their connection:

...that fugitives would band together for survival isn't unusual. The runaways would have a common enemy, the colonial governments of the coast and the slave masters of the plantations. The plantation fields of the early colonial period also incorporated a wide diversity of forced labor. There would have been Native Americans of the coastal tribes, kidnaped Africans, Gypsies (who were transported to the "New World" by all the colonial powers), and British and Irish prisoners working out their sentences. It's not hard to imagine that all the individuals interested in escaping would have been drawn to the Native Americans, who knew the land and had contacts in the wild [Kolhoff].

Describing the historical Maroon in Brazil, Roger Bastide hints at the parallel to our present situation, when he states, "The basic maroon context is the struggle of an exploited group against the ruling class" [Bastide].



CONTACT THE AUTHOR AT:
MAROONZINE@HOTMAIL.COM

Studying the weather patterns and natural cycles of this strange, foreign land, slaves waited weeks, months, even years for the right moment to escape. When they did, they opted to give themselves fully to the wilderness, rather than face another day of enslavement. They abandoned the guarantee of slave quarters, tattered clothes, and measly food choosing the possibility of dying free in the unknown jungle. Will we desert our square apartments, sweatshop denim, and bio-engineered food for even a brief taste of feral freedom?

Ethnobotanist Mark Plotkin, who has lived and studied among contemporary descendants of these early Maroons, characterizes the observation a few Slaves undoubtedly made prior to their escape, "Hey, this is Equatorial Rainforest....we'll see you white boys later!" [Plotkin].

Sometimes the opportunity for slaves to escape arose purely by chance. During the early 16th century the region of Esmeraldas in Ecuador became a Maroon haven by accident when, "Spanish ships carrying slaves from Panama to Guayaquil and Lima were wrecked along the equatorial coast amidst strong currents and shifting sandbars. A number of slave castaways consequently dashed to freedom in the unconquered interior, where they allied with indigenous groups and a handful of Spanish renegades" [Romero].

What opportunity will we take advantage of for our chance to race towards freedom? Slaveships are no longer our carrying vessel, so a shipwreck will present us with little opportunity to be sure. Nevertheless, although ships no longer crash (except when they are transporting oil, then they appear to tip over with alarming frequency), stock markets certainly do. Lines of communication crash. (One of the most effective and certainly one of the easiest forms of resistance among Native Americans was the chopping down of telegraph poles). Information superhighways crash. (12 yr old kids have cost multinational corporations millions of dollars with just a few minutes of hacking). Structures crash. (With a simple shrug of an earthquake entire cities have disappeared). And not just the linear metal and concrete type either, but social structures, too. Networks of importing natural resources crash. (In recent years sporadic blackouts throughout the country have left millions without electricity). Financial institutions crash. Foundations of exploitation crash. Civilizations crash.



Washington Surveying
The Great Dismal Swamp

Who will be the next generation of Maroons when Western Civilization capsizes?

QUILOMBOS: THE ORIGINAL AUTONOMOUS ZONES NORTH AMERICA

Fighting between colonial powers oftentimes led to a power vacancy that was exploited by the Maroons in order to establish independent, self-sufficient communities. Three regions in North America stand out for both their longevity and their determination: The Great Dismal Swamp (along the North Carolina and Virginia border), The Neutral Strip (a 500 square mile expanse of impenetrable wilderness among the backwaters of Louisiana), and the Florida Everglades (which were interspersed with villages populated [both separately and together] by Native Americans and Africans).

The Great Dismal Swamp and the Neutral Strip were both claimed by competing colonial powers but in the absence of permanently stationed imperial authority, were in actuality governed by neither. The Neutral Strip emerged in 1806 when the American and Spanish governments could not agree on the definite borders. When the British arrived to develop North Carolina as a commercial plantation, "...the Maroons retreated to the depths of the Great Dismal Swamp and from their sanctuary waged a 160-year guerilla war against slavery" [Koehnline].

In the years prior to the Civil War the Great Dismal Swamp also, "became a major stop on the underground railroad....No doubt many of the runaway slaves decided to remain in the swamp. During the war the Great Dismal Swamp was an area that the Confederate forces stayed clear of" [Kolhoff].

Similarly, it is reported that amongst the "swamp and canebrakes (of the Neutral Strip) that many who went in uninvited never came out again" [Kolhoff].

Largely due to their astounding inaccessibility, these three regions were immune to colonial, governmental, and state interference and provided inspiration to those who consequently revolted. The relationship between free slaves and plantation slaves continued to induce leading citizens to complain that their, "...slaves are becoming almost uncontrollable. They go and come when and where they please, and if an attempt is made to correct them they immediately fly into the woods and there continue for months and years committing grievous depredations on our cattle, hogs, and sheep" [Price].

So long as there was only the infrequent runaway, the outlaw villages were small, and raiding of plantations was a rarity, the Great Dismal Swamp could be tolerated, albeit grudgingly. When more and more slaves began to taste freedom however, slave rebellions

multiplied, threatening the economic progress of the colonial government. The Maroons of the Great Dismal Swamp could no longer be ignored, eventually leading to, "such a prominent figure as George Washington to recommend its draining and conversion to farmland" [Kolhoff].

Fortunately the task proved too much even for the noble father of this great nation.

No form of punishment was ever considered too "cruel and unusual" for recaptured slaves. In July, 1837 a Maroon leader named Squire, whose tribe had lasted over three years conducting raids on plantations and killing slave owners, was tragically killed in the swamps. His body was fished out and exhibited in the public square of New Orleans for several days [Price].

Locals in South Carolina took it a step further when, after a Maroon was captured near Pineville, he was subsequently "...decapitated, and his head stuck on a pole and publicly exposed as 'a warning to vicious slaves'" [Price].

Despite the occasional death and all governmental attempts to eradicate their settlements, the roving Maroons within these swamps continued to survive, the descendants of which are still there today. In North Carolina, breaking their backs working on farms owned by multinational corporations. In rural towns of Virginia eking out a meager existence as day laborers. They are the Melungeons of North Carolina. The Redbones of Louisiana. The Seminoles of Florida. Beautiful blends of African, European, and Indian features, each with a faint trace of revolution still burning in their eyes.

SOUTH AMERICA

Like their counterparts up north, the Maroon communities that endured in South America were the ones that were the most isolated and the most exhausting to reach. In this respect, South America had a definite advantage in the sheer amount of jungle, mountains, and rainforest.

Successful Maroon communities learned quickly to turn the harshness of their immediate surroundings to their own advantage for purposes of concealment and defense. Paths leading to villages were carefully disguised, and much use was made of false trails replete with deadly booby traps. In the Guianas, villages set in the swamps were approachable only by an underwater path, with other false paths carefully mined with pointed spikes or leading only to fatal quagmires or quicksand [Price].

The Maroon villages of the Caribbean and South America were referred to variously as Quilombos (free towns), Palenques (slang for the palisades surrounding most Maroon encampments), or Mocambos (a variation of Mu-kambo which means 'hideout' in Ambundu). Unquestionably the largest Quilombo was the triumphant village of Palmares, "a federation of Maroon communities whose population was estimated by contemporary sources, variously, to be 11,000, 16,000, 20,000, and even 30,000 people" [Reis].

(continued on next page)



Likewise the fierce fighting spirit of their ancestors is being rediscovered, as well.

In the late 80's, when the great-grandchildren of slaves were clashing against the government of Suriname, medicine bundles from Africa that had lain buried for 200 years were unearthed and carried into battle [Price].

SLAVE REBELLIONS: THE EARLIEST RESISTANCE TO GLOBALIZATION

America. In honor of Amerigo Vespucci, who, upon arriving in South Carolina in 1497, began routine enslavement of the Native Americans to transport back to Spain. Ultimately this was abandoned, "for they chose to die rather than work as slaves" [Sivad]. What is it that causes a person to make that decision? What is it that urges one to fight for absolute freedom; especially when outnumbered and up against superior firepower (advanced technology) and against a mentality that manifests its destiny via domestication,

enslavement, oppression, rape, and unmatched brutality? Could it be generations of communal, egalitarian upbringings immersed in unadulterated wildness that compelled Indian mothers to suffocate their own newborns rather than have them grow up in bondage? [Sivad]

Indians, Africans, and poor whites that did manage to escape returned to help free others. Fugitives, in collaboration with plantation slaves and freed slaves working in urban centers, constantly organized revolts and uprisings throughout history. While acknowledging that slave rebellions "were contemporaneous with the beginning of the slave trade", Richard Price traces back the first major insurrection to December 26, 1522 in Santo Domingo [Price]. It is perfectly reasonable to assume that tens of thousands of years earlier, the first attempts made by an individual to exercise authority over other tribal members was met with the same fierce opposition. Maroons engaged in various forms of resistance ranging from *property damage*:

-In 1692 a group of runaway slaves began to plunder farmlands near the town of Camamu. When their Mocambo finally fell their battle cry was, "Death to the whites and long live liberty" [Price]

to direct action:

- In 1876, in the village of Viana runaways came down from a Quilombo and occupied several nearby farms, demanding the end of slavery [Reis]

to insurgency:

-In the forests and hills on the outskirts of Salvador, the region of Bahia "hid numerous small Quilombos that served as temporary respite for the large urban slave population, which from time to time became involved in slave conspiracies and insurrections." [Reis]

Interestingly enough, there exists no evidence that slaves ever achieved freedom through signing a petition, participating in letter-writing campaigns, or holding candlelight vigils. Perhaps these illiterate, unlearned savages were wise enough to see the futility of it all.

They fully understood the context of their bondage. It was not a condition that could be eradicated through reform. Nothing short of insurrection would suffice.

"One of the most violent of the uprisings occurred in Tado in 1728. The rebels, made up mostly of African-born slaves, but also some Creoles, killed 14 white mine owners and administrators before retreating into the forest. Two of the principal leaders, remained at large...seeking refuge in neighboring free communities" [Romero].

In North America the Seminole were an outstanding Maroon force, due to geographic and political reasons, and were a major impediment on the colonial governments march toward global imperialism. Troop after troop of U.S. soldiers were defeated amidst the swamps and waterways of the Everglades. On September 11, 1812, a train carrying troops under the command of Captain Williams thrust deep into the region known as Florida. Williams was headed to support Colonel Smith whose own battalion was taking a beating. Along the route Seminole sprang forth from bushes, trees, and undergrowth charging the iron beast that stole upon their land, tearing through their mothers' flesh and belching blackened clouds of slow death into their father's skies. Inside the belly of this iron beast sat dozens of colonial soldiers, pale and deranged, determined to kill every Seminole brother, rape every sister, burn every village, steal every item, and finally to kidnap every last child (the ones not killed for sport that is) and convert them to the dignified ways of Christianity. The Seminoles had seen these actions before firsthand; indeed it was this psychotic civilized mentality that had originally pushed the Creeks into Florida, passing rows of plantations along the way. They were forced into a corner and, listening to instinct and not pleas for "moral purity," they lashed out. The train was attacked and routed. A number of invading soldiers perished at the spear point, including Captain Williams himself [Price].

CULTURES OF RESISTANCE

Over several decades of creating free societies, the Maroon community became an amalgamation of African, European, and Native American cultures. These new cultures, birthed amidst a continuous outlaw environment, became suffused with varying characteristics and traits of fugitive lifestyle. Rebellion and resistance defined every aspect of their life. This tradition continues to the present.

The saga of Palmares are still celebrated today in song and folklore.

In addition to Brazil, other countries including Peru, Colombia, Suriname, Venezuela, French Guiana can boast a strong tradition of Maroon havens. In Bolivia "communities of Tupinamba Indians and escaped slaves...existed in Jaguaripe for over forty years" [Schwartz].

In Colombia the community of Sombrello numbered over 200 inhabitants including Maroons, free blacks, whites, Mulattos, and Zambos (Afro-Indians) [Romero].

Unlike their fugitive brothers and sisters in North America, who were subject to a full onslaught of Empire demanding acculturation and assimilation, a large number of Central and South American slaves were able to survive thanks to the same challenging terrain that helped them escape. Today along the Amazon remains several villages which originated as Quilombos, whose "inhabitants managed for generations to pass on the secrets of the rivers and jungle, from which they had been collecting fish, wood, wild fruits, medicinal leaves, and so on" [Reis].

Tragically as the rainforest around them disappears, these tri-racial communities are being systematically exposed and re-colonized. Individuals whose ancestors were bought and sold in the market are finding their own lives bought and sold in the free market.

They are also finding new battles to fight: cultural survival, globalization, genocide. They are discovering that they are viewed as pawns in the game played between both leftist and rightist governments where the grand prize is their natural resources. The sugar plantation owner is reincarnated in the CEO. The master's house is re-established in the hydro-electric dams.

Maroons in Jamaica today, notes Kenneth Bibly, continue to possess their own religious beliefs, pharmacopeia, oral historical traditions, music, dance, esoteric languages, and other distinct forms of expressive cultures [Bibly].

Perhaps the best description of what characterizes their defiant culture, in this case the Maroon communities throughout the Pacific Lowlands, is that their music, religion, poetry, etc. “reflects not a shared sense of past or present subjugation, but rather of past and present autonomy” [Romero].

Immediately following a slaveships arrival, the cargo was quickly divided and separated so as to more effectively exercise control over them. Subjected to such an atrocity as enslavement, a transatlantic voyage covered in urine, feces and vomit, all so one could see their family members dragged away screaming, individuals attempted every method to try to maintain some stable social coherence.

Fictitious kinship ties and their associated rituals provided one means of making sense of the world, or at least maintaining spiritual well-being, despite the omnipresence of slavery [Romero].

The extension of family links between both plantation-based and free slaves also served the purpose of solidifying unity “so tight that slaveowners could never break it” [Romero].

These newly-formed ties strengthened the fabric of relationship passed on generation after generation. If our children are to survive in a post-collapse world, egalitarian tribes based upon invented kinship ties need to be established. Then our children can look back upon us as the Maroons of the 1960’s looked upon their forebears and, “felt tremendous pride in the accomplishments of their heroic ancestors and, on the whole, remained masters of the forest” [Price].

In Alagoas, Brazil rural poor blacks still celebrate the indomitable Maroon fortress Palmares in folklore through poetry and songs:

*Enjoy yourself, Negro
The white man doesn't come here
And if he does
The devil will carry him off*
[Bastide]

Solidarity extended beyond racial and ethnic boundaries to include class-based perspectives of insurgence. During the Balaiada Revolt, slaves joined forces with Brazilian peasants “against an oppressive social and economic order” of both state and national governments, and were aided by bandits and political dissidents [Schwartz].

Maroon historian Mario Diego Romero divulges an effective argument for analyzing Maroon cultures to further advance ideas for a post-collapse community when he states that the Maroon forms of social organizations, “though sometimes dismissed as chaotic – constitute peaceful enclaves of mutual respect. Certainly they could serve as models for other societies” [Romero].

ALLIES

The temporary coalitions of oppressed (African/Native/European) were invaluable for the magnitude of armed struggle undertaken and resultant degree of liberation achieved. Equally crucial was the collaboration with the fortunate, privileged individuals within civilized society. Citizens aiding and abetting ex-slaves via food, clothing, or ammunition.

They are the towns folk covertly supplying weapons. The merchants secretly re-supplying caches. They are the villagers providing underground shelter. They are the Culture traitors.

Near Dover, North Carolina a citizens militia searching for runaways came across a child playing in the woods who confessed that his mother provided food rations for half a dozen runaways daily. After investigating the womyn’s house the militia found additional stores of meat, as well as arms and ammunition for the Maroon insurrectionists [Price].

Also in North Carolina, a 1864 newspaper article mentions the fact that, “white deserters from the Confederate Army were fighting shoulder to shoulder with the self-emancipated Negroes” [Price]. Worth noting here is the story of a particular Ex-Confederate soldier who married a descendant of the Yanga people (the “Black Mexicans”) whose ancestors were rebel slaves that established a Maroon community in Veracruz on the Gulf Coast in 1609. After receiving one too many death threats based on their interracial union, Lucy and Albert Parsons moved to Chicago where they became prominent anarchist organizers.

Unquestionably there were thousands of instances where individual residents assisted escapees; clearly there existed entire villages that supported fugitives. These “free towns” or autonomous zones were built alongside governed ones “with the express purpose of assaulting their structures of domination” [Romero].

During the 18th century in the upper Patia Valley a “Maroon aid society” developed, acting as a passageway to freedom among the Andean mountains. Through associations such as this, it was capable of protecting and absorbing slaves escaping both highland haciendas and lowland mines whose descendants are still found there today practicing small-scale agriculture [Romero].

In his account of the Maroons from the Great Dismal Swamp, James Koehnline ventures to say that, “perhaps, four hundred years ago, these Maroons of four continents held a big pow-wow, dedicating themselves to fight against slavery even then” [Koehnline].

It’s time for another pow-wow; this time dedicated to attacking not just (wage) slavery, but the very source of alienation, domestication, and domination.

CONCLUSION

In a society where the very air we breathe is polluted, the water we drink is poisoned, and the soil we dig is contaminated there can be few options other than to escape to outside of the ever-expanding suicidal techno-industrial apparatus, and since it must “expand or die” any life forged on the periphery must be nomadic.

When our existence is threatened by the very system that is designed to protect us our only hope lies in a life outside that system. Physically, spiritually, and mentally.

And as the indigenous populations dealt with the encroachment of the techno-industrial empire of standardization by an organic ebbing and flowing tactic that embraced African slaves and lower class Europeans into a unified fight, they have left us a legacy of resistance.

We can honor that legacy by continuing and expanding their struggle. **Both inside and outside of civilization.**

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Breaks in the Halls of Doom!



Prisoner Escapes and Uprisings

Actually, I love going out in bad weather. It amazes me how we learn to call a rainstorm "bad." There's nothing more beautiful than a storm – something you rarely get to experience in here other than vaguely hearing the thunder shuddering through the thick stone walls as you lie in your cell without even a window to the world outside.

– Leonard Peltier, *Prison Writings: My Life Is My Sun Dance*

Unusual Escape by Prisoner in Norway

In early January, in a strange case of jailbreak, a Lithuanian prisoner in an Arctic Norway jail literally slipped out of custody by stripping naked, smearing his body with vegetable oil and sliding through the prison bars. According to reports, another Lithuanian failed to escape by the same technique as he was too big. Another convict managed to bend the bars slightly to gain more space, but only his head and part of his shoulder made it through the bars.

Prison Riot over Conditions Leaves Two Dead in Ituri

Two prisoners were killed and 25 others wounded when cops moved into a jail in the restive Ituri District, in eastern Democratic Republic of Congo in late January to quell a riot sparked by frustration over poor conditions. "There were several reasons for the revolt, including allegations of prolonged detention, complaints over food

rations and the frustration of those who already knew their fate [death-row convicts]," said Maj Magnat Tchani, head of the police, who led the operation to quash the mutiny. Eighteen pigs were seriously injured during the operation, according to Magnat. It was the third time in four months that prisoners in Ituri rioted.

Prisoners Escape in North Korea

On February 6, 120 prisoners escaped a political concentration camp, the Camp 16 in Hwasung, North Hamkyung province. Authorities responded by mobilizing the National Safety Agency, the People's Protection Agency, and the military in an effort to capture the fugitives. An outsider is reported to have assisted the get away by cutting the barbed wire and striking a guard with a club. "In order to assist the escape, the outside collaborator not only provided the metal saw but also had a vehicle on standby" said the source, adding "Most of the people that escaped

were defectors that were caught in China while attempting to flee to South Korea and then forcibly repatriated back to North Korea. They were in the midst of awaiting a trial." Escapes are unusual as the punishment when found is severe and the camps difficult to escape; hindering obstacles abound and neighboring residents are trained to alert authorities upon sight of escaped prisoners.

The Fight Marches On

Nairobi, Kenya - Prisoners rioted following the escape of five inmates at Nakuru Prison. The five, four from death row, cut the bars to their cell with a hacksaw before using a blanket to climb the outer wall. When the prison guards decided to lock down the remaining prisoners and search for a rumored gun, the prisoners reacted by throwing stones and injuring at least two guards. They then sang in Swahili "Bado mapambano" (the struggle continues) before the riot was put down with tear gas and reinforcement. A recent report shows there were 141 escapes last year by suspects. That number does not include the escapes by convicts or those held in remand such as the break last year at the Embu GK prison in which the prison was stormed and three people and a prison warden, were killed.

Prisoners Revolt Throughout Greece

On the morning of April 23, inmates in the prison of Malandrino revolted. The spark igniting the revolt was the beating of anarchist prisoner Yiannis Dimitrakis and the violent response of the guards to the protests staged by his co-prisoners. Riot police sufficiently repressed the uprising in Greece's largest prison late the next day. Another 10 facilities were in a state of unrest sparked by the alleged beating of yet another inmate by guards. A justice ministry spokesman said "order has been fully restored" at the high security Korydallos Prison in Athens, where police fired tear gas and stun grenades after some inmates tried to escape during the unrest. Protests also occurred at penitentiaries near the cities of Larissa and Trikala in central Greece, Patras and Nafplio in the south, Diavata near Thessaloniki, Komotini and Corfu in northern Greece, as well as Alikarnassos and Hania on Crete. Riot police surrounded some 200 protesting inmates armed with metal bars and stones at a high security prison on a third day of unrest. Prisoners were demanding that

authorities reduce prison overcrowding and further relax parole rules, and that judges show greater clemency in sentencing. A spokesman for the Malandrinos inmates said police were "welcome" to take on the protesters. "We will kill for our dignity," convicted murderer Yiannis Palis said. "We will take this all the way."

Full-Scale Riot at Private Prison

Two prison staff members were injured when inmates rioted at a prison near New Castle, Indiana on April 24, setting at least one fire in the prison yard and prompting the state to mobilize emergency squads. Several people who claimed they were in contact with prison staff said that many of the Arizona inmates have been dissatisfied with circumstances there and played a major role in starting the riot. The facility is a for-profit private prison owned by the state but managed by a private company called the GEO group in Florida. The prisoners, sent great distance from family and friends, now get a half hour video conference once a week with loved ones.

Prisoner Uprising in Jefferson City, Missouri

On April 25, inmates at the Jefferson City Correctional Center protested the overcrowding and administrative segregation policies at the prison. The general population is currently full and inmates are being held in administrative segregation longer than their conduct violation sentences mandate. Inmates on the administrative segregation unit – known as 7-house have refused additional cell mates causing a housing crisis in the prison. They are now being shackled to steel benches without food or adequate clothing. Additionally, 60 inmates are reported to be on a "food strike" until the policies are changed by the prison administration.

New Brunswick Prison in Lockdown after Riot

A maximum security prison in New Brunswick remained under lockdown June 17, after a melee started the previous night when more than 50 inmates refused to return to their cells. Stéphane Breaux, an assistant warden, said the riot started after one inmate complained about health services at the Atlantic Institute in Renous, about 30 kilometers from Miramichi. Fifty-six of the prison's more than 200 inmates refused to go back to their cells.

They damaged appliances, tried to start a fire, threw chairs, shattered lights and windows, and broke sprinklers, Breau said. Guards put out the fire, but the inmates continued to resist.

Off With the Clothes in Texas Prison

A private prison facility in Palo Pinto County was on lock down after an inmate uprising erupted on August 14. About two dozen prisoners began protesting the rule requiring them to wear shirts in the recreation yard on the steaming summer night. They set fires in trash cans, broke windows, and threw rocks and trash at jailers. About 400 inmates refused to leave the recreation yard and return to their cells. A spokesperson said it took about three-and-a-half hours and the use of "approved, non-lethal chemical agents" to bring the situation under control.

Inmates Killed and Injured in Nigerian Prison Riots

At least two prison inmates were killed and at least 20 injured in the northern Nigerian city of Kano following violent clashes with wardens and police over a foiled jail break on September 1. "There was an attempt by inmates of the central prison to scale the walls and escape but wardens were able to crush the attempt," said Baba Mohammed, Kano police spokesman. When they were brought out of their cells they started rioting and pelting wardens with stones and other objects.

A Test of Strength

In mid-September, a riot of teenage inmates in a St Petersburg, Russia remand center was labeled a "test of strength" for new authorities at the center, known colloquially as Kresty, the city's Federal Correctional Service Department (FCSD) said. "Criminal structures wanted to check the new head of Kresty for strength," Interfax quoted Eduard Petrukhin, deputy head of FCSD, as saying. He said the FCSD managed "to calm down teenagers with the help of words" because the FCSD doesn't have the right to use weapons against them. The riot began unexpectedly when a group of teenage inmates went for a walk. Suddenly two young men began breaking the locks in the yard. Others followed their example and also began breaking locks in other yards. Two inspectors tried to calm down the teenagers. However, stones and pieces of bricks were thrown and an

inspector sustained a head wound. The rioters then climbed the roof and waved linen that other inmates passed them from the cells. They demanded permission to play soccer, have dumb-bells and barbells in their cells, and receive unchecked parcels with cigarettes. New authorities have tightened the center's regime since the incident. During the three weeks following, officers seized about 200 mobile phones from parcels containing canned food, according to prison authorities.

Fifteen Wardens Wounded

About 1,000 prisoners rioted – many of them Palestinian – before dawn at Ketziot Prison in southern Israel, in response to a massive search for concealed weapons that wardens were conducting at the time. One prisoner was mortally injured by a "non-lethal" weapon. Fifteen other prisoners were lightly wounded, along with 15 wardens according to several reports. The Massada Unit, which is considered one of Israel's leading riot dispersal and hostage rescue units – the army and police have often borrowed its services – quelled the uprising. Major General Eli Gavison, head of the prison system's southern district, confirmed that jailers had fired "nonlethal objects" at the crowd, and that caused the prisoner's injury. He refused to specify the exact "nonlethal means" the wardens had used, explaining that the nature of the equipment used by their specialized riot dispersal unit is classified. However, he did say that the mortally wounded prisoner was hit in the head by a small bag filled with pellets of some kind. Regulations state that wardens are only allowed to fire these missiles at the prisoners' legs, and Gavison insisted that all the wardens had obeyed this rule. However, he said, the prisoner in question was bending down at the time; hence the sachet struck his head. The raid, in which 535 wardens participated, began as the wardens were searching the prison's security wing for weapons and information about possible escape plans by prisoners. However, when the jailers entered the ward, the prisoners began rioting, throwing vegetables and other objects at the wardens, and took apart their beds and used them as clubs with which to attack the IPS officials. Some of the prisoners also set fire to the tents in which they are housed, destroying 10 of them before the blaze was extinguished.

"There was very serious fear for the warden's lives," said Gavison. Wardens suppressed the riot within 40 minutes, and the prison was back to normal within about two hours.

Prisoner Escapes in Suitcase

An 18-year-old woman escaped from a German prison in late October by hiding in the suitcase of another inmate when she was released. Steffi Krause escaped when her 19-year-old accomplice was released from the youth prison in Neustadt am Ruebenberge.

The prison wardens only noticed later in the evening when the other girl was not in her cell. A spokesman has revealed that the only thing the wardens noticed during the 19-year-old's official leaving check from the prison was 'that the suitcase was unusually heavy'. Police are still looking for the two teenagers.

Sao Paulo Escape Triggers Battle

At least 7 people were killed and more than 70 injured when prisoners fought with armed guards after a jailbreak attempt in Maceio, the capital of Brazil's northeastern state of Alagoas. The November 19 uprising started after guards tried to prevent a massive escape. The police, supported by its Special Operation Battalion, was called in to put down the riot when the number of rioters swelled and spread to other parts of the jail. The jail administration said the inmates set fire to the prison buildings and destroyed furniture and other items. Inmates turned their weapons on prison guards when they were discovered and ordered to stop. The firefight triggered a prison riot by other inmates at the facility that lasted two hours and required the help of militarized police to put it down.



"I suppose the people here are against the prison. But let us imagine that the prison is the enemy. That it is a monster with teeth, claws, a mouth to devour you, a stomach to digest you and an arse to shit you out. A threatening, shapeless colossus that you can curse, that you can throw stones against without changing anything, something against which you can't do anything. And yet, this is not true. It is a wretched vision, a product of the suggestion. The monster doesn't have any nails, no teeth, it has nothing. It is a specific social machinery that functions in a certain way, according to some mechanisms, but it has its cracks and weaknesses that you can attack. There is a big difference between attacking the prison in a symbolic way – verbally, a bit desperately, some sort of light despair. There is a big difference between this and the real attack on the prison, modest as it may be, even if it is not decisive, even if it turns out to be a little guerilla war that bothers an enemy that you can't really destroy. But without always letting the initiative to be taken by the enemy, without letting it to take control of your life: on the contrary, it is taking your life in your own hands to ban the domination.

– from an interview with comrades of Autonomous Groups from Spain in the seventies, Coppel, tunnels and other contributions of Autonomous Groups, 2004.

Laughing in the Face of Power

by a disgruntled animal with a sense of humor

Comedy is a complex phenomenon, always shifting with the tides of individual lives and the momentum of societies. I wonder sometimes if the Upper Paleolithic language users relished the spontaneous expression of comedic communication. Maybe a joke was freely given for a piece of gathered fruit or a portion of hunted meat. Maybe Cro-Magnon jesters mocked the emergent specialized role of the shaman, quipping about the imaginary people in the sky our priest claimed to comprehend, or maybe they playfully pointed out the loss of connection and wholeness creeping into the crevices of life through the symbolic realm of language. It is conceived from anthropological studies that modern day foragers, for example the Kung San of Southern Africa, often keep hierarchies minimal or non-existent by poking fun at those who seek power over autonomous beings.¹ Did our sense of humor as a perpetual leveling mechanism directed towards the Machiavellis of the forest and savannah diminish during the preceding period before the beginning of civilization, creating an aura of seriousness around the actions and pronouncements of time keepers, domesticators, and architects?

Although it may never be revealed what role comedy played in the maintenance of the Pleistocene wilderness life or what role its demise may have played in moving us into the emotionally and physically distancing dance of death we now inhabit, the second half of the 20th century saw the appearance of numerous “square” and “hip” comedians who each play their role in propping up the electrified Frankenstein monster consuming the biosphere. The squares, aided by those lovely inventions of human ingenuity such as the radio and television, assaulted our senses with a barrage of calculated catharsis designed to stand us up against a wall of productionist domination. Flocking in droves to the good shepherds of conservative comedy, worker and boss alike could experience the brief relief from industrial alienation by unleashing a few hearty laughs in reaction to unoffending offerings unable to threaten, in even a minimal way, deeply ingrained ideologies. The hipsters, often associated with various counter-cultural movements and lifestyles, arose as the backlash to staid and respectable comedy. Challenging certain elements of the status quo while leaving even more unexamined, comedians from Lenny Bruce to Richard Pryor set the tone for future dabblers in reformist political and social comedy

such as Bill Hicks and Dave Chappelle. Hicks, a libertarian socialist who described his style as “Chomsky with dick jokes,” struggled to gain exposure with wider audiences beyond the college indoctrinated anarcho-activists and postmodernists salivating in their dreams of techno-utopias.

All the while Uncle Tom comedian extraordinaire Bill Cosby, along with a host of zombifying sitcoms, kept the comedy of the “good old days” alive and well, pandering to the feelings of family disintegration and moral subordination felt by somnambulists while feeding the corporate coffers with profits from recycled rubbish. The end of the millennium saw the advent of the tame and uninspiring Daily Show, essentially a conduit for her majesty’s loyal opposition to voice piece-

meal grievances over such cutting edge concerns as, “Is Bush a bad person?” and “Should I drive a hybrid or ride a bicycle to my lame ass job?” Although I have gotten an occasional chuckle from some performers, the bleak abyss that is civilized comedy leaves me wondering if Waldorf and Statler are the lone torch carriers of a radical humor that as they say, will “bite you good,” even if with false teeth.

If the dynamic duo ever pondered the possibility of becoming the misfit three musketeers, George Carlin may be the only comedian with enough pizzazz and critique to handle the cuddly curmudgeon’s unique recipe for hot sauce. Originating in the suit and tie atmosphere of business as usual, Carlin began his odyssey to the outer limits of jovial observation, anarchistic anger, and misanthropic indictment when the clean cut image of acceptability was abandoned for the dark satire and witty musings of a man on a mission to shatter the illusions of a fool’s paradise and concoct such catchy sayings as “Fuck hope.” Digging deep beneath the web of manipulation spun by a broad spectrum of megalomaniacal authority

figures, such as political demagogues, corporate scoundrels, religious bamboozlers, imperialist prick wavers, racist persecutors, homophobic wife beaters, education enthusiasts, obsessed parents, pigs on the beat, antiseptic medical aficionados, scientific planet hoppers, liberal feminists, yuppie environmentalists, and bipedal sympathizers enthralled with creativity, one would be hard-pressed to find an aspect of the Brave New World left unscathed from Carlin’s 70-year long romp through the wasteland.



With a vast array of material that constantly stays fresh without catering to expectations or standards, his analysis of contemporary problems is done with zest and relevance to those concerned with feral praxis. It seems to me, however, that Carlin has either become more radical with age or decided that starting in 1990 he would bring to fruition the thoughts he always felt but less frequently disseminated on stage in earlier decades. The past 17 years of his output are the best source for aspiring insurrectionary wisecrackers who may be looking for jocular euphoria, intriguing theoretical investigations, or practical strategic proposals.

Engaging a career long examination of language, especially the connection between its euphemistic characteristics and the construction of belief systems, has been a mainstay of Carlin's attempt to strip us of the veneers placed over our eyes by disciplinary institutions. In a 1982 interview, he stated, "language is a tool for concealing the truth." There are way too many classic examples of Carlin demonstrating the ridiculousness of our everyday uses of language that will have you in tears of laughter, however, his segment on political parlance in relation to war induced death and suffering of others and the reality concealing way in which we use words to evade our own mortality, although not his funniest, cuts right through the heart of two core methods of mystification. He also scrutinizes another machination of language mongers enthroned on a pedestal of deceit, the Sanctity of Life. Fusing an interrogation of anti-abortion proponents and anthropocentric myth makers, I'll let the man speak for himself. "People say life begins at conception, I say life began about three billion years ago and it's a continuous process. It's one of these things we tell ourselves so we'll feel noble. Life is sacred. Makes you feel noble. Even with all this stuff we preach about the sanctity of life, we don't practice it. Look at what we'd kill: Mosquitos and flies. 'Cuz they're pests. Lions and tigers. 'Cuz it's fun! And you might have noticed something else. The sanctity of life doesn't seem to apply to cancer cells, does it? You rarely see a bumper sticker that says 'Save the tumors.' Or 'I brake for advanced melanoma.' No, viruses, mold, mildew, maggots, fungus, weeds, E. Coli bacteria, the crabs. Nothing sacred about those things. So at best the sanctity of life is kind of a selective thing. We get to choose which forms of life we feel are sacred, and we get to kill the rest. Pretty neat deal, huh?" Indeed....

Going along with the theme of microorganisms, Carlin dares us to reject the health establishment's monopoly on our perceptions. "Where did this sudden fear of germs come from in this country? Where's your sense of adventure? Take a fuckin' chance will you? Besides, what d'ya think you have an immune system for? It's for killing germs! But it needs practice, it needs germs to practice on. So if you kill all the germs around you, and live a completely sterile life, then when germs do come along, you're not gonna be prepared. And never mind ordinary germs, what are you gonna do when some super virus comes along that turns your vital organs into liquid shit?! I'll tell you what your gonna do ... you're gonna get sick. You're gonna die and you're gonna deserve it because you're fucking weak and you got a fuckin'

weak immune system!" Oh I bet that one's gonna piss off a bunch of soap fiends and shampoo addicts who yearn for universal healthcare and maybe even ruffle a few feathers amongst some eco-villagers who want to keep immunizations and medical research. I say let the b.o. flow and nature run rampant!

Ascending the scale of cellular complexity, we come to children and parenting. In the tradition of ancient cynics and animaltarians,² Carlin suggests that if we truly want to help children, the best way has always been to "leave them the fuck alone!" Not put more money into education or develop alternative schools or tote them around town in search of meaningless structure like baseball teams or have them signed up for college while they're still shitting in their diapers or have the kids run out of the indoctrination factories and onto the streets for a ritualized protest against the problem of the week. Some say we need to motivate kids. But as Carlin points out, the motivated ones are sowing seeds of havoc like genocide, ecocide, and the immiseration of daily life. Carlin feels that the more in touch we are with our sexuality as youngsters, the more we grow into cooperative games naturally through personal experiences that will have meaning in adult life. The less interference we have from neurotic parents who construct child fetishes where toddlers become cult objects, we will be more in tune with ourselves and nature. Doesn't sound too different then the child



growth/parental interaction described by Colin Turnbull who studied the Mbuti foragers of the Congo rainforest.³ A green-anarchist parenting philosophy would best be served by not only exploring the widest possible range of peoples who lived wild existences and how they interacted with their children, but also by a desire to skillfully combine the love impulse with the anti-authoritarian passion that allows us to laugh at our overbearance when the line between care and control blurs.

The final two facets of Carlin's creed I will discuss are both related to agency in the collapse of civilization, the first of which continues looking at the problem of care and control dangerously mixing. Part of the problem is the training in agency we've received from prisoners of ecosystems in the form of not only destruction but management. If it is true, as some have suggested for thousands of years throughout civilization's suicide march, that creation in general is an entanglement of estrangement, representation and loss of sensual relationship with unmediated life, Carlin also admonishes us to quell our tendency to bestow a god-like importance on homo sapiens concerning supervision and intervention in uncultivated land. Although most people seem content "turning the beauty of nature into a fucking shopping mall," as Carlin comically points out, it is fashionable in some circles to try to save individual species from extinction. But as Carlin warns, "don't you see that this arrogant meddling with nature is what got us in trouble in the first place?"

Recognizing the ravaging that nature has taken from our 10,000 year long hallucination and the ongoing onslaught of "sustainable energy" so we can continue paving roads to drive to the mall to buy cell phones,

(continued on next page)

Carlin urges us to throw off the blinders. "The planet is fine. The PEOPLE are fucked. Difference. Compared to the people, the planet is doing great. Been here four and a half billion years. The planet isn't going anywhere. WE ARE! Pack your shit, folks. We're going away. And we won't leave much of a trace, either. Thank God for that. Maybe a little styrofoam. Maybe. The planet'll be here and we'll be long gone. Just another failed mutation. Just another closed-end biological mistake. An evolutionary cul-de-sac. The planet'll shake us off like a bad case of fleas. A surface nuisance. The planet will be here for a long, long, LONG time after we're gone, and it will heal itself, it will cleanse itself, 'cause that's what it does. It's a self-correcting system. See I don't worry about the little things: bees, trees, whales, snails. I think we're part of a greater wisdom than we will ever understand. A higher order. Call it what you want. Know what I call it? The Big Electron. The Big Electron...whoaaa. Whoaaa. Whoaaa. It doesn't punish, it doesn't reward, it doesn't judge at all. It just is. And so are we. For a little while."

Now I don't mean to lambast people who have attacked the physical manifestations of annihilation or those who risked incarceration to liberate confined animals awaiting torture. Hell, they're already dealing with the praetorian guards who protect carved up minds sacrificed on the altar of docility from absorbing the poetic rhapsodizing that screams hey Office Space cog, assembly line corpse and faceless burger flipper, cast off the division of labor, come outside and revel in the orgasmic pleasure of lush, unprocessed diversity. If I had to guess, I'd say Carlin would also feel affinity with the nightowls frolicking with friendly fire and daring rescues. After all, he did recently say, "All these natural disasters that've been going on, I fucking love 'em. I can't get enough of them. Ah, when nature's going crazy, throwing things around, scaring people and destroying property, I'm a happy fucking guy. I look at it this way... For centuries now, man has done everything he can to destroy, defile, and interfere with nature: clear-cutting forests, strip-mining mountains, poisoning the atmosphere, over-fishing the oceans, polluting the rivers and lakes, destroying wetlands and aquifers... so when nature strikes back, and smacks me in the head and kicks me in the nuts, I enjoy that. I have absolutely no sympathy for human beings whatsoever. None. And no matter what kind of problem humans are facing, whether it's natural or man-made, I always hope it gets worse."

I find it difficult to not embrace the truth of these sentiments. If a grizzly bear blew up a dam, if a wolf attacked the power grid, or if a shark hacked into the computer system causing massive ruptures, even though servants of legality would continue to speak of "the encroachment of the beasts" that has been frightening us into submission

for too long, maybe such monumental acts of rage arising from the bowels of instinct would prompt some of us to a more penetrating level of fighting back against the cyber-matrix bent on worldwide termination. But do we really need such unlikely events to occur for our scarred psyches to realize that although nature might in some form strike furiously as the catalyst for global collapse, our collective agency is a force for change underutilized and diverted towards relatively minor achievements? As Utah Phillips once said, "The earth is dying, or more accurately being killed, and the people doing the killing have names and addresses." As well as key infrastructural targets without which the whole fucking thing would bleed to death.

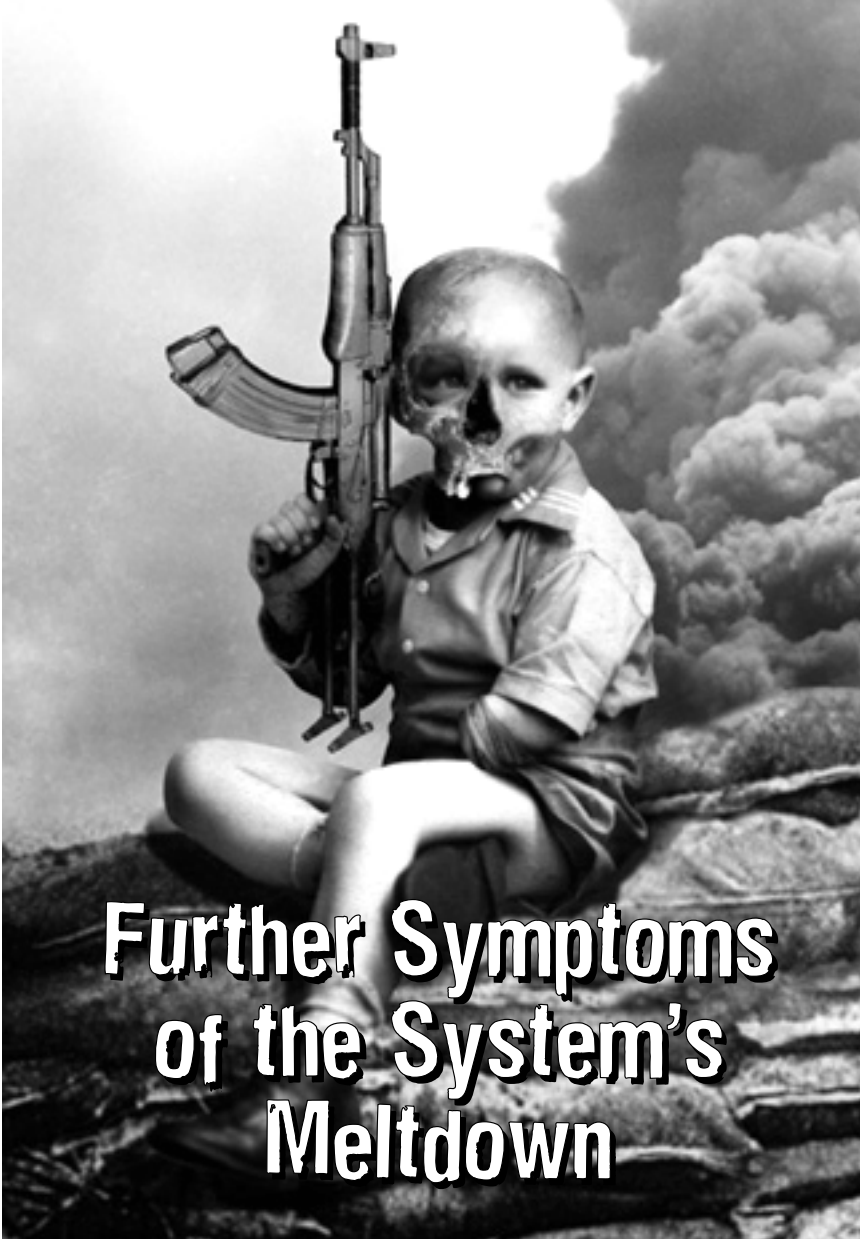
Do we have the courage to pull the plug, eradicate the life-support system that is predicated on eliminating life? As Carlin reminds us, "Did you ever stop and think how fragile this civilization of ours is that we're so proud of? It could all probably break down within two

years. It would take the complete elimination of electricity." The primal anarchy that we learn about from social scientists, our own experiences and speculations would not automatically fill the void; however, the establishment of a void may be a sensible way of initiating the conditions in which a revival of pre-domesticated and pre-symbolic life could flourish without the scourge of the machine.⁴ In light of current Gestapo tactics, including both green scares and red, white and blue ones, I'd like to leave you with a choice that comes from a heavy heart with a penchant for humor. We can participate in the primal war of rewilding/resistance Kevin Tucker speaks of ⁵. by learning the primitive skills needed for self-sufficiency while simultaneously turning the empire into a pile of ashes and debris, or we can passively accept Baudrillard's simulation spectacle until The Day After Tomorrow when the



eco-apocalypse finally sends us packing, condemned to, as Carlin puts it "float around the north atlantic for the rest of our lives on beer fart contaminated couches."

Notes: Carlin shows can be found for free at youtube.com. Some recommended titles are Doin' It Again, Jammin In New York, Back In Town, You Are All Diseased, Complaints and Grievances and Life is Worth Losing. ¹.Species Traitor-An Insurrectionary Anarcho Primitivist Journal, No.4, pg. 28 ².Lovejoy, Arthur and Boas, George. Primitivism and Related Ideas in Antiquity, John Hopkins University Press, 1935 ³.Turnbull, Colin. The Forest People. Simon and Schuster, 1961. Also see Species Traitor No. 4, pgs. 21-22 "Case Files in Anarcho-Ethnography 4: Games and Cooperation" ⁴. For a theoretical and historical look at past examples of collapse and how civilizations were re-established by elites see Schwartz, Glenn and Nichols, John. After Collapse: The Regeneration of Complex Societies, University of Arizona Press, 2006 ⁵. Pgs. 70-110 of Species Traitor No. 4



Further Symptoms of the System's Meltdown

WORKPLACE SABOTAGE

May: Hacker Knocks Out Telecommunication

A Cox Communications employee pleaded guilty to hacking into the telecom company's computer system, knocking out service in several parts of the country. William Bryant, of Norcross, GA., faces a maximum sentence of 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine for the May 6 incident. The US Attorney's Office reported that his attack crashed sections of the company's system, causing the loss of computer and telecommunications services for Cox customers throughout Dallas, Las Vegas, New Orleans, and Baton Rouge. The outage included emergency 911 services.

Cox technicians reportedly restored service within hours.

"Hacking – intruding into and causing damage to a computer system – is a serious crime," said U.S. Attorney David E. Nahmias. "Such electronic attacks threaten our nation's technological infrastructure, and we will aggressively investigate and prosecute them."

According to the government, Bryant's manager asked him to resign his position and leave the company. After that, the disgruntled employee attacked the Cox network. He pleaded guilty in federal district court to one count of knowingly causing the transmission of information to a computer used in interstate commerce, and as a result intentionally and without authorization causing damage to that computer.

*Oh, the pillars of the world were shaking
like the legs of a drunk
hot wind blew the hats off all the ladies
all about town that day.*

*Then they caught us, ran us ragged,
beat us bloody, put us in a dirty cage
Now we're screaming bloody murder,
we are starving*

Won't see the oceanside again...

*...But someday this will all be gone,
fast as a match can be struck,
take warning for the veil is very thin.*

*The signs aren't difficult to read,
we tread so heavy on the ground, one day
the ground it may give way.*

-blackbird RAUM, From Coal

June: Seamen May Be to Blame! (No, This Is Not a Feminist Conspiracy)

Saint Lucia Electricity Services Limited (Lucelec) reported several acts of sabotage on company infrastructure. A series of incidents which began on June 17, the effective date of planned strike action by the Seamen, Waterfront and General Workers Trade Union, continued throughout June.

Several high voltage power stations were set ablaze, disrupting power to nearby areas. The saboteurs also tampered with locks on various switching devices.

Airport di Roma also manages Rome's low-cost flights airport, Ciampino, where seven luggage handlers working for a contracted handling firm were arrested in April on charges of auctioning jewelry, cameras and mobile phones they had pilfered from passing luggage, often belonging to tourists arriving from the UK.

September: Natural Gas Pipelines Sabotaged

A fired utility company welder accused of sabotaging dozens of natural gas pipelines in Arizona, at one point causing a blowout and that required evacuations, was sentenced to five years in prison. Thomas Lee Young was also ordered by a federal judge to pay more than \$245,000 restitution to Southwest Gas and undergo three years of supervised release.

Federal authorities accused him of sabotage 30 times from 2000 to 2003. He tampered with valves and other pipeline components. An incident on Nov. 6, 2000, caused pipes to blow out of the ground, damaged gas meters in thousands of homes and forced evacuations the company said.

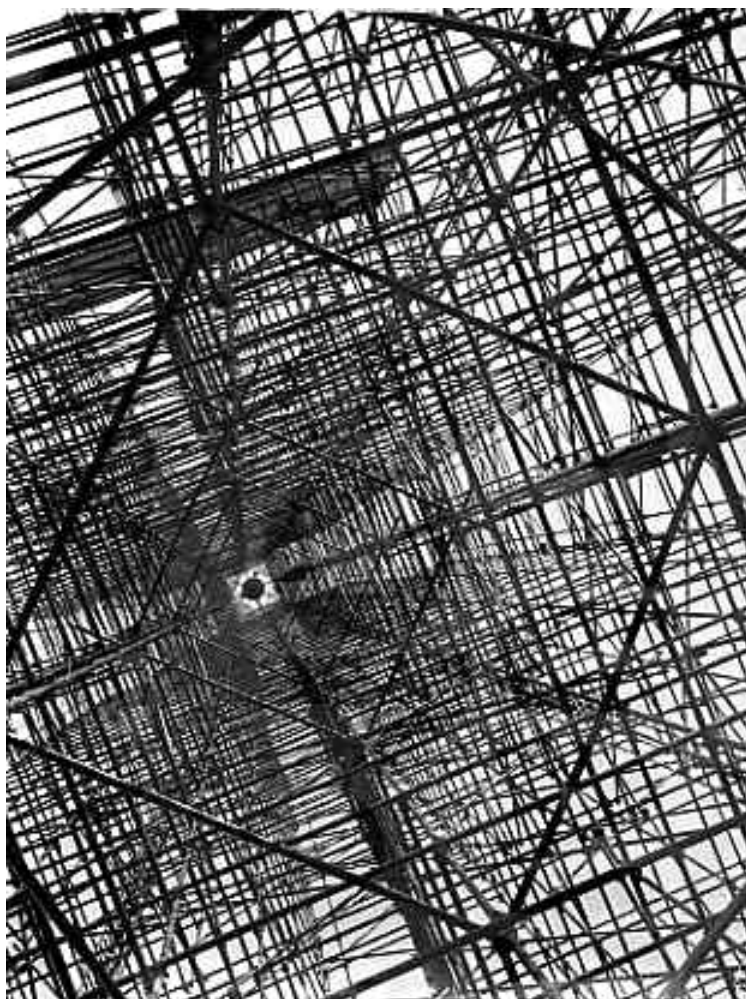
Young pleaded guilty earlier this year in a deal with prosecutors to destruction of an energy facility. Prosecutors also said Young wrote threatening letters to Southwest Gas and the Arizona Corporation Commission, which oversees utilities, and said he would sabotage pipelines if the company did not reinstate retirement benefits for all employees fired since 1994 and provide two months' severance pay.

(continued on next page)

August: Slackers and Thieves Handling Baggage

Travelers were stuck for hours waiting for their luggage at Rome's Fiumicino airport. Italy's civil aviation chief, Vito Riggio, accused handling staff of sabotaging the luggage belts up to 10 times a day to ease the fast pace of their working day and to win some valuable overtime. He is demanding a police investigation based on video evidence which showed chewing gum stuck on luggage bar code readers and conveyor belts deliberately immobilized with suitcases, nails, or plastic bags.

"How is it possible that at an international airport like Rome there are delinquents who, in order to work less or perhaps put in some overtime, send the whole airport into crisis, inconveniencing passengers around the world?" he asked.



INFRASTRUCTURE SABOTAGE

Chicago, IL: Train Tracks Undermined

Chicago Metra called in the FBI and notified the US Department of Homeland Security when a track repair crew found 12 spikes missing from a 14-foot section of the northbound express track. Metra has stepped up inspection and monitoring of its entire six-county rail system, but three days of heightened inspections have turned up no problems elsewhere. Metra spokesperson, Judy Pardonnet, said the tracks had been checked and were normal the day before.

FBI spokesperson, Ross Rice, said "nothing has been ruled in or out," and said no one has claimed responsibility or called in a threat to either Metra or federal officials.

Pardonnet said gunshots were fired June 6 and 8 at two Electric District trains on the same tracks two miles to the south, near the Stewart Ridge station.

Vancouver, Canada: Traffic Lights Hacked

Police are now looking at the possibility sabotage may be to blame for the traffic chaos in Vancouver on September 28. Someone claiming to be a member of CUPE is taking responsibility for causing the problems. The city says the computer that controls traffic lights across town was somehow set back seven hours. As a result, there were shorter green lights and no advance left turns. Police still haven't confirmed anything suspicious, and union leaders are denying their members hacked into the system.

Mozambique: Substation Damaged

The town of Beira, capital of the central province of Sofala of Mozambique, has fallen victim to sabotage of electrical systems in the suburb of Maquinino. According to the publicly owned company EDM huge damages have been inflicted to their substation in that area. The substation sustained severe damages, disabling the whole protection system against breakdowns, when

unidentified individuals stole several devices of electrical equipment, including 18 batteries, a machine for battery testing, and two air conditioners among other appliances.

According to EDM, should severe breakdowns occur in Maquinino substation, the entire network could crash, forcing a general power cut throwing its 600,000 inhabitants into complete darkness.

EDM's distribution director in Beira, Vaz Goba Calenco, described the situation as extremely worrying, as the entire protection was amputated, rendering the whole system inoperative. According to Calenco, the thieves also removed five spares of brand new circuit breakers and coverings of the electrical cabling, leaving them exposed to the elements.

This is the third substation that has fallen victim to the thieves in the current year. Two others that were also vandalized are located in the neighborhood of Macuti and downtown of Beira. The town of Beira has five intermediate substations.

Mexico: Gas Pipelines Attacked

In early July, Mexico's government called a series of gas pipeline explosions a threat to the nation's democratic institutions and vowed to step up security after a guerrilla group claimed responsibility for the blasts. The Interior Department said it would take measures to protect "strategic installations" across Mexico after an explosion at a pipeline run by the state-owned Petroleos Mexicanos, or Pemex, and two other blasts that rocked gas ducts. The rebel statement said "three combined squads of urban and rural units ... have carried out surgical harassment actions by placing eight explosive packs on the Pemex pipelines." Posted on a Web site that serves as a clearinghouse for bulletins from armed groups, the statement demanded the release of two men detained in southern Oaxaca State in May, and others it identified as political prisoners.

Seattle, WA: Streetcar Tracks Compromised

Someone may have tried to sabotage the South Lake Union Streetcar on its first day in service in mid-December. City transportation officials say as

many as eight ball bearings – as large as golf balls – were intentionally put in the tracks. They were first noticed by one of the streetcar drivers. "Would it have caused any damage? Maybe not. In a straight section of track, the car might be able to just crush it," said Ethan Melone, of the Seattle Department of Transportation. "But it has some potential to cause a minor derailment."

Many bicyclists say they are against the new system. They protested against the streetcar last night – especially the rails in the road that can be tricky on bike tires. Since the streetcar is operated by Metro, the King County Sheriff's Department is handling the case. They say the person or people who did this could face "reckless endangerment" charges if caught – and that's a felony. The city says, because of this incident, they'll be inspecting the tracks more closely now.

Guwahati: Optical Fiber Sabotage On the Rise

Sabotage of optical fiber cables is proving to be a major concern for BSNL telecom provider, even as it was rapidly expanding its facilities in the state. Mr Rajaram said, "Sabotage of our optical fibers is emerging as the biggest headache for the Assam circle." He said as many as 499 cases were recorded, but none of the miscreants could be nabbed so far. "If the cuts are due to some construction works, we have nothing to complain. But there has been a regular sabotage and it has become a major concern now," he said.

COLLAPSES

Late July, Barcelona, Spain: Electricity Outage Stops City

The collapse of a single power cable left 350,000 homes without electricity, paralyzed the metro system and road traffic, forced hospitals to cancel operations, trapped people in elevators, forced shops and restaurants to close when lights, stoves, and cash machines failed, silenced mobile phones, and prompted police to double street patrols to discourage looting.

Electricity authorities explained that the collapsed cable produced an overload that created "a very strong short circuit" in neighboring substations. They ruled out a surge in demand, sabotage or poor maintenance as causes of the failure. Luis Atienza, the chairman of the Electrical Network, said he did not know why the cable collapsed.

August, Minneapolis, MN: Oh, the Bridges Falling Down! Falling Down!

The bridge that lies crumpled in the Mississippi River is the latest link to fail in a national highway system rapidly deteriorating under the strain of ever-increasing traffic volume and inadequate upkeep, transportation experts said. Once the sturdy pride of post-war America, the federal interstate system is now a vast network of aging roads and bridges, including many – such as the span that collapsed in Minneapolis – that engineers consider deficient or obsolete.

Despite record spending on highways, experts and engineers said federal funds aren't enough to save the interstate system's half-century old bridges and 47,000 miles of highway from further decay, as a network designed to connect the nation teeters under a crush of commuter traffic. "We're falling further and further behind," said Robert Poole, director of transportation studies at Reason Foundation and an adviser to the Federal Highway Administration.

According to a 2005 Highway Administration report, more than 75,000 of the nation's roughly 600,000 bridges – 13.1 percent – were rated "structurally deficient," meaning some components of the bridges' decks or support structures were rated poor or worse. While not necessarily unsafe, the structurally deficient designation often requires speed and weight restrictions to lessen the risk of collapse.

Senate Majority Leader Harry M. Reid (D-Nev.) called the Minneapolis bridge collapse a "wake-up call...We have all over the country crumbling infrastructure – highways, bridges, dams – and we really need to take a hard look at this," Reid said in a television interview.

"A majority of the interstate bridges in this country are [at the end of] service life," said Ronaldo T. "Nick" Nicholson, the Virginia Department of Transportation's manager for the Woodrow Wilson Bridge project. "In Minnesota, they were trying to extend the life rather than replace it."

Though engineers have not yet determined why the Minneapolis bridge failed, bridge experts said its collapse was not necessarily the result of a physical breakdown. Of the 1,502 recorded bridge failures between 1966 and 2005, almost 60 percent were caused by soil erosion around the underwater bridge supports, according to Jean-Louis

Briaud, a civil engineer with the Texas Transportation Institute. "It's the number one killer of bridges," he said. "If you create a hole around the bridge support, then the foundation cannot carry the load of the deck."

Jerome F. Hajjar, professor of structural engineering at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, said the American Society of Civil Engineers has been warning for years that the nation needs to devote more attention to its aging bridges. "Each bridge is different, and each bridge needs to stand up," he said. "Collapsing is not an option."

Misc. Meltdown

The Not-so-Friendly Skies

A British Airways pilot made an emergency landing an hour before the plane was due to land in Heathrow. A passenger on the Boeing 747, carrying 290 passengers from Lagos in Nigeria, reclined his seat, which annoyed another passenger. When the recliner refused to put the seat back up the complainer punched him and sparked a mid-air riot. Twenty people were caught up in the mass brawl at 30,000ft, using fists, bottles, and belts.

Earlier this month a drunken bridegroom on a flight home from his honeymoon in Mexico forced a jet to be diverted from Manchester to Ireland after he became unruly. And another air rage drunk, a passenger was jailed for a year this month after admitting affray following a romp in the bathroom with his fiancé. That flight had to be diverted from its course to Jamaica.

Bus Accident Sparks Riot

Indian authorities say riot police in New Delhi fired tear gas to disperse an angry crowd after a bus crashed into a group of pedestrians, killing seven people. Crowds of angry people blocked streets and beat up the driver of the Blue Line bus. The privately operated Blue Line buses can often be seen speeding and breaking traffic laws to beat their competitors to pick up passengers. The buses have killed more than 85 people this year.

Stolen Tank Used to Destroy Infrastructure

John Robert Patterson, of Dharruk, allegedly stole a 1967 British tank leading officers for a 90 minute tromp through six western Sydney

suburbs as he crashed through fences and into mobile phone towers, telecommunication relay sheds, and an electrical sub-station. It is believed Patterson used to be a telecommunications worker and he thought he had been damaged by mobile phone radio waves.

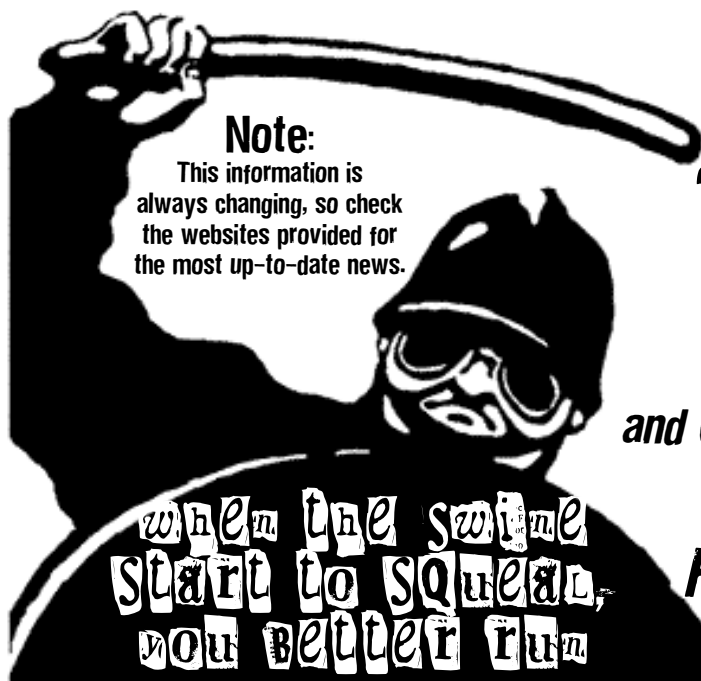
The Australian Mobile Telecommunications Association has said the electromagnetic radiation emitted from mobile phone towers didn't pose a health risk. "The emissions from towers are incredibly low...well below the Australian standard," association chief executive Chris Althaus said. Althaus said the World Health Organisation and "countless international bodies" had all concluded there was no link between mobile towers and "adverse health outcomes".

The owner of the tank, Greg Morris, said his Armoured Personnel Carrier (APC) is "trashed" – but he has vowed to repair it. He said Patterson was a "great guy" who had helped restore the tank last year. "The problem he had wasn't with me. It's just that [the tank] was what he needed to do what he's done."

German Farmer Attacks Police with Muck Spreader

On August 8, a German farmer angry with police for trying to confiscate his tractor wrecked three patrol cars and evaded capture for seven hours before an elite unit managed to arrest him. The farmer, 53, was pulled over by police for driving his tractor without a license. The officers called in three patrol cars for help before asking the farmer to get out of his vehicle. He refused, and proceeded to ram the cars with his tractor, making full use of its attached muck spreader and hydraulic fork. Officers were only just able to scramble out of harm's way. The farmer then drove into a forest, where he eluded a manhunt involving two helicopters and an armored car for seven hours. He was finally found by an elite police team in a barn on his farm in Lauterbach, in central Germany. "In the countryside we're used to people going at police with muck spreaders, but this was something else," a police spokesman said. The farmer faces charges of assault and resisting police.

DON'T LET IT BRING
YOU DOWN,
IT'S ONLY CASTLES
BURNING...



"Operation Backfire" Update and Other Related State Repression News

Introduction

Over two years have passed since the first arrests of "Operation Backfire", a nationwide roundup by the federal government against individuals considered to be environmental and animal liberation radicals. On December 7, 2005, the FBI arrested seven people in four different states, accusing them of various acts of sabotage, most of which were claimed under the names of the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) or the Earth Liberation Front (ELF). The "Backfire" cases were originally based on allegations as well as body-wire recordings supplied by Jacob Ferguson of Eugene, Oregon. Government prosecution efforts were strengthened and arrests increased when several other targeted individuals assumed snitch roles under the threat of lengthy sentences. One of those arrested on December 7, 2005—Bill Rogers (AKA "Avalon") of Prescott, Arizona—refused to cooperate with the government and instead committed a "jail break" suicide two weeks following his arrest. Responsibility for this death lies with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, all cooperating government agencies, as well as informants such as Ferguson and Stanislas Meyerhoff (who has the dishonor of being the first Oregon federal defendant to begin blabbering to the Feds following his December 7 arrest).

The "Backfire" cases in Eugene's District of Oregon court have now resulted in plea deals for all of those arrested. Ten defendants were formally sentenced last year, and are now serving their prison terms. Four of these ten defendants took plea deals which did not involve incriminating or providing information against anyone else. They now deserve our firm support. In a different venue, Briana Waters is currently set to begin trial in early February at the federal Western District of Washington court at Tacoma. Waters could

face a mandatory minimum sentence of 35 years in prison if convicted on all charges. Similar to the defendants in the District of Oregon, Waters is being faced with the testimony of those taking "full cooperation" deals with the government. Unlike any of the Oregon federal defendants, she has not entered into any plea deal, and will assert a vigorous defense at trial. Waters maintains her absolute innocence on all charges. In addition to this Washington federal case, there is evidence of the federal government continuing its "Backfire" campaign with investigations into the so-called "Midwest ELF". The authorities appear to be assisted in this latest campaign by an informant named Ian Wallace. Although we cannot provide specifics on the nature of Wallace's claims to investigators, it should be noted that informant testimony is in general highly unreliable, as informants are prone to making up stories in order to assure the government that they are indeed being helpful. Anybody approached by government investigators in this latest phase of "Backfire" is encouraged to seek out not only legal assistance, but also solid community support.

District of Oregon Sentencings

Formal sentencings for the District of Oregon defendants began on May 15, 2007, with a hearing on the issue of "terrorism enhancements", designed to label the defendants as "terrorists" despite the fact that their sabotage exclusively targeted property. During this hearing, federal prosecutors went so far as to compare the eco-sabotage defendants to white supremacists and members of the Klan. Judge Ann Aiken ruled on May 21 that acts committed within the eco-sabotage conspiracy attempted to influence or affect the conduct of government, or to retaliate against the government, and thus could qualify for the

"terrorism" enhancement. Her ruling stated that a federal crime of terrorism "does not require a substantial risk of injury." While the terrorism enhancement was ruled to be generally applicable, each defendant could present arguments about his or her individual situation at sentencing. During the following hearings, all defendants apart from Kendall Tankersley, Darren Thurston and Jonathan Paul received terrorism sentencing enhancements.

The individual sentencing hearings began with sentencing for those who had cooperated with the government and informed on others. These snitches' sentences were as follows: Stanislas Meyerhoff: 156 months (formally charged for conspiracy, counts of arson/attempted arson from seven different incidents, plus one count of destruction of an energy facility.); Kevin Tubbs: 151 months (conspiracy plus eight incidents involving arson/attempted arson.); Chelsea Gerlach: 108 months (conspiracy, five incidents involving arson/attempted arson, plus one count of destruction of an energy facility.); Darren Thurston: 37 months (conspiracy plus one count arson.); Suzanne Savoie: 51 months (conspiracy plus two incidents involving arson/attempted arson.); Kendall Tankersley: initially, 46 months (conspiracy plus one incident involving arson/attempted arson.). Tankersley's sentence was reduced a further five months, to 41 months, at a hearing on August 3, 2007.

The four District of Oregon defendants who entered into plea deals but who refused to implicate or give testimony against others were sentenced next: Exile (Nathan Block) and Sadie (Joyanna Zacher): 92 months each (conspiracy plus two incidents involving arson/attempted arson.); Daniel McGowan: 84 months (conspiracy plus two incidents involving arson/attempted arson.); Jonathan Paul: 51 months (conspiracy plus one count of arson.). Paul's lawyer disputed this sentence, but it was upheld by Judge Aiken at a hearing on August 1, 2007.

All those sentenced are now in federal prison (Paul was the last to enter prison, self-surrendering at FCI Phoenix on October 31, 2007.) Meanwhile, Jacob Ferguson, whose informant activity enabled the entire "Backfire" roundup—and who was involved in a large number of the fires prosecuted under this government campaign—finally entered a plea deal on October 26, 2007 for just one count of arson and one count of attempted arson. During this hearing, it was revealed that Ferguson signed a plea deal with the authorities on September 17, 2004. Prosecutors have recommended that Ferguson not serve prison time, and that he not be required to pay any restitution (which will allow him to hang on to his reward money.) Ferguson's formal sentencing has been pushed back several times. It is at present scheduled for April 1, but may certainly be delayed again.

We encourage support for the four non-cooperating defendants. Their addresses are listed on page 43 and their support groups may be contacted as follows:

Solidarity with Sadie and Exile:
solidaritywithsadieandexile@gmail.com

Family and Friends of Daniel McGowan
PO Box 106, New York NY 10156-1061.
www.supportdaniel.org

Friends of Jonathan Paul:
PMB 267, 2305 Ashland St. Ste. C,
Ashland, OR 97520
www.supportjonathan.org

Briana Waters Trial

Briana Waters was arrested on March 30, 2006, and charged with participation in an arson at the University of Washington Center for Urban Horticulture in 2001. Waters, a young mother, was released from custody soon afterwards, and has consistently asserted her innocence. In May 2006, the government issued a superseding indictment which added a "destructive device" charge for Waters. This charge carries a mandatory minimum sentence of 35 years if she is convicted of all charges at trial.) Waters' trial is currently set to begin on February 11 in the Western District of Washington federal court at Tacoma.

On January 7, 2008, US District Judge Franklin Burgess denied a request by Waters' lawyer to have a hearing on evidence of prosecutorial misconduct in this case. Members of the public were barred from attending Waters' subsequent pretrial hearing on January 29. Twelve days before, government prosecutors filed a list of 47 witnesses which they intend to call at trial—mostly people such as federal investigators and fire experts, but also including Jennifer Kolar and Lacey Phillabaum, who agreed to testify against Waters as part of their own Western District of Washington federal plea deals, plus District of Oregon informants Stanislas Meyerhoff and Suzanne Savoie. (Another familiar name on the government's list is Heather Moore of Olympia, Washington, who earlier assisted the government after receiving a grand jury subpoena in 2006.) As stated previously, informant testimony is notoriously unreliable, as informants often feel motivated to invent stories so as to appease the government. No direct physical evidence appears to link Waters to the University of Washington fire.

It is crucial that Waters and her family receive support during this difficult time. For more information or to make an electronic donation, see www.supportbriana.org. Donations may also be made payable to Eric Waters and sent to PO Box 1689, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113.

(continued on next page)

First Epistle: *Phoenix From the Flames*

by Sadie and Exile

(prosecuted by the state as Joyanna Zacher and Nathan Block)

Now that we have been sentenced we have the opportunity to ease our reticence concerning our situation and would like to candidly address a few points.

Firstly, we would like to offer our sincere and heartfelt gratitude to everyone who has offered support and solidarity with us since we were kidnapped by the state and held prisoner for these past sixteen months. To each and every individual who has offered material support through monetary, postal or other means, and also to those who through their voice or in their hearts have stood in alignment with us, and in opposition to cooperation with or apology to the state—we would extend a most honest thanks. Your flame burns bright.

It has been extremely heartening to know that there are those who stand with us when it seems that so many whose strength we once considered unassailable have had their roots dislodged and their honor torn asunder. Those who hear the call of Direct Action should not fear the prospect of imprisonment if those, or those similar to, who have supported us continue to act in such a responsible and dignified manner in support and solidarity with those of us who have attracted the wrath of the state. Again, a great thanks to all who have assisted us and continue to do so.

That said, it has come to our attention that perhaps through naivete and perhaps through the deliberate spreading of misinformation, there has been some confusion over who amongst the inditees is worthy of prisoner support; meaning to us: who has NOT made statements implicating others, as the purpose of such statements is the further prosecution and imprisonment of others. Let us make this clear: all those amongst the inditees who have been apprehended, other than Ms. Waters, Mr. McGowen, Mr. Paul, obviously the authors of this piece; the so-called Ms. Zacher and Mr. Block, and sadly Mr. Rodgers, have dishonored themselves, their families and the very lineage of struggle which they themselves were once an integral part of, by becoming vicious traitors and handmaids of the state. To actively support these inditees who have been apprehended but not aforementioned is to support not only our incarceration but to wish that same fate upon many others currently living as fugitives or being sought similarly. If there are those amongst you reading this who feel the need to make excuses for those responsible for our imprisonment, we would ask you to refrain from offering a Janus-faced 'support' to us also, as it is completely antithetical to the reasons for our captivity.

Those who have signed their cowardly allegiance to the state and through the state to those powers that seek to prostitute and obliterate the natural world, as well as strip-mine our souls, clearcut our minds and pollute our very being, are not only directly responsible for our imprisonment, having given the state our physical description, names and legal names, along with statements on our involvement in Direct Action, both witnessed and in conjecture.

No, they hold not only that burden of responsibility. Some of them hold responsibility, and the others a deep dishonor, for the death of a dear friend and one of the most gentle and pure-hearted beings ever to be found, namely Avalon (or Bill Rodgers).

Most importantly, those who now work in collaboration (under the innocuous term 'cooperation') with the same powers which they once felt compelled to raise themselves in opposition to, have in their wicked apostasy, desecrated the sacred covenant that exists between nature and those who align themselves with the very Element of Fire and the very Essence of Destruction in the defense of the Wild.

Perhaps these vile turncoats deserve compassion, in the same way that all creatures deserve compassion, and indeed they once deserved acclaim for their physical deeds, but now they deserve neither praise nor forgiveness, for in the hour when the struggle returned for them, when the predator had once again become the prey, they failed in spirit and resolve cowardly breaking long held oaths and begging for mercy from their captors, hoping to gain leniency by offering as a sacrifice to the altar of a perverted 'justice' their former friends, trusted colleagues and any dignity they once held.

Let the spirits of imprisonment, treason and weak delusion haunt the atrophied vision of those who would turn their backs to the flame of Green Fire that burns in all our beings; and let those of us who heed the calls so often ignored stand upright, with clear vision, whether illuminated by the great Sun or by a more obscure Light, which rides with the night terror with all creatures of the hidden hours: the clawed, the winged, the hoofed, and also with those beings referred to by the euphemisms of 'the ancestors', 'the fair folk', or indeed, the 'elves'.

air trees water animals

Sadie: Joyanna Zacher #36360-086, FCI Dublin,
5701 8th St - Camp Parks - Unit F, Dublin, CA 94568
Exile: Nathan Block #36359-086, FCI Lompoc, 3600
Guard Road, Lompoc, CA 93436

policies which destroy our Earth. Now it is time to give of myself to the purpose of raising a family in these troubling times.

*For the Earth, and all of her Children,
Rod Coronado*

Thank you for all you have done for us, and continue to do! To everyone who has been there with us, know that our hearts have continually been put at peace with your support and kindness. There is no doubt that love and truth are the strongest powers, we are constantly reminded!

UPDATE: We have received news that Rod's lawyer from the Sabino Mountain Lion case will be giving oral arguments to the 9th circuit on February 11 in San Francisco, regarding the appeal that was submitted over a year and a half ago (not a fast process). There is a chance that the guilty verdict in the mountain lion case may get overturned. Since Rod has already served the eight-month sentence, his current probation could be lifted.

Eric McDavid Found Guilty

Eric McDavid was found guilty of his role in planning to destroy property of the US Forestry Service, etc. He is due to be sentenced on December 6. He faces a minimum sentence of 5 years and a maximum sentence of 20 years. Hearing the jury deliver a guilty verdict always comes as a shock to the system. Therefore please send urgent letters of support to: **Eric McDavid X-2972521 4E231A, Sacramento County Main Jail, 651 "I" Street, Sacramento, CA 95814.**

Below is the latest mailout from his support campaign team at:
sacprisonersupport@riseup.net:

This evening the jury returned a verdict of guilty in the case of United States vs. Eric McDavid. Eric faces 5-20 years in federal prison. His sentencing will be on December 6 at 9am before Judge England. Please continue to call the jail and request that Eric be given vegan food. Contact info can be found on www.supporteric.org It is difficult to write now. More will come later. Thank you all for your support.

*The struggle is not over.
SPS*

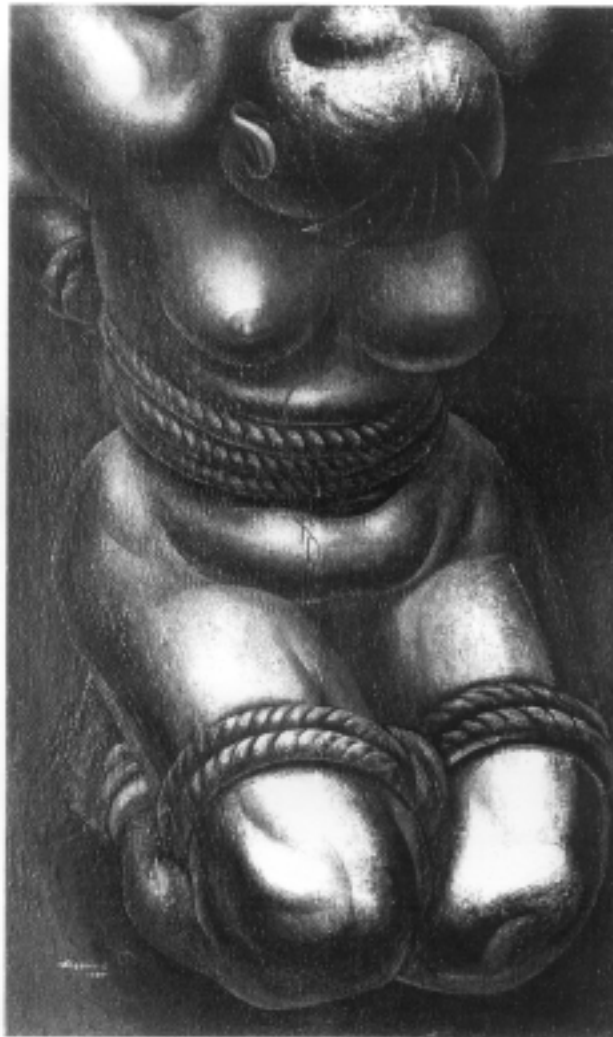
Two Arrested In Attacks Against Huntingdon Life Sciences

Two activists from Philadelphia have been charged with acts of sabotage against HLS (Huntingdon Life Sciences) targets in New Jersey.

One of the two activists, Nick Cooney, faces a mandatory minimum of 3 years if convicted. Funds are needed to provide competent legal defense. Please do what you can to help. PayPal all donations to: **usababylon at hotmail dot com** or mail to: **720 North 38th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.**

From Nick:

*Hi,
In July of 2005 my friend Janice and I were arrested and charged with a variety of charges in connections with two vandalisms in New Jersey. The alleged actions were in relation to the HLS campaign. For reasons unknown to us, the case has sat for about two years but now is proceeding forward.*



Janice and I were indicted last week (meaning, a grand jury in NJ [not the scary kind of grand jury] found there to be enough evidence that we should be put on trial), so there will be upcoming appearance dates and court dates relatively soon. If this goes to trial and I'm found guilty of the main charge (3rd degree criminal mischief), there's a 3 year mandatory minimum for me because of my prior convictions (6 1/2 year max for all

charges, for both of us). Janice's situation isn't quite as bad in that there's no mandatory minimum, but both of us are facing jail time and desperately need money for our attorneys ASAP. We need to raise about \$3,500 each for the case, and very quickly. After being released on bail back in 2005, we never set up any support websites or put out calls for assistance since the SHAC-7 trial was going on and support was much needed there; and, because our case was for some reason not going forward. Now, we really are in need of help from the animal rights community to help us fight these charges with competent counsel.

If anyone can help out in any way – organizing fundraisers, donating yourself, or letting any well-off animal rights supporters know, it would be very much appreciated.

*Thanks,
Nick*

Jeff "Free" Luers Update

As we go to print, we have still yet to receive word on the re-sentencing of Jeff. Last February ('07), the State of Oregon Court of Appeals unanimously ruled that Free's case will be reversed and remanded back to the Circuit Court for re-sentencing as a result of Judge Velure's legal errors in imposing the original sentence. It is possible he could potentially get as much as 15 years taken off his 22-year sentence! Luers was convicted in 2001 for an arson at the Romania car dealership and an attempted arson of Tyree Oil, both in Eugene, OR.

The hearing scheduled for January 8, 2008, was postponed and has been rescheduled for February 21st in Lane County Circuit Court in Eugene, Oregon. The date could very well change, but this is what we have been told so far. For updates, check out: www.cldc.org or www.freefreenow.org

Some Useful Websites:

www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk/
www.ecoprisoners.org
www.fbiwitchhunt.com/Informants.html
www.bombsandshields.blogspot.com/
www.portland.indymedia.org/
www.cldc.org
www.security.resist.ca/
www.midnightspecial.net/
www.nlg.org/resources/resources.htm
www.nlg.org/resources/resources.htm

Reviews

The following reviews are the individual opinions of Felonious Skunk (FS) and A. Bone Obo (ABO).

No Hope by Sam Bain

Hope is often the last refuge for those who live in times of great despair. It allows people to endure horrendous circumstances and surpass tremendous odds. But what do you do when you live in a time when hope appears to be nothing but a severely delusional distraction from an abysmal reality? I would say, take a good strong dose of some nihilistic spirits mixed with the nectar of your unimpeded desires and live your dreams anyway, 'cause what else ya gonna do, call it quits? When one sets aside the baggage of hope, and looks at their situation squarely and honestly, perhaps through the eyes of a deranged lunatic (i.e. square peg-round hole/dreamer/instinctual fighter), many new possibilities open up. One may then find the hidden backdoors, fractures and weak spots, and situations that were there all along. Also, without the burdensome framework of hope, one tends to be less ideological in the framing of potential outcomes.

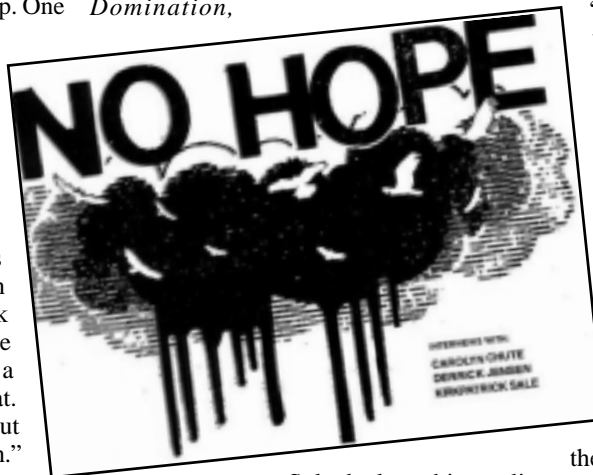
No Hope is a handsome little booklet published by Portland's Eberhardt Press. It is basically three interviews conducted by Sam Bain with Carolyn Chute, Derrick Jensen, and Kirpatrick Sale. The method for two of the three are back-and-forth letters, adding a unique twist to an often sterile format. Sam's intro states, "This book is without hope, but hopefully not without inspiration." He suggests that "questions, speculations, and possibilities" might be of more use than "starry-eyed proclamations". Overall, the concept, while raw and somewhat inconsistent, is a candid and engaging method at approaching a discourse.

Carolyn Chute, author of *The Beans of Egypt, Maine* and *Snow Man* is probably the most interesting of the three correspondences. Chute writes plainly of her views on society and her criticisms of the left (the anti-war movement in particular), as one who has been constantly pushed out from it for her thoughts on militant resistance. She is involved in the

2nd Maine Militia and is not shy about her feelings on self-preservation and sovereignty. In general, she has a basic class analysis of the system, with strong anarchistic, ecological, and defiant tones, but her down-to-earthiness is what stuck me most.

The only phone interview, done with Derrick Jensen, was slightly moralistic at times. Yet it has some really insightful things to say about the situation we face, the brutality of the system, and about moving from a place without much hope, but *still* moving in resistance. However, if you have already read much by Derrick, it won't be too notable or unique.

In the letters with neo-Luddite Kirpatrick Sale, author of *Rebels Against the Future* and *After Eden: The Evolution of Human Domination*,



Sale declares his prediction that the world will collapse around 2020 [I think on a Thursday at 3pm]. He suggests some noteworthy analysis of the global situation and how collapse *might* unfold, along with the ideas of separatism and secession to help break down empire and possibly create self-reliant communities to better deal with upcoming crisis.

In the last section he talks about the origins of civilization, the "wrong turn", so to speak. Interestingly, he finds it at 70,000 years ago, when he claims that humans moved from their role as scavengers and took to hunting large



animals in order to survive global climatic changes. He states that this created an "Other" dynamic and a preoccupation with domination, leading to hierarchy, etc., and civilization. This is all interesting as a thesis, speculation, or one possibility of many factors, but when Sam challenges him on generalizing primitive people, discrepancies in his theory and research, and the potential problems with the "where did we go wrong?" question, Sale's ideology and blatant arrogance is revealed. Sale: "What can I say? I've spent three years writing a book on the evolution of human domination that proves *conclusively* that it was when Sapiens began hunting, sometime in the 70,000 year ago range, that they began "modern" culture and began to live in nature in a completely new way." Wow! All it took was three years of library research for him to *conclusively* decide how it all went down. Arrogant Prick are the only words that come to mind here (not my favorite flavor of AP). I mean, I share with Sale much of the same analysis of what civilization is doing (and has done) to the planet and us, and am curious as to people's guesses as to

the ways it may have become so (possibly useful for strategizing on how to live differently), but a mindset that can declare with any sort of absolute certainty as to how it all happened or how we can move from it needs to be rejected along with any other dogma or pretension. Just one reason we might want to spend more time as anarchists, and less as anthropologists.

Sam challenges all three authors, especially Sale, throughout the booklet, and offers up a fine selection of subjects to ponder. Looking forward to another volume. (FS)

Eberhardt Press, 3527 NE 15th #127,
Portland, OR 97212

Flaming Arrows

A compilation of the works of Rod Coronado

by IEF Press

For some of us coming into the world of "radical environmentalism" (Earth First!, etc) in the nineties, Rod Coronado was the almost mythical eco-warrior and animal liberator of our time, inspiring us to go beyond activism and civil disobedience and towards a clandestine world of liberation and focused destruction.

By far the most public and outspoken of those who transformed words into action, Rod has rarely shied away from controversy or battle. I first read the descriptions of his heartening felonious activities and the motivations behind them, in *Strong Hearts*, a zine he produced while serving time in prison in the mid-nineties. While I did not agree with some of his moralizing and anthropomorphizing, it was hard to deny his love for the earth and its creatures and his ceaseless determination to act to protect them, and more importantly, to fight

with them. I first met Rod while he was finishing a sentence at a half-way house in Eugene, and found him just as inspiring and caring as a person. These characteristics have always been clear in his writing, words not of empty rhetoric or abstract philosophizing, but words of passion and of practice. At this point in time, when the particular wave of resistance of which Rod was very much part, seems to have all but perished, we look desperately for sparks to reignite our hearts. We look forward into imagination and possibility, but we also look back for motivation and wisdom. If there is anything in the short history and memoirs of eco-warriors and animal liberators that can be a helpful catalyst for our kind, *Flaming Arrows*, is one very likely possibility.

Flaming Arrows is a compilation of writings by Rod, and some not necessarily written by him, but often attributed or pertaining to an underground cell of which he was allegedly a part. It was collected, edited, and printed as a fundraiser for Rod's ongoing legal hardships (see State Repression section for details). Ironically, for someone whose life has been about action, they recently attempted to convict him as a terrorist for a talk he gave. Sometimes words, when expressed with insight,

emotion, and the desire to act, can be remarkably dangerous. The state has long seen Rod as a significant threat, for his alleged activities, his words, and the calm connectedness he has with many communities of resistance, from environmentalists to anarchists to animal liberationists to indigenous communities (Rod is Yaqui).

Flaming Arrows begins with an assortment of more recent unaffiliated texts from various periodicals, including: "The 'Case' Against Rod" (background on his legal situation), "Dzil Nchaan Si An: A Warrior's Story of the Underground",

"High Price of Pacifism", and "When the Weak Link Breaks: Dealing with Snitches and Informants".

Also included in this section is his heartbreaking August 2006 prison statement in which he declares himself no longer a proponent of so-called violent means of resistance. Written while serving close to a year for a mountain lion hunt sabotage, Rod, without denouncing others who have divergent views and without relegating his past as a series of mistakes, explains his philosophical transformation towards what might loosely be described as pacifist. There have been various speculations as to the reason for this change in heart, from pre-trial public relations to fatherhood to resignation and exhaustion after years of being one of the few on the front lines. Regardless of the reason, to me, it was a disappointing twist, but one that does not take away from his over twenty years of resistance.

The majority of the book is divided into two main sections, *Book One: Strong Hearts*, and *Book Two: Memories of Freedom*, both offer a plethora of stories, ideas, emotional release and tales of nighttime action to keep one interested and inspired. (FS)

IEF Press, PO BOX 0372
Chapel Hill, NC 27514,
flamingarrows.mountainrebel.net



purse-seine

by blackbird RAUM

On the surface one might describe blackbird RAUM's new cd, *purse-seine*, as a rough and folksy political album. I'm not a huge fan of "political music" or so-called "music with a message". Not that I like superficial bubble gum crap either. I prefer depth, cleverness, emotion, and passion in lyrics and in playing. Most "political music", however, usually falls short in this regard. I can appreciate extraordinary hip-hop (the Coup, Dead Prez, Talib Kweli, etc) for its sound, rage, and uplifting elements, but even at its most interesting, it typically comes from a communistic and militant black nationalist angle, one which I find hard to applaud. Punk has become too clichéd and sophomoric in its "message", usually limited to identity politics or liberal activist-type lyrics, if there is any point to it at all other than self-centered indulgence, self-pity, or debauchery. The eco-activist folk music genre is often even more pathetic with Earth First! sappy standards by egomaniacs like Daryl Cherney (who thinks he's a lot more clever, funny, and talented than he really is) or drunken buffoons like Danny Dollenger (we could print 10,000 more copies an issue just from the deposits on his emptied beer bottles). Ok, I admit it, I am pretty discerning when it comes to music, and the scenes I ramble between do not leave me too musically inspired. Where are the Bob Dylans or Leonard Cohens of the eco-anarchist world? People who can move us to feel and think, not necessarily in a specific direction, but to spark self-directed inquiry and action, through song.

With abysmally subterranean depth, frighteningly moving passion, nebulous but pointed relevance, and caustic yet beautifully personal emotion, blackbird RAUM, a lively gang of Santa Cruz minstrels, sing about the tensions of the human condition and their personal conjuncture engulfed within the institutions and morality of a bankrupt society, themes that politics cannot fucking touch. This place to create from is a catalyst for

music of inspiration and beauty, of ugliness and corrosively raw emotion, of open-eyed joyous destruction, and of cerebral and bodily dance. Its not music which asks us to remove certain politicians from office (either through

(continued on next page)



ballot or bullet), or to stop a certain oppression or to act in a certain manner, but instead, to put a magnanimous question mark on the whole fucking thing, to consider the brilliance and horrific repulsiveness of the details, as it attempts to scrape from its gears something which may at least closely resemble a life.

Just when you were sick to death of more anarcho-traveler hobo-types playing old-time music, RAUM takes the overplayed and stale format and implodes it, twists it, and sharpies it up, combining it with jug-band, punk, gypsy, carnival, pirate, throat-scraping drinking music, weirdness, fiery enthusiasm, and depth. Not to mention they are exceptionally fun. With accordion, banjo, singing saw, washtub bass, washboard, and an assortment of odd extras, not to mention a cacophony of scratchy and scrappy voices singing at the top of their lungs (they told me their recent tour was fueled by slippery elm throat lozenges), RAUM is a pure delight to experience. Live, I couldn't help but dance, something I am certainly not known to do (despite the revisionist quote by Emma). They have a whimsical and spontaneous feel, a whirlwind of energy which one can't help but throw themselves into. When they played on a friends farm in the little rural hippie town I live in, people I would never have guessed were cheering to choruses of "one day this will all come down!" and smiling at lyrics like "I look down on the city, its burning, its burning, everything's prettier at night. The flames they're all leaping, they're eating the buildings, Orion laughs 'guerre a outrance'".

When they gave me a copy of their new cd, *purse-seine*, I had the chance to listen to them more earnestly and read some of the lyrics that I missed when I have heard them play (my one criticism of their live show is at times the words are difficult to hear clearly). All original tunes, the cd is filled with fresh and enthusiastic playing and poetry. These folks are not shy about their loathing of civilization and their longing for an authentic existence, and the impolite, jagged, barbarous, and euphoric path there, one politics can never take. I'm delighted to be zigzagging similar terrain and look forward to more tales, tunes, and cavorting from blackbird RAUM. (FS)

RAUM c/o Quiver Distro: PO BOX 993,
Santa Cruz, CA 95061.
anti-politics.net/raum

"Thank You for Not Breeding" and Voluntary Human Extinction

We are living in a time of unprecedented global destruction on the planet at the hands of the majority of one species (although, in my mind, there is a disproportionate level of responsibility, determined politically and economically, weighing heavily on the various positions of institutional power). It is hard to imagine that everyone doesn't already understand this, no matter what their particular response may be. Some attempt to put forth evidence and reactions steeped in denial and continuation of the status quo because they can think in no other terms or because of their own short-term gains, others offer a technological "solution" to the problem (from cyborgs and genetic engineering to "green" technologies), and some offer reactionary ideological positions with virtually no real praxis. Deep Ecologists, while typically espousing an understanding of profound connections and patterns in life, tend to fall into the last category. Generally misanthropic in their outlook, they tend to see humans as either no longer capable of being part of the "web of life", or never really quite belonging. A reaction to the anthropocentric (human-centered) world-view, many tend to be aligned with a skewed version of biocentrism (life-centered).



Biocentrism, I believe, can be part of an engaging way of approaching relationships, and is similar to the approach seen in various uncivilized and less ritualizing indigenous perspectives, and from an anarchist perspective, places humans in an egalitarian and symbiotic relationship with all other beings.

The problem for some who espouse a biocentric perspective is that they have resigned humans as no longer worthy of this status with life. Their "solution" is a world without humans. Now this reaction, given the track record of civilization and the lack of much faith in humans as a whole to change is somewhat understandable, but it misses some key elements and offers really no solution other than global genocidal extermination of humans, something which is not only difficult to achieve, but also pretty fucking deplorable.

Thank You for Not Breeding (TYFNB) and **Voluntary Human Extinction (VHEM)**, are two projects which espouse a deep ecologist position with an interesting twist.

They are both very articulate and convincing of the extensive havoc caused by the industrial materialist culture we live in and are well-constructed projects of propaganda with high comedic value, but both contain fundamental flaws and virtually no practice.

Thank You for Not Breeding (TYFNB) is a video produced several years ago, and contains numerous brief vignettes and **Voluntary Human Extinction (VHEM)** is a group (although it seems to be mostly this guy named Les U Knight) which tables at events, does speaking gigs, has a website and newsletter,

and produces some funny bumper stickers. Their motto is "May we live long and die out." The two projects overlap and their politics and propaganda are basically identical and use what they term as "facts" and humor to solve the world's problems by promoting an anti-breeding agenda.

Both the **TYFNB** video and **VHEM** literature acutely and amusingly describe the horrific devastation that modern humans are unleashing on the planet and themselves, but the problem they miss is essentially cultural, not biological. I do not believe, nor have I ever seen anything that might lead me to believe, that humans are inherently flawed, intrinsically and solely self-referential, or naturally destructive to their environment (although we are capable of it, as we can overwhelmingly witness). It is how we think and how we organize ourselves, or more precisely, how we are organized, which creates most



of our problems (overpopulation, war, domination, species extinction, environmental destruction, etc.). To uncritically equate humans to cancer cells (as both projects do) which need to be eradicated is a frightening thought and line of reasoning, and one that does not get to the root problem, how we view the world.

To project how modern civilized humans act onto the history of humanity is a mistake and a discredit to those who did/do not live this way for so long. To equate *civilization* to a cancer cell makes more sense (this is not hair splitting in the least), because of its structure and logic, and because there are still healthy human cells that civilization has not metastasized to, and because there is still the possibility for cells to become healthy again (going feral).

Breeding (the utilitarian description these ammeter scientists like to use to describe conceiving, giving birth, and nurturing young ones) is seen as a crime against the planet by these folks, or at least an ignorant error in judgement. These people must pay a shrink a lot to get over the loathing and antipathy they hold towards their parents for bringing their vile and depraved bodies into this world, not to mention their self-hatred for staying around. Last year, when tabling at an environmental conference with my 3 month-old little girl, I was arrogantly informed by Les (VHEM's figurehead) that he had no aversion to either her or me, and that "we all make mistakes". He came pretty fucking

close to reducing the human population by one that day. Anyway, the abstract separation and disconnection from life that projects like these, and the Deep Ecologist tendency in general, exhibit more clearly the reason the world is in this mess to begin with. They view the world

as an economist views the stock market, removed from and materialist in their outlook, it comes down for them to resources and consumption rather than beings and behavior. The old number game will never change our situation, no matter how you crunch them. I prefer to deepen my connection with the world and the life that inhabits it rather than draw arbitrary and absolute lines. I begin this exploration and activity in my daily life.

Those who would criticize this choice are criticizing life itself and the beauty of creation. Obviously, bringing children into the world is just one of many ways to go about connecting to the webs of life, but it is a significant one that many environmentalists are willing to discard and criticize in a knee-jerk reactionary fashion. Looking around the world, I do wish a lot more people had decided to have an abortion, but looking around our scenes, I wish more were open to the possibility of having kids, rather than giving up on ourselves.

If the **TYFNB** and **VHEM** folks (and those who agree with their analysis and rhetoric) actually believe what they are saying, why are they still around? Why are they immune to their final solution? Why do they see another 50 or so years of their self-described cancerous life as acceptable? Is it because it is just a naive and catchy project? If they believe we are fundamentally flawed, then what good are they? Why don't they follow out their logic? Think Globally Act Locally: Voluntary Human Extinction begins at home, but maybe they're just not the volunteering type... (FS)

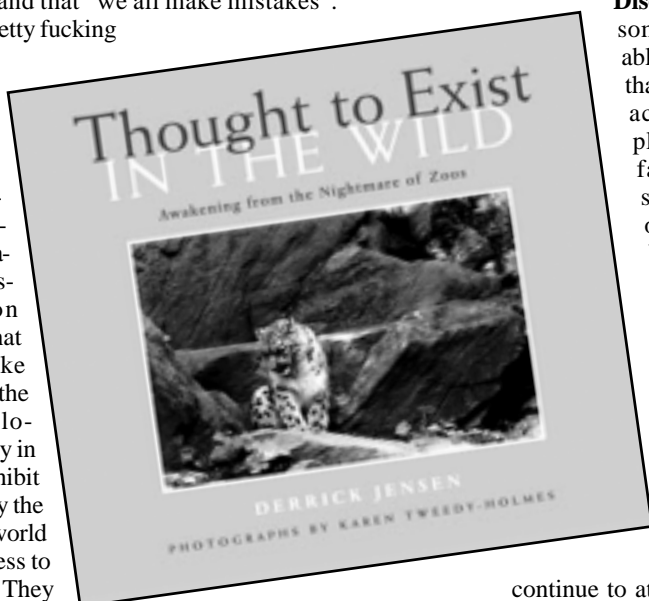


Thought to Exist In The Wild: Awakening from the Nightmare of Zoos by Derrick Jensen and Karen Tweedy-Holmes

It appears Derrick is still grappling with the age old question haunting certain segments of the domesticated from Mesopotamia to McDonald's: should I blow up a dam or start writing another book? Sometimes I think I give too much credit to the anti-civ current by assuming that many of the discussion board addicts, garden gurus and primitive skills enthusiasts seriously engage the question of strategic industrial sabotage and are not just creating another specialization saturated scene where the majority idly consumes direct action reports on the sidelines. It seems that not only is Kevin Tucker's assessment correct that Kaczynski's Revolution Against Technology does not have many volunteers enlisting to struggle for the narrow goals Ted outlines in *Industrial Society and its Future*, the larger green anarchist milieu also shows a dearth of tangible efforts aimed at hastening collapse. Maybe there are packs of insurrectionary feral foragers out there plotting to unleash their rage on Dracula's vital organs. I have my doubts. For those who are serious, I also have my doubts about focusing on an "at the right time" approach that very well could be too little too late.

After pouring out lengthy critiques of pacifism and poetic denunciations of cities in his 931 pg. *Endgame*, Jensen quickly delivers his 9th exploration of civilization's death culture with the 143 pg. *Thought to Exist in the Wild: Awakening from the Nightmare of Zoos*. Before discussing his latest effort, I have a comment about the two volume beast. My favorite part of the book was his dedication of it to Tecumseh. In these times of hyper-specialization and passive nihilism, it is helpful to see Tecumseh as the antithesis of fragmentation. By weaving together the difficult yet joyous pursuits of theorist, orator, strategist, resistor

(continued on next page)



Disclaimer: If it was somehow indisputably revealed to me that humans are not actually of this planet and are in fact an invasive species from another celestial body, then I might be down with a more vigorous and less voluntary version of their project, but since it is impossible to prove such a thing, and a very doubtful prospect, I will

continue to attempt to destroy the cultural aspects of the dominant varieties of our species, and persist in my attempt to connect to my wild self and others with such dreams.

Thank You for Not Breeding (TYFNB)
Nina Paley (producer/director/ animator)
415-285-1295

nina@ninapaley.com
www.ninapaley.com

Voluntary Human Extinction (VHEM),
www.vhemt.org



*Contemplating
Non-Violence,
perhaps?*

and a life lived close to nature, Tecumseh defied the chains of despair and diversion, choosing to break down the barriers of separation that continue to plague many of us today. This separation is so basic to the functioning of civilized society it seeps into our own liberation strategies, a point I will return to at the end of the review.

Karen Tweedy-Holmes' pictures encompass about 2/3 of the book. Ranging from the heart wrenching depictions of monkeys desperately clinging to the bars imprisoning them to the solitary lion patiently preparing for a sapien snack, her images add a visual element to Jensen's concise analysis. As for the writing, although I find myself frequently saying "Right on!" coupled with the occasional "What a load of malarkey!" no matter which of his books I'm reading, my favorites being *A Language Older Than Words* and *Welcome to the Machine*, Derrick always takes us on a vivid journey even if his most recent effort doesn't quite match the power of his earlier books. *Thought to Exist in the Wild* highlights the underlying paradigm leading to zoos and the repression of wild beings, including human animals. Jensen combines a historical look at zoos in ancient empires and a deconstruction of the self-serving language of modern pro-zoo lackeys whose ridiculous arguments in favor of confinement are easily rejected by anyone with a strong bullshit detector between their eyes

(and I don't mean that 3 pound producer of symbolic thought many radicals, including Paul Shepard who Jensen frequently quotes, can't seem to get over praising). On pg. 86 Derrick lays bare the connection between why zoos exist and the effects they have on human and non-human freedom. "We learn [from zoos] that humans are not animals." Also, we learn that "the provision of bad food and concrete shelter within a cage is more important than freedom (the importance of having humans internalize this lesson for their own lives cannot be overstated)." However, Derrick misses opportunities throughout the book to make a deeper connection between the domestication process itself, which includes symbolic power over life, and the power inherent in zoos. He writes convincingly of the latter but, as usual, avoids a more complex analysis of indigenous cultures and agriculture.

On pg. 13 Derrick mentions in passing the possibility that we could blow up zoos in an attempt to help free the jailbreak eager inmates. But by the time one gets to the final chapter, which simultaneously critiques working in the system while embracing it (does this somehow allow what Michael Albert would call "non-reformist reforms" to make sense or even be worth the effort?) we are left with his problematic "we need it all" tactical outline. I don't feel attacking infrastructure is the panacea for all existing problems, however, I think there is a division of labor in Derrick's strategy that resembles, to borrow a phrase from Bob Black, a you sign my petition and I'll sign yours mentality. While not necessarily based on signing petitions and although encompassing important encouragements to reconnect with the land and dismantle globally, Derrick is persistent in not only presenting rationalizations (which I find weak) for not personally putting into practice his own advice to the ELF and similar groups/individuals to "up the infrastructure," but also for the rest of us to "do what we can," i.e. everything short of actually putting our asses on the line and posing a serious threat. I doubt the anti-civ momentum will ever reach its potential unless we are able to overcome the feeling that we are "doing something" and instead begin to pursue the path of wholeness and direct involvement with all spheres of the primal war whether they are theoretical, experiential or explosive. (ABO)

www.derrickjensen.org

The Earth Liberation Front: 1997-2002 Edited by Leslie James Pickering

Former press officer for the North American Earth Liberation Front Press Office (NAELFPO) Leslie James Pickering has compiled an assortment of communiqués, congressional testimony, ideological smatterings and more in his *The Earth Liberation Front: 1997-2002*. Having been aware of the ELF for a few years now, I began to read this somber primer as someone who has had ambivalent feelings about the clandestine cells pretty much from the start. While steering clear of the swarm of bullshitters masquerading as defenders of freedom who denounce the ELF as the Devil in a Green Dress, I have often felt a compatibility with those who claim "we don't sleep" while never really clicking with their holy trinity of guidelines and having serious bouts of insomnia cured from reading their often repetitive and sometimes shallow philosophical pronouncements. After breaking away from the bureaucratically inclined careerists of Earth First! in the mid 90's the ELF crossed the Atlantic and began a string of sabotage that stumped agents of repression for years. However, with the recent intensification of legislation directed against those resisting objectification and arrests of numerous individuals thought to have participated in actions causing millions of dollars in damage to earth destroying industries, Craig Rosebraugh and the Arissa media group's motivations for releasing this look at the first 5 years of the ELF are clearly associated with a call for us to know ELF history and maintain a fiery tenacity that is often given the hose when shit hits the fan.

Chapter 1 is an extensive reprint of ELF communiqués that followed a particular action taken against targets ranging from ritzy ski resorts to clear cutters' headquarters to university dungeons genetically engineering the planet. Capitalism, or the profit motive, is identified page after page as the culprit. Sure, capitalism has been a major player on the scene of civilization for the past few hundred years, teaming together with its partner in crime the nation-state to pillage without remorse, however, after going through the communiqués one gets the impression that there is an over-fixation on money making as the prime factor causing species extinction and general ecological decay. Hints are occasionally made in the communiqués that anthropocentrism, which can infect more than just greedy CEO's, are a big part of the problem, however, I don't see a concerted effort on the part of these anti-authoritarians to delve deeper into the roots of alienation and carnage unleashed upon nature either in the communiqués or throughout

the entire book. Some probably think this has to do with a desire to communicate ideas the general public supposedly can relate to better without getting into “masturbatory” theory, however, I think it revolves more around a paucity of liberatory vision that fails to break

away from a boring attachment to domestication and “Revolution” that at least describes Pickering and Rosebraugh’s ideology, if not significant parts of the ELF itself.

The general thrust of the book borders on being delusional in the feeling that nature and humanity will be fine in a post-profit motive, rurally based anarchist society that appears to take quite a few cues from social ecology and doesn’t call into question many of the defining institutions of civilization such as cities, specialization, sedentariness, etc. I should

add, however, there is inspiration to be found in the FAQ comprising chapter 2. For example, on pg. 44 they say “It doesn’t take a trained expert to become involved in the ELF, just individuals who really care about life on the planet to the degree that they want to take actions to protect it.” This is something helpful to remember as feelings of paralysis in the face of massive violence and star struck awe/inadequacy in the face of perceived super-luddite action heroes can easily crush our desire to resist. But this call to get “involved in the ELF” is something, as alluded to earlier, I have always declined. Anyone interested in a more detailed explanation beyond the fact I don’t agree with any of the ELF’s three guidelines, can check out pgs. 28-31 of *Green Anarchy #23* (although I did not write either article, I generally agree with the critique in both pieces.)

Chapters 3, 4 and 5 are excerpts from *Resistance*, a NAELFPO publication. These three chapters

focus mainly on the lives of individuals facing state repression and ostracization from certain mainstream environmental groups. Rosebraugh creates a lifeless picture of his harassment by the pigs. Reports on Josh Harper and Frank

Ambrose give a glimpse of the extent to which the FBI will go to “get their man.” Chapter 6, by far the longest, is filled largely with the bullshit of various politicians and industry reps reprimanding lawbreakers while pleading for people to play by the rules. By far the best part of the book was the boisterous laughs I got over Boise Cascade’s Michael Hicks sobbing over a corporate office being burned on Christmas. He reminisces how his “string of early awakenings on Christmas morning remained intact. This time, however, it wasn’t because of kids or grandkids running around to see

what Santa and his elves had brought. As we found out a few days later, it was elves of a different stripe. The evil and cowardly elves of the ELF had brought their gift of terror to our lives.” You can’t teach that kind of unintentional humor.

Chapter 7 is an interview with Pickering, most of which is a rehashing of ideas and information found earlier in the book. The concluding chapter is Pickering’s statement of resignation from NAELFPO which, although calling for a rejection of obedience to non-violence, otherwise leaves me uninspired to join his Revolution. If you are unfamiliar with the ELF and NAELFPO I’d recommend this book. However, if you already have a good understanding of them, I’d recommend not listening to sabotage guidelines or revolutionary programs if you want to throw off civilization’s shackles of alienation and slay the techno-monster. (ABO)

Contact: Arissa Publications
PO Box 232, South Wales, NY 14139



WILD DESTRUCTION

The burning fuse—a quiet hiss in this world in which everything is talked to death and nothing is done.

Individuals who rise out of the mass and define what we will do with our lives and why for ourselves.

Self-determination which can break out of the circle of delegation and rules.

Passion takes pleasure in the virtue of wild destruction, announcing the battle against all oppression and authority.

Uncertainty and the lust for adventure against dogma and guarantee. A dream of freedom for people and animals.

Sustaining free spirits in permanent insurrection against control, war, racism, cages and religion.

Death to symbols, the gods, the compulsion of survival, the flags and hierarchies.

Unity only as the individual desires, not in a preexistent group or collective reality.

— from *Die Lunte*
(German insurrectionary anarchist publication)

Never let them tell you that a small group of people, some gasoline, and some timers can't make a difference.
—Vail, 1997

(Just don't snitch out your friends.)

(talk radio commentary in a magazine)

News from the Balcony

Giving culture an even worse name...

Recently at the old folks' home Waldorf and I were subjected to a cultural program. These programs are held once a month and are supposed to help us keep our wits sharp, but the only thing they end up keeping sharp are our tongues. This month we had a young bearded lad who did some sort of rap about his enticing new form of anarchy. He *mashed* together ancient Celtic tradition, the internet, and AK Press-style anarchism into a House of Pain. After his long ballad/rant about his website (www.celticanarchy.org) he gave a "shout out" to David Rovics. Evidently Rovics, some sort of hippy with a guitar, likes Northern Europe too. In a recent interview he stated: "I think if we had a lot more Democrats like Maxine Waters, Barbara Lee, and Dennis Kucinich, then the face of politics in the United States would look a lot more like, you know, Denmark, which I think works, or Sweden or wherever." Wishy-washy leftist dreamers of Northern Europe have little to do with anarchism other than providing the soundtrack to picking up some young NGO cutie.

Boo Hiss! Quit giving white people guitars!

Shit 2.0

The internet is horse-pucky. Even worse, the young'ins who use it, who may very well have been half-way decent people before they learned to type, don't take any time at all before they become total idiots while using the internet.

The Internet is our Czolgosz. Instead of killing our enemies it is killing us. And the people who actually think the Internet is helping their "organizing" or "community" might as well be packing us into boats to Russia. They are collaborators. Even worse, they do it in our name, and export their pathetic revolution.



Case in point? AK Press (who, as we have mentioned before, still believe in the working class as long as the workers aren't the unpaid authors of their books) is publishing the so-called "Anarchist FAQ;" printing of hundreds (if not thousands) of pages of questions no one asked but answered by workerists with an agenda. This book has been threatened for years as their "final solution" to all things Anarchist. If this book actually gets published, and if anyone actually thinks that it answers anything of substance about anarchism or anarchists, we will know that the end has come. Give the trees a break! Let what happens on the Internet stay on the Internet.

Another case in point? Tired of the cesspool of Crimethincers and Primitivists, the acronym crew have created yet another online format by which they hope to seed "serious anarchism" which, as we imagine, will be filled with petticoats and frowns. What in the hell does serious mean? If you go to their site (called Anarchist Black Cat – Isn't that a blast from the past!) the first thing we notice is that the motif that they have chosen for their site is one of coal powered trains. Their *serious* discussions include categories such as Central Station and The Sealed Train (an ironic send up to Lenin's famed ride we suppose). Choo choo to the 19th century!

The Internet is objectively counter-revolutionary!

Les Enfants Sauvages! Stories of Feral Children (part one)

Stories of children disappearing into the wilderness have for centuries inspired awe, fascination, and disbelief. Tales of children being adopted and nurtured by wolves, bears, monkeys, and other animals crop up in folklore and news reports with remarkable regularity. Some feral children were abandoned for perceived mental or physical handicaps, while others had escaped from abusive parents or were lost by accident or in the chaos of war. Surviving without human help required considerable adaptability and instinct.

TEXAS WOLF CHILD

According to legend, in the early part of the 19th century, a wolf girl roamed the banks of the Devil's River near Del Rio in what is even now the sparsely-populated wilderness of south-west Texas. The girl's mother died in childbirth, and her father, John Dent, was killed in a thunderstorm while riding for help. "The child was never found, and the presumption was that she had been eaten by wolves near the Dents' isolated cabin", wrote the aptly named Barry Lopez in his book *Of Wolves and Men*.

Lopez said a boy living at San Felipe Springs in 1845 reported seeing several wolves and "a creature, with long hair covering its features, that looked like a naked girl" attacking a herd of goats. Others made similar reports the following year.

Apaches told several times of finding a child's footprints among those of wolves in that country.

A hunt commenced and on the third day the girl was cornered in a canyon. The girl was bound and taken to the nearest ranch, where she was untied and locked in a room. That evening, a large number of wolves, apparently attracted by the girl's loud, mournful and incessant howling, came around the ranch. The domestic stock panicked, and in the confusion the girl escaped.

According to Lopez, the girl was not seen again for seven years. In 1852, a surveying crew exploring a new route to El Paso saw her on a sand bar on the Rio Grande, far above its confluence with Devil's River. "She was with two pups. After that, she was never seen again."



Ten countries, 14 sessions in 19 days!

This May-June trip covered so much European ground in about the briefest imaginable time. Early in 2007 this odyssey started coming together, with the help of several who were unstinting in their initiative and assistance, folks who in fact made the whole thing possible. And as the tour was being finalized, my remarkable cousin Kathan – Portland, Oregon anarchist and artist – signed on and added enormously to its quality. We began sanely enough in Belgrade. A wonderful, relaxing weekend with the Blok 45 publishing family: Aleksa, Nesha, Srdjan. Completely unstructured times with these fine characters and others, along the banks of the Seva and the Danube, mainly. Then the “events” began, after a short flight northwestward to Slovenia’s capital, Ljubljana. Gorazd hosted us and the first day included presentations at the university and at the big, colorful Metalkova squat complex. At this early point we’d already decided to kick things off, as often as possible, with the screening of Ljubo Starovlah’s provocative six-minute film, *Adventure of a Speck of Dust* (link at: johnzerzan.net), and to emphasize time for extended discussion. It was also becoming clear that Kathan’s role would be essential. From Ljubljana we took the train to Koper, on the Adriatic, just south of Trieste. Arijana and Marko

made us welcome at their social center, site of another film – plus remarks – plus discussion in this sunny seaside town. It was a warm sojourn featuring Marko Breceli, Balkan rock star of the 70s, a well-loved uncontrollable whose recent antics included hitting the Slovenian president with blow gun darts, muffling cathedral bells with carpet when the Pope visited, and firing off tincan “cannons” at the passing U.S. 6th Fleet! An overnight train took us to Zurich for the first of two Swiss public meetings. Fabian was our “arranger”, and Dock 18, an arts media space, was our May 31 location. A mixed crowd included a couple of arrogant profs, but also very open young people. The evening was videotaped; most of the dates on the trip were at least audiorecorded. From the German north to the Italian south, Lugano rounded out Switzerland; the venue was the large and lively El Molino squat. Biggest turnout so far, decidedly anarchist in full flavor, women prominent, ably translated by Claudio; another enjoyable evening. Driven in the morning to a Milan airport,

we were in Belgium by early afternoon, in the bike-friendly city of Ghent. Didn’t screen Ljubo’s film, but did greatly appreciate our night’s destination, a packed house at a squatted bar/infoshop. A great mix of people and very energetic, protracted dialogue. We were in the middle of the kind of engaged exploration that’s very hard to beat! Early June, and the G8 summit protests were in the air, especially in northern Europe. At this point Kathan headed off to Vienna and I drove to Hamburg with two very excellent young Finnish primitivists, Teemu and Aki. Rote Flora is an imposing building, HQ of anti-authoritarian Hamburg; it had been raided in May by German security forces as part of pre-emptive strikes against anti-G8 militants. When we arrived in late afternoon it exhibited its own security, folks at the door trying to screen out cops and media. But most people, it seemed, were up on the Baltic preparing for action at the summit location near Rostock. It also seemed that pretty much no publicity had been done for us, with the small turnout at least somewhat made up for by very long-running conversations. Very early the next day we moved on, north and east, a 12-hour drive to Stockholm. We three showed up with minutes to spare for a late afternoon gig at the university. About 150 were on hand, and in general receptive to a critique of the whole barren technoculture and the deep

roots of the growing crisis. In fact, it was clear that Stockholm is home to many committed primitivists. Their Wilderness Camp not very far from the city is part of a strong presence, as well as the late July anti-civ “Urfest” they were planning south of Stockholm. The 12-hour drive seemed nothing at all given this great connection. Teemu, Aki and I caught an overnight ferry ride to Finland (big cruise-ship variety, favored by those seeking duty-free drinking), and had a rare night off in Tampere. The event there took place in a public building that was a restored power house for a dam that once powered mills in the city center. It was a bit ironic to be standing before people in front of a wall covered with various industrial dials and gauges! The large room was full, and very stimulating exchanges were on tap. I also worked in an afternoon visit to the weight room of a local gym, much needed to keep fit on the road. Aki bid adieu to Teemu and me in Tampere. He was last seen partying in the park with other anarchists! But Marja and Sevan joined us as we drove to Helsinki for another ferry ride, to Estonia. That same afternoon (June 7), the four of us met with about 30 at a modern multimedia center in the old part of port city Tallinn. An anarchist zine, *Alternativ*, had devoted an entire recent issue to some essays of mine, but denouncing civilization was apparently new to most of those in attendance. Our host was extremely helpful, providing a mini-theater space for our use, and the mainly young folks there warmed to the discussion. It felt good to open the topic where it had only begun to be broached. The following a.m. kicked off a 14-hour drive south, through Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and half of Poland to Warsaw. After a Polish taxi driver almost clocked us by sailing through a stop sign, I found myself in agreement with warnings we’d heard that Poles’ driving verges on the suicidal! This territory seemed even less aware of perspectives that refuse domesticated existence, mass production, etc. (viz. that which diverges from the Left), and the couple who arranged things and put us up – and were very warmly hospitable – are staunchly syndicalist. For whatever reason, few people turned up on the second floor of a bar on a Sunday afternoon; the dialogue was pursued at length, nonetheless. Bidding farewell to my four marvelous new

(continued on page 83)



G8, GERMANY: THE AFTERMATH

FROM THE MILITANT CAMPAIGN TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN...

The concept of this campaign was to move away from the usual countersummit mobilization and instead spread widely the uncompromised attack against society both on time as in space: therefore militant actions involving arsons, property damage, destruction of GMO crops, paintbombs and so on, show that what we question is not the legitimacy of the "undemocratic G8" (in the words of many protesters), but the existence of this society. This campaign encountered a very high resonance within the anarchist/autonomous spectrum, and went off well for two years, increasing as the summit was getting closer.

Anarchists and autonomen were not the only ones ready to listen, but also the other side of the barricade – cops, politicians, and journalists, who found our insurgent melody rather grating for their ears. That translated itself into a big campaign led primarily by the media, on how things constantly burn and neither politicians, nor their lackeys, are able to put an end to all this.

To respond to this situation, the repressive apparatus played its usual intimidation card, well known during these tense moments, creating a frame-up against the autonomous movement: on the 9th of May, 1000 cops raided autonomous spaces and private living spaces in northern Germany, with Berlin and Hamburg feeling the brunt.

They alleged participation within several attacks (arsons), related both to the Militant Campaign and the Militante Gruppe (a clandestine autonomous-marxist group active in Berlin since 2001), leading to the use of terrorist association charges against 21 people.

Scaring people off before the summit (and during the Campaign), as well as offering something to feed the media and civil society, were the main objectives. But they failed miserably.

On the same night, spontaneous demonstrations and clashes took place all over the country, with 6,000 people in Berlin and 3,000 in Hamburg. An unexpected reaction for an expected measure. And things kept on burning for days after, increasing rather than diminishing.

As for the days of the summit, enough reports have already been written from different sides, mythologizing, criticizing, or simply dismissing the large Black Bloc in Rostock. The same as for the following blockades and the so-called Plan B (causing rupture in Berlin after the blockades).

I will just say that those days quite changed the approach of many people regarding militancy

for all of us was a path constellated with mistakes, learning, defeats, critics, and small moments of insurgent satisfaction.

I reckon those days were a good moment for many others to begin this very path. Here I must spend one good word for such events, which considering the state of exception characterizing them, contribute in offering to many people the possibility to experi-

ment riotous moments probably unknown (or at least difficult to provoke in most western countries) during the rest of the year.

On the other side, the ones that are quite through this initial moment, proved to be extremely active. Militant actions rose drastically during the month of May, which saw more than thirty actions.

The days of the summit offered different flames in Rostock, Berlin, and Hamburg. But, above all, the actions did not stop following the end of the summit: things kept on happening afterwards, whereas most of the past events concluded

the "summit-momentum" with a long and disempowering hiatus.

And here I'd like to reconnect to one of the questions I asked myself within a previous article (see: "Overcoming the spectacle of the usual counter-summit banality" in *GA#24*): *will people be able to propagate further this attack against the present, beyond the days of the spectacle?*

Declaring beforehand how times are still fresh for closing such a judgement, still I see the wind blowing in the right direction. Moreover, people did not resign themselves in being confined within the schemes given from our enemies, but rather learned the lessons and kept on struggling forward. People tried to become less predictable, being the idea behind Plan B, to bring an unexpected attack inside one of the many heads of the capitalist hydra. Decentralizing the attack was one of the acted words that circulated during those days (and before). And even though many things (like always, and especially when we try to overcome the old for the new) did not work as expected, many appreciated fires heated the warm night of the 8th of June in Berlin.

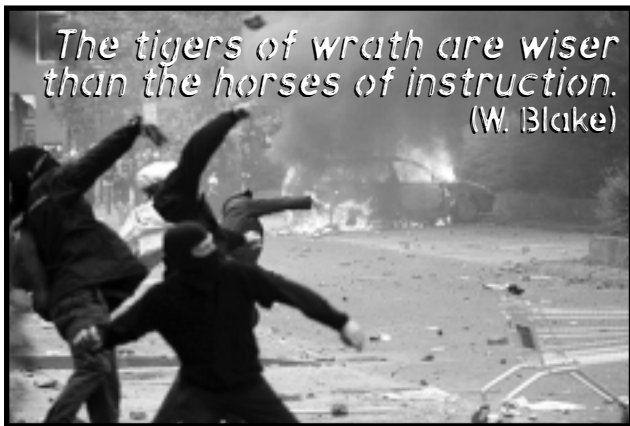


by Jacob
Duval

in the streets: it is well worth to note, that in different ways, several thousand people got radicalized from their involvement either in the riots or in the blockades. And that was reflected within the numerous discussions that occurred in every spectrum, from the autonomous to the Attac group of Berlin (which astonishingly took a position against its own leadership and refused to distance itself from the happenings in the streets – speaking against a division among "bad" and "good" protesters).

The usual process of disassociation from militancy was generally lower in comparison to past countersummits, as many new people felt inspired from the battle of Rostock: maybe in seeing that even the famous Berlin robocops can run away if we only want it, maybe in walking with over 5,000 masked-up people unchained and ready to fight, or maybe from being confronted for their very first time with the true face of "our beloved democracy".

It is a fact that this was an occasion for many to get in touch with radical theories and practices, and I do not feel to undervalue this at all. We are not born as insurrectionists or radicals,



As on the one side, insurrectionist praxis still enflames the hearts (as the targets) of many of us, theory is slowly following.

But theory not in the mere sense of reading this or that author from the sacred insurrectionist pantheon, but in asking radical questions such as about ways of organizing to gain the success lived in Rostock (and doin' it better...), drastically reconsidering the relation to the media (a lot of people here still have a rather fluffy approach to this theme), revitalizing important forums of discussion for all (autonomous, anarchists, and rebels) who are interested in developing a discourse towards the abolition and destruction of State and Capital. A lived theory made up of people discussing again certain things, meeting up, radicalizing, and beginning again to firmly refuse old dynamics that long ago created a widespread sense of impotence and impassivity (among others, the feeling repression is too strong to be combated, cops are well too organized and invincible, the institutionalization of some radical antifa groups, a large sense of impotence, the lack of perspectives as of any common discussion and praxis among autonomous groups and people).

Well, that is changing for good.

I consider this development (and more) altogether being well more worthy and inspiring than the possibility of chatting about the last essay of any well-known radical author. Which does not have to mean that we should not be interested in reading this or that, criticizing it, and being inspired from it. This is and will always be a very important contribution in our daily revolution. But at the end of the day this can not be used anymore as the only point of evaluation within the scale of "how radical/insurrectionist/anti-civ and so on" one is.

The will of liberating ourselves and our desires towards the fullness of life and its infinite perspectives seems to have influenced many people here, although this might have not come through the usual theoretical path, and I feel to respect this, criticize it when necessary, and help to improve it, considering my limit (as one of many around this earth strongly conditioned from the miserable situation called life under capitalism). And considering also the fact that

we all, expropriated by the actual relationships of domination of our capacity of being able to use a language which would be still capable to be effective and give words a *real* meaning, must confront ourselves too often with people, within our same circles, who pretend to speak the same one as us, but sadly having to recognize how theirs are merely nice but empty words.

It has been an interesting and inspiring thing having the possibility of living these last intense two years within all these events; also for reconsidering a few anarchist dogmas I had fixed in myself, and overcome them for good. Of course, I do not want to propagate the idea of how the situation in Germany would be a success, the best place to move for the happy insurrectionist. I am offering only a few thoughts about lived experiences and moments which I hope might motivate all readers to critical thought and radical action, whichever place they feel is the most appropriate for themselves, and possibly improving this fight.

Life offers everyday the endless opportunity of putting yourself, your own ideas, your environment into question, confronting yourself with new situations, people, ways of struggling. To make the mistake of feeling satisfied with your small, probably very arduously collected luggage of convictions, and closing yourself to the arrival of new, undefined and fruitful territories for insurrection, might be all in all a regrettable decision...

Author's Note: As I am about to send this article, four people were arrested in Berlin (7/31/07), accused of terrorist association for belonging to the "Militante Gruppe" (MG). Three of them are accused of having placed several incendiary devices under at least three military trucks. A forth, for having contact with them and for being considered by the cops as the writer of the group, simply because of leaflets and documents he is said to have written (he is a sociologue in the local university) containing some of the same political concepts as the Militante Gruppe. As of now, several acts of solidarity have taken place in Berlin – including the torching of a car belonging to the justice department and an arson attempt against one of the main Berlin justice building. For more details: <http://soli.blogspot.de>

GA Note: Because of last minute space restrictions and for clarity, we decided to moderately edit this account and analysis. To see the original text, including an extensive two-year chronology of "Militant Campaign against G8" actions, check our website.

Zerzan and Zerzan

(continued from page 81)

Finnish friends, I went by train next day to Vienna and a reunion with Kathan. Our thing there was held in a squatted drama department building at the university, promoted by what K designated as "the best poster of the tour." The setting was friendly and the questioning intelligent. We experienced only a bit of the tendency of German-speaking leftists to smear anything remotely eco-oriented as somehow Nazi-related (!) The encounter was impressive overall, I'd say. Another, briefer train ride east to Budapest as we neared the end of our crazed-pace jaunt around Europe. We traveled there with a Greek anarchist who'd been speaking in the area about struggles in Greece. His computer files of street clashes, mostly in Athens, were riveting entertainment during the short trip to Hungary. A squatted downtown bar, noisy and crowded, proved to be one of the liveliest times of all. A kind of art and politics crowd where women's voices had no trouble at all being heard, and anti-civ ideas were warmly, if critically evaluated. A positive atmosphere into which we were welcomed by excellent, open people. An early morning flight across the continent to Amsterdam; our last day and night in Europe. And virtually the only few hours of straight-up sightseeing in three weeks, winding things up at a jammed bar/restaurant (a squat, of course). Our final bit was one of superb food and conversation, and a session (our usual film plus talks plus open discussion) marked by high levels of energy and participation. Not to mention hospitality, a constant wherever we went. I hope we never took this for granted! Well, this account barely scratches the surface of a hugely stimulating experience, but I hope it conveys something of what it was all about. Deepest thanks to the various individuals whose freely given time and energy made the tour happen, and of course for some enabling funds – begged, borrowed, or stolen! We made copies of *Green Anarchy* and a few of my books available, we slept on floors and even, twice, were quartered in hotels (how soft and bourgeois, I know), and half a dozen interviews took place here and there. So many wonderful people – whose names I characteristically cannot recall; *curses!* And overall, a great sense of serious, active engagement with ideas, a questioning that I think is determined to keep finding its way in so many places.

- John
Zerzan



Feral Visions:

A Report Back
from the 2007
Gathering

by Allie
Mocat

Flight or Fight?

After not flying for about 10 years, I was eagerly anticipating the chance to hop aboard one of society's techno-birds to zip across the country. Not for the pure experience of flight, saturated as it is with pacified drones compactly situated in a lifeless cocoon, but to attend my first Feral Visions gathering. Having been tied by college obligations I have since severed myself from, I was unable to attend last year's gathering in Arizona. I was determined not to miss the 2007 version of this weeklong rewilding adventure. The mixed reviews of previous fv gatherings were a good source of inspiration and questioning that ultimately encouraged me to see for myself what exactly these restless, budding nomads were cooking up. A national forest setting, one that very much is the opposite of the industrialized city I was born, raised and lived my entire life in, was appealing on many levels including a fitting starting place for participating in hands on primitive skills. Immersed in the theoretical realm for quite some time, I have focused more on writing and limited mental rewilding in an urban context to the detriment of other components of the primal war. As a friend of mine recently said, my attitude towards material possessions and embracing the wild in a non-mediated manner is already a key psychological element of a broader transformation towards being. But without a deeper connection to place and synthesis with resistance we are confined to a sphere of intellectual understanding that while valuable, will never by itself be a catalyst for happiness/collapse.

Returning to the land has become a somewhat diluted cliché invoking images of sixties hippies prancing about in flowery meadows, however, as Sal Insieme points out, the pathological distorted nomadism indicative of postmodern fads and entrenched civilized mindsets is a temporary quasi-fix at best and a perpetuation of perceptual/existential anomie at worst. The question of what a more authentic return to the land would look like was briefly discussed by some of us in the waning moments of a gathering cut short by the heavy influence and force of forest pigs most likely, at least in my and some others' opinion, aided by the direction of FBI vermin. Before the gathering began, the comical questions were pouring in from authorities such as What organization is this? and Who is in charge? Most people wisely chose to converse minimally or not at all with the inquisitors,

however, some attendee's tendency to answer seemingly harmless questions most likely contributed in various ways to the coming repression. Without justifying talking to pigs, on the other hand it was apparent that the pervasive presence and short-tempered behavior of the forest service cogs was a sign they were there to intimidate/shut us down by any means possible with or without our verbal compliance. A series of interruptions were unleashed, starting with a thorough questioning of individuals engaged in a hide-tanning project with numerous threats made regarding the supposed illegality of the activity because of a lack of proper documentation. This was followed the next day by a confiscation of various forms of literature (according to a supposed law no one had heard of) people had brought to the infoshop that until that point was a busy place for after dinner discussions. Then the kitchen really started to heat up.

Numerous warning tickets and fines were forced onto anyone in the immediate area on Monday. Ranging from \$350 fines for smoking to \$170 fines for facilitating a discussion and passing out literature at what was deemed an illegal gathering; the pigs were obviously not playing mind games with the naïve anymore. The refusal of anyone to sign a permit really ticked them off, inducing them to make further threats that since it was now an illegal gathering fines of up to \$5,000 and prison time of up to 6 months were possibilities for anyone who chose to stay into the next morning (although there was concern that later that night they were going to come back ready to round us up.) This culmination of a wave of intrusions, after only 3 days of skills shares and discussions, prompted a short, spontaneous meeting of anyone who hadn't already started to leave. I didn't want to leave, but unlike some others at the gathering who I thought were being extremely naïve as to what was in store for us, most people seemed to decide it was best to head on out. It looked like some people were going to stick it out and call the state's bluff, maybe even willing to physically resist forced evacuation. I don't think most felt it was a worthy fight, and I know I sure as hell didn't come that far to face the newest intensification of repression directed towards those associated with anti-civ thought and action. Call me a feral pussy, but some fights are not worth it. The Paliyan of southern India would understand.

As for the 3 days of the actual gathering, there were many highlights. Flint-knapping was one of the more pertinent skills demonstrated. Like many skills, it requires patience and practice, but according to some people I've met recently during my travels, starting as a beginner one could within a few months attain a degree of high quality knapping. Paleolithic humans seemingly acquired a high skill level at making arrow heads, knives and other stone tools considering how the archaeological record shows how "carelessly" these tools were abandoned at certain sites and made in abundance at other sites. The lack of tool specialization that lasted for a million years during the time of Homo Erectus, Homo Neanderthalensis and early Homo Sapiens may be important for us to remember in the present considering how novelty oriented many of us can be. I also participated in a sling making skill-share. Although I found it to be a joyous experience to make a primitive tool, it may not fit into my "tool-kit" in the future. The plant walks were interesting, however, as someone pointed out, these were a good example of how a "centralized" gathering like feral visions is limited because many people are coming from outside the Sierra Nevada mountains so many of those plants will not be available in their home bioregion. I think it's questionable to focus a lot on identifying plant names, although some think it is good for beginners although enmeshing us further in the symbolic.

I also found the shelter walk/demonstrations by two people previously associated with Teaching Drum to be one of the more relevant skills shown. Emphasis was placed on finding natural areas that can serve as shelter; for example, a fallen tree propped on rocks in such a way that it can provide dryness from rain without an ounce of effort to manipulate the surrounding area for shelter construction. The point overall was that even debris-huts may require unnecessary time that keeps us attached to problematic ways of living and that more animalistic alternatives such as digging a small hole in the ground may be more indicative of Thomas Elpel's (and pre-domesticated humans') *The Art of Nothing* method. I'd highly recommend this essay for people at any stage of learning skills. For the novice it could save you a lot of time by casting off civilized baggage and for the more experienced it may induce a shift in relating to nature that more fully puts us in tune with the non-mediated and break our dependence on division of labor eager experts.

Discussions not directly related to skills never had a chance to get into the range of topics I would have liked to have seen tackled, however, there were some emotionally powerful moments and in depth strategic talks about taking on the machine. There seemed to be openness towards speaking about sabotage that from what I've heard was more absent in previous gatherings. I'm sure some think any such talk is either provoked by undercover agents or is hopelessly delusional, but for me it seemed to be a healthy debate concerning the usage of

the media and worthwhile targets that lean more towards infrastructure and less towards more defensive, localized ELF style actions. The highlight of the discussions was about Radical Mental Health. There were more people at this talk than any other and its anti-structure was conducive to enthusiastic participation. People spoke of emotionally charged personal experiences and shared ideas on how to cope with and overcome depressive feelings that can be overwhelming in the face of alienation. I offered my own thoughts and experiences, which included a critique of creativity as an answer to disconnection as well as an embrace of the non-symbolic as not only theoretical or speculative but as a method of healing that can be beneficial now, as it has been in my own life through interaction with non-humans, particularly with other animals.

Various people expressed that there shouldn't be future fV gatherings, but that a more localized approach, which has already been going on from Portland to Pittsburgh, should be emphasized in the future, possibly even without using the internet as a mode of communication. This may be less appealing for some; however, I think it is a step in the right direction if we are serious about the aforementioned connecting to place. Our resistance can stem from global concerns, but it may never be maximized unless we can envelop ourselves in localities that provide a basis for deeper emotional understanding and subsequent targeting of significant structures decimating and threatening on all spatial levels. I'm not sure whether I'd add feral visions to the list of corpses along with the Left, domestication and symbolic thought. However, it is obvious there is a growing atmosphere of attack on those rewilding and resisting who have overtly anti-political mentalities. Flight is a tactic we can embrace when it feels right, but a strategic resistance will ultimately be the only way we can freely enjoy nature in any kind of permanent way without the harassment of power mongers whose favorite pastime is disrupting and destroying hunter gatherer people and their modern descendants looking to go feral.



Letters

Write or email us your thoughts on the magazine or the general anti-civilization discourse and practice, or to air your dirty laundry.

Send them Attn: Letter to Editor, don't give 'em a confusing SPAM-like subject title (i. g. "We Can Increase the Size of Your Johnson" or "Hello"), and please keep them under 500 words.

Is There Anybody Out There?

GA,
To all, I just got back from California. I had traveled there from Minnesota to attend your gathering. Needless to say, I was very disappointed to be informed by a single cardboard sign, that by chance I happened to see as I was driving down the road at 50 mph, that the gathering had been canceled. At first I thought that the gathering had been canceled because of the bone-dry conditions, but I later found that the Freddies had stopped the event by intimidation. I had hoped to find kindred spirits that I could connect with and form some type of community. I honestly wanted to learn what you people were about and see Green Anarchists in person.

On the way back home I thought about giving up on the whole idea of rewilding and community. I was discouraged to say the least until I learned about the bridge collapse on 35W in Minneapolis. This bridge is near my home and I had traveled on it many times. I realized just how vulnerable we are and how much we depend on our civilized technology for our survival.

I'm still interested in meeting with Green Anarchists. Are there any in the Minneapolis area that would meet with me? I'm not a cop or part of any law enforcement agency. I'm someone who is deeply concerned about what is happening to our planet and wants to do something about it before it's too late. I'm interested in rewilding and want to meet others that have the same interest. I don't have regular access to a computer but will get back ASAP.

Take care, Steve

Is There Red In Green?

To Whom it may Concern!

I am for giving any corporation what they deserve and any mindless, selfish fool that supports it. I understand why you are anti capitalist, but what I am not clear about is that I hope you are not pro-communist, because that won't solve the rape and exploitation of mother earth and the enslavement of humanity. As well I find it ironic that the ADL tries to end hate by defaming everything and everyone else but its Zionist-American agenda. Anyway back on topic I would love to see any factory, or

any thing with the word industrial burn in hell. I live in west coast Canada, and honestly am glad that some people actually have the guts to stand up to these business slime. I like to know though If this Whole shit hole was to go up in flames tomorrow and you had to go back to being truly self sufficient would you be able to kill a deer or bear so that you could eat or stay warm. Or are you more against industrial farming and so on and the atrocities that come with it and not the eating of animals itself. I am sorry I'm newly informed in your fight to bring back real civilization not this artificial concrete prison, I just want to know if you are solid in what you stand for.....

Anyway this may be naive but for what I know so far, to you the ELF, and the like keep up the good fight and get them where they hurt at the roots, don't waste time knocking off a car dealership, hit the manufacturing plant etc.

Morning Star
souls.shadow@yahoo.ca

GA: The short answer would be, NO, we are not pro-communist or any other flavor of leftism that merely attempts to re-organize this nightmare, and especially when it

comes from a tyrannical and authoritarian position, as most communist agendas have played out. While some have argued that the concept of communism pre-dates the statist regimes and at its core is anarchistic, especially in so-called primitive-communism, we are typically skeptical here, and feel the need to get beyond the baggage of the concept. As far as what green anarchists are for or against, that is up to the individual, as well as what they are and are not willing to do, but this magazine has never promoted an anti-hunting perspective, as most humans living with the earth seem to recognize the need for some amount of animal protein and that soy farms in the Midwest might not be the answer.

Where Are You?

Green Anarchy:

Where are you? I don't mean to be pushy. I know y'all have consistently put out what I (and many of my friends) think is the most important publication in the anarchist world (and beyond). I just want you to know that you are very appreciated and very, very missed. If this is the end for you, so be it. I know, based on your track record, that whatever

you do, it will be highly relevant and insightful, even if we never know about it. Twenty-four issues, most of which have been solid and provoking, is a mighty feat, one that even your biggest neigh-sayers can't touch. But I hope it is not the end. You are needed now more than ever. The situation we face gets more dire by the day, and resistance to it gets more pathetic by the minute. *Green Anarchy* is part of a serious opposition to that. There are tons of kids getting sucked into the spinning wheels of pointless activism or falling into an apathetic ego-centric stupor. Your venue offers something different. There are always a lot more people who have never even thought about challenging civilization, then there are those who have. I'll say it again, *Green Anarchy* is needed. Please come back!

with love and rage,
Ann E. Oakleaf

Let's Just Keep Chugging Along

Dear Comrades,

I have never been one to color my anarchy. Black is good enough for me. I feel that the ideas of anarchism are pretty basic and people will fill out the adjectives or personal meanings themselves. I don't, however, tend to get a lot from your magazine. I like the action and there are some good articles from time to time which get me thinking. But I don't see myself as a "rewilder" and wouldn't go as far as saying civilization is the problem. Don't we have enough to deal with concerning the more impending oppressors like capitalism and the state? And I think the language, culture, and time stuff is way off the deep end. But the articles about cities in the last issue really bugged me. I live in New York, where every ethnicity on the planet is represented, not to mention every political and artistic perspective. Sure, there's some negative stuff, like the pollution and interpersonal crimes, but to see this all gone would be a waste. I think anarchists would be taken more seriously and actually have an impact if they focused on and radicalized the beautiful and free things in our society as they tore down those that didn't work. I value libraries, museums, cafes, and restaurants. Collectively run organizations can provide equality

for all those involved and continue to provide the things we all love. Humans left the jungle for a reason. Let's not bite off more than we can chew. I won't trade my sushi and crepes for roadkill and fungus!

Sincerely,
Jonathon Drake

The Floods Are Coming

Hi there,

Found your website tonight. Very interesting to see John Zerzan's essay. I agree. Things are becoming emptier and emptier while the merry technotrance carries on.

As you probably know the UK has had massive flooding over the last month in the north where I live – estimated 30,000 people moved out of their homes and 7000 businesses affected. They expect a bill of about £1.5 billion for the insurance 'industry'. Noone yet is talking about the massive displacement and the linkage to an increasingly stochastic climate system. Maybe these discontinuities might start a debate about the reality of ecological change. Flooding events are now becoming increasingly common here now. Previous to the end of the 20th century 1 in 100 year rainfall events were very rare, and that is across the world. Sheffield was hit with at least a 150 year event.

Business as usual to carry on, accept for the poorest who are the most likely to have had their homes wrecked. And to top it off Prime Minister Brown has finally made his statement after last weeks 'terrorist attacks' in regards to push for biometric id cards. Funny timing how

these 'terrorist' incidents occurred just a day after he came to unelected power.

Anyway keep up the good work. Really enjoyed the site.

Michael
HEURISTICfilms
Leeds

Accepting 'anarchism'

GA:

I was troubled for a number of reasons upon reading jamil's letter "understanding anarchism" in the spring/summer 07 issue. It is this dismissive, cynical attitude towards fellow/emerging radicals that undermines solidarity, cooperation and a diversity of perspectives in what might be broadly termed 'anti-authoritarian struggle.' I agree with you, jamil, when you draw a distinction between early 20th century anarchists and contemporary american punk/squatter/crimethinker- 'anarchists.' And I agree that our dumpster-diving, screen-printing, city-dwelling comrades might take a more radical approach if they want to develop a lifestyle that doesn't have industrial capitalism as a (the) necessary precondition.

The problem is this: such 'anarchists' are our comrades. In days gone by, I would have fallen into this category. And many of them/us might be picking up *GA* for the first time, as I did, curious about the anti-civ perspective, and what do they find? Arrogance, cynicism, and a dismissal of the culture they've found to provide the community, meaning, and inspiration that we all desperately need in this world. Anarchism

is a starting point. It involves the same recognition/rejection of mainstream ideology that many (all?) anarchies share. And since we, curious as many of us anarch(y)ists tend to be, find ourselves reading such thinkers as Jensen, Deleuze, Marcuse, etc., as well as the chronicles of other radical/revolutionary movements, we eventually come to learn about how capital mediates radical identity and radpol and proceed to seek productive solutions to this problem. Is this not political action? You seem hopelessly nihilistic and cynical about the whole thing, not because you, with holier than thou clairvoyance, see the irony of anarchism, but because you see it purely as irony, disregarding the importance and possibilities of a growing radicalized populous. It is this defeatist and disengaged attitude that reeks of postmodern cynicism and fails to seek hope, kindness, and mutual healing as a solution to these problems it so loves to call out. If writing such diatribes to *GA* is your idea of 'radpol,' i want nothing to do with it.

Anarchists are our allies. Let's open up to them, seek them out to share, exchange, teach/learn and develop healthy communities and attitudes. If we can't do this, what hope do we have?!

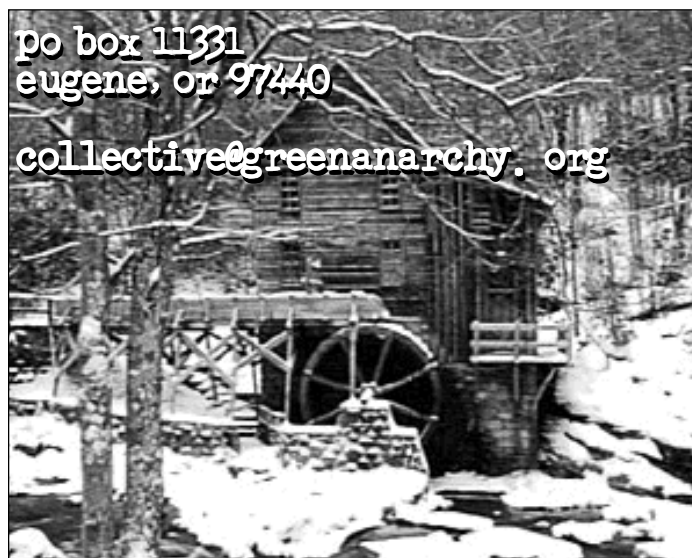
Vincent
Ashland, OR

Semantics Perhaps?

Greetings:

I really liked the series on Camatte published in 2005 and I understand the need for the Editors' Note at the end clarifying the sense of "communist". For readers of Pannekoek and just about everyone else to the left of Lenin it means what it meant for Kropotkin and all the other great anarchist thinkers who used it: the association of free and equal producers. For just about everyone else it connotes all the horrors of state-capitalism, so should perhaps be avoided. Maybe "libertarian-communism" or "anarcho-communism" clarifies the sense sufficiently. I'm not convinced of that. But "anarchist" carries overt baggage that is even worse for the ill-informed: it connotes nihilistic terrorism – the bomb thrower. That sense was not at all clarified by the "anarchists" who trashed the city centre here in Geneva at the time of the G8

(continued on next page)



po box 11331
eugene, or 97440

collective@greenanarchy.org



summit a few years ago.

This semantic issue presents a real problem for communication. Attempts to avoid it by using a new or neutral word (eg., "Parecon") with no historical associations is a poor solution. At worst it suggests some sort of new-age religion one does not wish to know about.

I have to say that editors of communist websites tend not to be as scrupulous and generous as you have been when they refer to anarchism. That needs attention.

Best regards,
Xenophon

GA: Agreed that Parecon is a poor direction, and that communism (even with prefixes) is a bankrupt idea, and at its most horrific, a deadly "solution" (as in final), but we fail to see the issue with the bomb-throwing anarchists as part of what an anarchist praxis might look like. The systems of control will not concede to argumentation and they certainly will not wither away. So, while we could never endorse such a tactic, cheers to the anarchists with the courage to challenge authority with not just words, but with bricks and cock-tails. It seems that this is one part of anarchist tradition we can all be proud of.

A Challenge To Our Captors

Dear Friends:

Greetings, I hope this finds you well-fed and well read. My name is Chris and I'm a maximum-security prisoner. In a recent review of *GA* in a punk zine, I read that you will send copies of your publication to prisoners without charge. If this policy stills holds true; notwithstanding the recent postal-rate upheavals aimed at destroying the small press; then I would enjoy very much receiving a copy and being placed on your mailing-list for future issues. Anarcho-primitivism is rather new to me. During all these years of solitary, a slow radicalization has taken shape, along the "traditional" (I suppose?) lines. Whereas my prior goals included getting out of prison, finding a job, buying a car and a house, filling said house with the standard techno-chattels; yet, somewhere in all of that, something I couldn't articulate was missing. Where was the love or satisfaction? Where joy? You see, my goals; the American Dream; were hollow, a pre-designed obsolescence of the human soul intended to create a more efficient work or a more perfect consumer. And what's more, as this hollow became ever more

ringing, the t.v. was telling me: "Don't fret, this malaise is the natural concomitant of existence. The wise man sets his jaw in determination to ignore it. Just keep going to work, just keep buying stuff." Then a miraculous things happened: after my first year on Max, locked in my one-man psychosis-incubator with no external stimulation besides the aforementioned t.v. set, consoling my grief and suspicion like Orwell's whispering piglet; I received some free books at mail-call from a prison book program, as well as a resource list of other publishers and groups. With that initial volume of Zinn, a metamorphosis began. That was in 2003. Since then I have progressed through Zinn to Chomsky, Churchill, Bookchin; through Goldman and Debs, to the Situationists and Crimethinc; always questioning, always arguing with myself about what's true. Recently John Zerzan's *Running on Emptiness* found my hands and I haven't quite recovered. (I'm hoping some Derrick Jensen follows shortly.) Anyway, in this monumental work is made mention of your journal, *GA*, as practicable manual of what's what within the primitivist field of study. Then, too I remembered the zine review in *Maximum Rock and Roll*, and the information you're willing to share with prisoners gratis bring us to the point. Now, I don't have any money. It's a damn good month that stamps and coffee needs can be met, and a rare one! However, I would like to know more about what you do; I could perhaps be a correspondent with *GA*. In any case, I'm intrigued. So I hope your resources permit you to send me *GA* as well as any other information of value to an inspiring activist for freedom and pleasure. (I get out of prison sometime in 2010 after 12 years inside; I'll be 33.) Also one last word before I close. So that your staff, your readers and comrades know: your efforts on behalf of prisoners, however large of small, are not in vain. I won't tell the lie that everyone incarcerated will end up coming to terms with the ideas you promote, as I mostly do. But please keep trying to reach out to us! In myself as well as those around me, so much ignorance and dissatisfaction exists. We *are* the poor and oppressed that the State would have all of you next become. Just imagine

the strength lying in wait behind these walls; if we only had the INFORMATION! Because, I assure you, though these men around me are dissatisfied, though searching, once these minister and evangelists get their hooks in and start propagating their myths and fables (read: rules to follow), at that time these convicts will stop asking questions about why suffering and subjugation must be; they settle for mysticism, superstition, and living for the "next life". For, it is so that the Christians are in here everyday, walking around, handing out literature and hard candy; for the same reasons there's a t.v. in every cell (and if you can't afford one, the property room at the prison will issue you a t.v. set!), there is also a chaplain on the payroll and chapel services daily. If only the truth about power-structures and civilization were so accessible! Until the truth becomes more available than distractions and lies; if at all, friends, take heart that some among us continue to challenge our captors, and your work helps make that meaningful. Thanks for your time. I look forward to reply.

Respectfully-Chris
(PS Sorry I got so long-winded)
Chris Early #299765
NEXC-P.O. Box 5000
Mountain City, TN 37683

Warrior For Mother Earth

Dear *Green Anarchy*,

I wrote you about a month and a half-ago asking you to set me up with a subscription, for I am a prisoner. I am an anarchist as well. I am also a warrior for Mother Earth. I'm in prison for bank robbery, convicted on six counts. My purpose was to fund my cause and what I planed to do in defense of our Mother. I was turned in by what I thought was a friend, only to find out it was a rat. I was reading your spring/summer 2007 issue last month and ever since I wanted to write you in hopes that you may print what I have to say.

To all the warriors, thanks you... Know in the end, no matter what, you will be blessed. Hold your head high and be proud. I love each and everyone of you sisters and brothers. To all of you people that may be open-minded and maybe have been exposed to the Truth and think that it is cool to fight for our planet....

I say to you before you jump out there, know what you are getting into. Know that as a radical, you very well may get hurt possibly even killed. You may lose your freedom, possibly for the rest of your life. You are fighting the government, which is the longest gang in the world. Is it really worth to you?

To all the fuckin rats that broke weak and peed all over themselves when shit hit the fan.... How can you live with yourselves knowing you helped the enemy lock away our brothers and sisters. I hope every time you look in the mirror you know death awaits your soul. If there is a hell I hope you burn.....

To everyone else... Know this, I am a warrior of our Mother and I'm solid and I'll be free, someday and I'll continue my walk on this hard path. I'll continue to defend our Mother no matter what the price. I love you Earth First! I love you ELF! I love you ALF! I'm a KID! I'm a warrior! And I got love for the planet!

Love ya,
James Anderson
#67394-065
Aka Coyote

ps: I'm begging for GA, print this. It really bothered me how many people rolled when the heat got burned up. It hurt my heart. Some of these KIDZ like Jeffrey Luers are my people. Some of the other Oregon KIDZ your magazine mentioned that rolled (ratted out), I once thought they were solid too. Apparently I was wrong. I want all the other prisoners that need this to know I love them and they aren't doing time for nothing. Their cause is important. (Thank You GA)

concept is already a central aspect of anti-civ/anarcho-primitivist/green anarchy critique and practice. But I think there remains an emphasis on human political freedom from rule, generally, across all anarchist thought. Therefore it may serve to have this concept articulated for specific inclusion in pan-anarchistic study.

There have been many "bioanarchists" one could say: liberators of life. But the study of this practice could use development: a plan for the post-industrial and post-civilization era emerging, e.g. how is wilderness, the biosphere in its entirety, to be reclaimed? This statement presupposes a human 'doer,' whereas the practice would be more correctly focused, not on a human act of restoration, but human action towards dismantling what would stand in the way of the wild reclaiming itself. So, is bioanarchism then the practice of deconstruction of any mechanism that would impede life from restoring itself? I think this is the essence of what makes this concept important. That shift in perspective on our part takes more of the human ego out of the equation and begins the annihilation of interior and exterior western concepts of "wilderness," etc. The mind-body-environment Cartesian split that dominates western thinking has so much to do, as many of us know, with identifying and giving definitions to life as separate phenomena. To begin this deconstruction, even just in thought, is a huge step in dissolving these dualistic concepts. Yet, this shift gives what we would objectify as

"nature" and all that has arisen from believing we're separate from it (such as its subjugation, exploitation, and destruction, *ad infinitum*), the ability to bring the wild closer to us as our relation, place of our belonging, our place of being, our home, not just an objective concept. This reclaiming of our home, its reclamation of itself, would be at the heart of the experience and practice of bioanarchy.

While rejecting the external manifestations of the ego and western concepts, we can begin within us to deconstruct "the other" in our perspectives towards life and form a foundation for the outward expression and action of freeing life. Not a simple change in semantics, diction, or lingo, but a genuine annihilation of archaic systems of thought. This can be an action that one takes on individually: to be responsible for one's self-liberation will in turn give rise to this new paradigm of the liberation of all life, most likely in ways that we may not yet conceive. This would be a true evolution, an epigenesis, not simply another revolution couched in the same old paradigm of thought. That would be perpetuating illusion. That is not to say there won't be more layers of illusion, but what exactly is one going to peel away using the same way of thinking that has entrenched us and those recently before us into this quagmire? We must cut off the baggage that doesn't serve us and get that much closer to the source. Even with one step at a time, the quality of these steps would be irretractable.

I imagine bioanarchy therefore starting as an internal sequence or process leading to an action, consequence, an event. To do so requires using nihilistic skill against all previous concepts; our new perspective would be, metaphorically, *not* to plant a tree but to 'deconstruct' *anything* that would stand in the way of a tree growing. To stand back, acting only to protect the inherent wisdom of life from those who would fuck with it, and to not hamper what will happen on its own.

This practice would be, to reiterate: the unlearning of human external manipulation in all forms, the unlearning of our own seen and unseen mindsets from the hideous constructs that have made us so self-important, and allow the ever present force of the biosphere to manifest in its non-anthropocentric, irrational, beyond understanding, beautiful, and mysterious ways. This is the personal and communal practice that leads to the true liberation of life, one we can do constantly, every day, every moment. Now, as the momentum builds, when critical mass shifts, and the death of the archaic world view peaks, we will be ready to assist the biosphere, the wild, *life*, in reclaiming and thriving in its infinite manifestations; not in our own design but in a much greater and unknowable, incredibly powerful way, that we belong to.

So that all our relations may thrive,
Istaqa

...and that is that.

Bioanarchology?

Bioanarchology Oh great, another term. Is it necessary? Is it relevant? What is it? Well the basic etymology of the term would go something like this: *bio*: life + *anarch(y)*: without/ before rule (over) + *-logy*: the study of. I haven't heard this term before, but it dawned on me and I pieced together this definition: the study of life (*all life*) as it would exist without rulers, government, the state; without societal, cultural, constructs/abstractions. One might see that this



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(co-written with George Draffan) \$18

From tiny ID chips tracking everything we purchase to governmental/corporate entities gathering and recording every last detail of our lives to the hyper-militarism of the all-encompassing police state, Jensen and Draffan reveal the horrific modern surveillance and control culture of the machine.

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Choosing the dialogue form instead of the single-voice narrative, Jensen's hope was that the reader could experience "the communal effort at working through some of the greatest and most difficult questions ever faced by human beings." This book is a collection of over two dozen provocative conversations with environmentalists, theologians, Native Americans, psychologists, and feminists. Highlights include interviews with Paul Shepard, Ward Churchill, and Susan Griffin.

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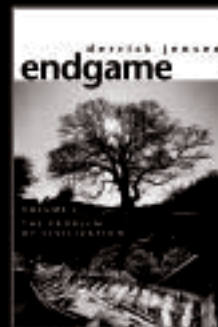
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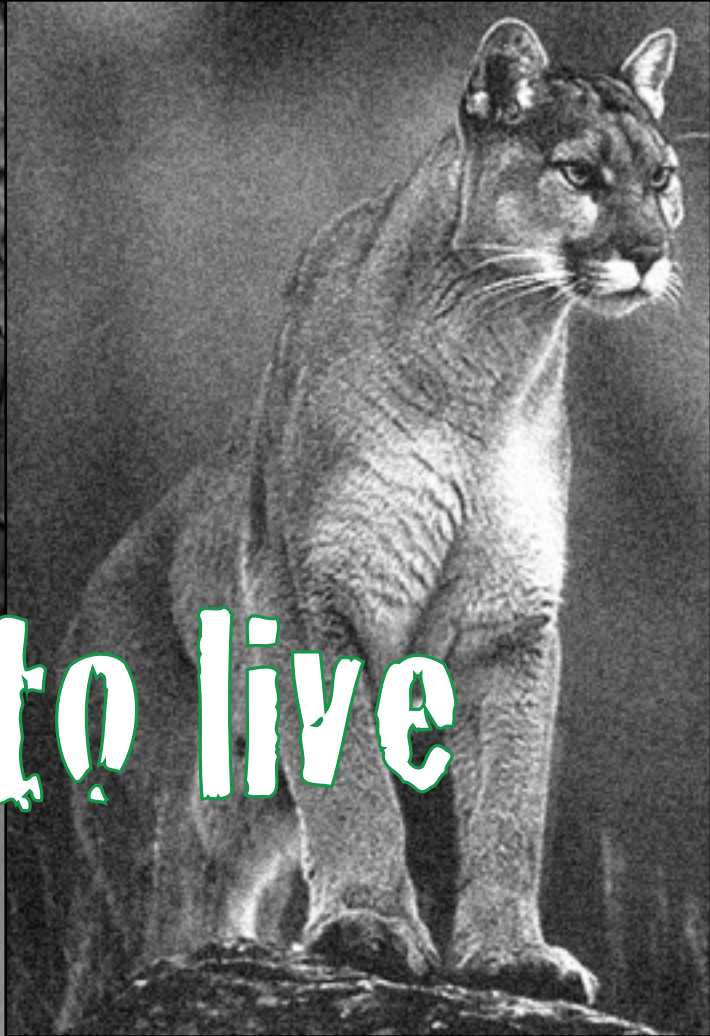


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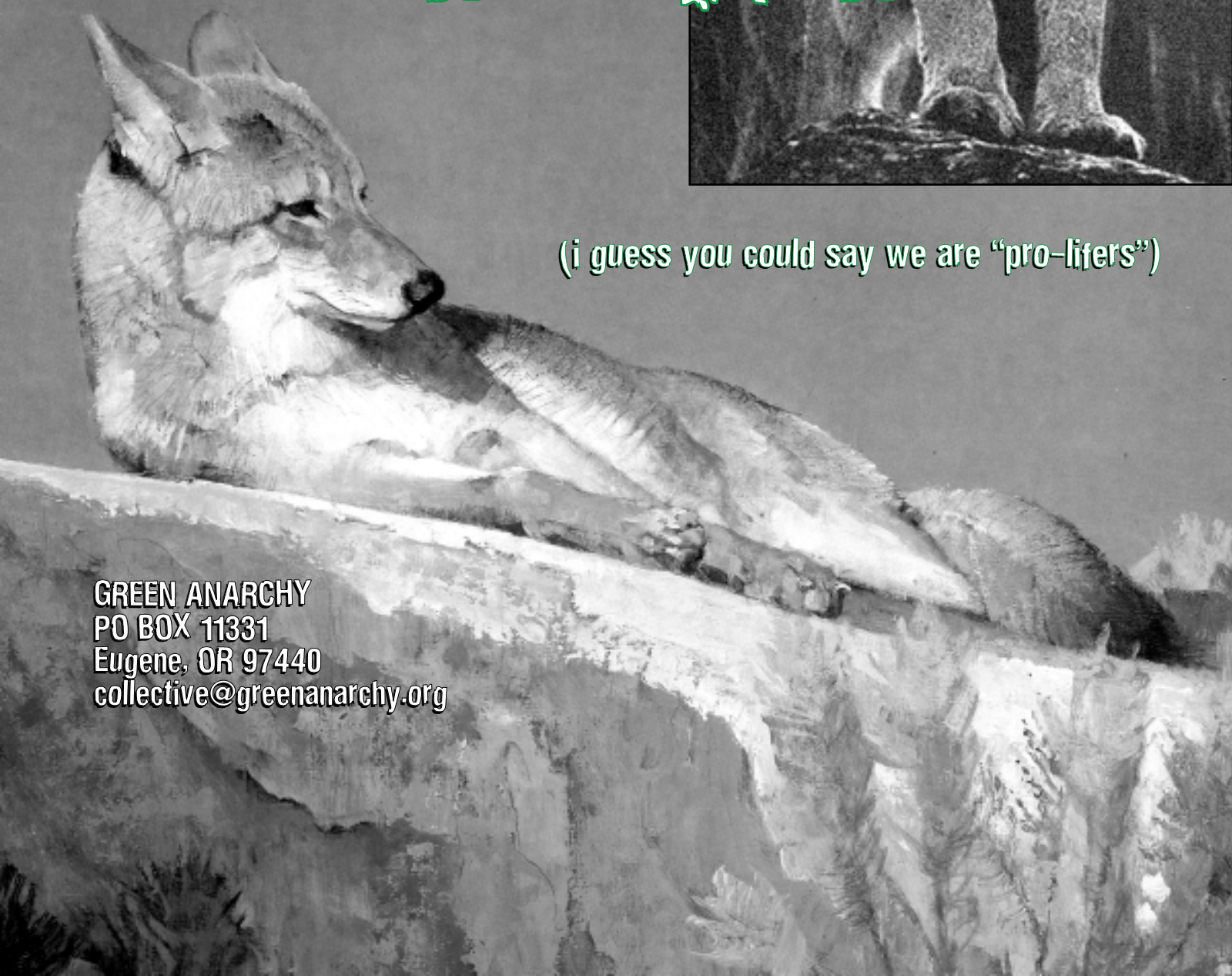
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(i guess you could say we are "pro-lifers")

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